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PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

The Bill for changing the representation of the people, and new modelling the House of Commons, is now fully before the nation. No public measure within memory has been so closely sifted, so vigorously debated, nor resisted and sustained with such an equality of numbers and ability on both sides. Introduced on Tuesday, the 1st of March, it was debated for seven nights before it reached the vote on the first reading. Yet as this debate, long as it was, must be looked on only as explanatory, the debate on the second reading was the true trial of strength. That debate occupied two nights, and might have occupied many more, from the number who were prepared to speak, but the exhaustion of the House demanded that the discussion should close, and, on Tuesday the 22d, in the most numerous House on record, an assemblage of *six hundred and three* members, out of six hundred and fifty-eight—the second reading was carried by a majority of ONE!

We give the heads of the plan:—

“ All boroughs containing less than 2,000 inhabitants, according to the population returns of 1821, to be utterly disfranchised. The number of these boroughs is sixty, and the House would thus be deprived of 119 members.—Boroughs containing less than 4000 inhabitants to be deprived of one member each. These amount to forty-seven.—Weymouth to lose two of its members.—Twenty-seven of the larger counties to return two additional members each.—Seven large towns to have two members each.—Twenty boroughs one each.—The Finsbury, Tower Hamlets, Lambeth and Holborn divisions of the Metropolis to return two members each.—York to return two additional members (each Riding returning two.)—The Isle of Wight to return one member.—Five additional members to be given to Scotland, and three to Ireland.—The House of Commons would thus be diminished by 168 members, while 106 only would be added; leaving 596 members instead of 658, or effecting a reduction of sixty-two.—All persons inhabiting houses of not less than 10l. annual value will be entitled to vote for the boroughs in which they reside.—All persons holding a lease of twenty-one years and paying 50l. rent will be entitled to vote for counties.—Non-residents are disqualified to vote. The poll to be taken in two days.

On this measure, like all those of its school, our own opinion is decided. We distinctly and entirely reject the calumny that Toryism is

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adverse to moderate reform. The true Tory is a lover of the Constitution for its merits, its security of property, personal freedom, and the rights of conscience. On this principle there can be no more determined enemy of each and every abuse, which degrades the purity, that enfeebles the protecting power of the Constitution. On this principle he will go the farthest lengths with the corrector of real abuses, and on this principle he feels it his duty to resist the suspicious corrector of imaginary abuses. He preserves the whole frame of the Constitution sacred, and for that purpose he uniformly and resolutely repels all the tamperings which would attempt to renovate the Constitution by extinguishing its spirit and destroying its frame.

But to put our readers in possession, for their own judgment, of the chief arguments on both sides, we shall give a sketch of two speeches which embodied, in the most direct manner, the principal grounds of the measure and its opposition.—Those of Sir Robert Inglis and Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell began by the natural, but sufficiently expressive declarations, that he was a radical reformer, that he was an advocate for universal suffrage, a friend to shortening the duration of parliaments, and a favourer of the vote by ballot. His only objection to the bill was, that it did not go far enough. "Still," said Mr. O'Connell, "the measure is a liberal and extensive measure, and it will demonstrate one of two things, either that further reform is not necessary, by proving that greater extension of suffrage and vote by ballot will be of no advantage, or it will give the *vote by ballot without disturbance*. As a *Radical reformer* therefore I heartily accept it."

This was at least open enough, and the sincerity with which the member for Waterford spoke was unquestionable. He plainly acknowledged in it the principle of Radical reform, and rejoiced in the prospect accordingly. After some general observations upon the injuries still left unhealed in Ireland by the bill, he adverted to the argument that the present state of the boroughs afforded an opportunity for the introduction of men of talent into the House. This, which is certainly a feeble argument, he ridiculed at some length:—

"Was it not that neither Peer nor Prelate should interfere with the freedom of election? Was it then to be endured that gentlemen should tell the members of that House, that a Duke or Earl had the right of appointing a member of the Commons House of Parliament? Should gentlemen tell him, in the teeth of that House, that the giving that power to a Lord was the 'Old Constitution?' The hypocrisy of that revolution was theirs, or they were parties to it. If any gentleman attempted to violate that resolution clandestinely, it was the duty of the Speaker to defeat the attempt. But if the violation of it was, as gentlemen insisted, the 'Old Constitution,' he would say, let the question be regularly brought before the House, and let the resolution be rescinded. But let them not be told that a bill to enforce its observance, whilst it stood upon their books, was a revolution."

The borough patronage he turned into equal ridicule, and appealing to those who talked of the robbery of the noble patrons, he demanded where the right to that species of property was to be found?—

"He had never heard of a royal charter, grant, or deed to any nobleman, conferring on that nobleman the right of nominating members to sit in that House. No; but he had heard of such grants being made to the people. He knew that the people had been robbed of those grants, and he liked this act



because it laid hold of the spoliators. The seizure was with those who now cried out so lustily 'Stop thief!' Some delusion was practised upon this subject in the House; the matter was mystified by one gentleman quoting what another gentleman had said upon some other occasion, or what some deceased statesman of great name had been reported to have said some years ago: but he would tell the House that the people out of doors were in the habit of talking common-sense, and that this was the language which they held to the borough-proprietors—'You have taken away our rights, you have usurped our franchises, you have robbed us of our property, and do what you will, you shall disgorge!'

As he passed along he alluded to the conduct of individuals as influencing or influenced by the mode of borough election. To the actual law that no bishop should interfere in the choice of members, he declared that there was a direct disobedience in the conduct of the Archbishop of Armagh, the Irish primate, who had returned Mr. Goulburn before his apostacy, and who had lately returned him a second time:—

"He would give up all Reform if he did not prove at that bar that they had among them a member for a borough, who had been nominated by a prelate. The member to whom he alluded was the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the representative for the borough of Armagh. Yes; and as soon as the right-honourable gentleman, the nominee of the right-reverend prelate, had been safely returned by the influence of the right-reverend prelate, the Orangemen and the Presbyterians, and others of the borough, met together, and joined in the work of burning the right-honourable gentleman in effigy. And this was the old and much-lauded Constitution! Oh! if the honourable and learned member for Boroughbridge had only been as pathetic as he was comical—if he had been, like Niobe, all tears—and what an admirable representative of Niobe he would have made!—they should have been almost washed away in the flood which would have been shed at the notion of destroying this venerable old Constitution!"

The effect of this patronage gave him the opportunity of a remark on the member for Drogheda, whose squabble with him last year was not forgotten.

"By-the-by, this brought to his recollection the speech of the honourable and learned member for Drogheda (Mr. North) last night. They all remembered how that honourable and learned member, when he sat for a rotten borough, and was on the other side of the House, hardly ever opened his lips, and when he did, spoke scarcely above his breath, and always voted with Ministers; but they had all seen how he threw himself forward now—how loudly and independently he talked, now that he sat on this side the House and for Drogheda, and was disencumbered of the influence of a patron."

Concluding with a bitter sarcasm on all who entered Parliament under patronage, a sarcasm which cut right and left among his own friends.

"Oh! God help those who would creep into that House. They said that they stooped, and that they were not ashamed to stoop. Out upon this saying! they did not stoop—they could not stoop—for they were already bent so low that it was impossible they could bend lower."

In adverting to the actual state of Elections, he descanted strongly and justly on the abominations practised at the hustings. He asked, "was there any member of the House who was not aware of the Election system? Of the class of persons who crowded round a Member of Parliament, asking him, 'did he know of a third man?' saying, 'that they have got two to stand, and if they could only find a third man, he would be sure to get in?'" This observation found so much corres-

ponding sentiment among the members, that it was received with loud cheers and laughter. "He would then ask them, was this the Old Constitution so much talked of? He would ask the learned member for Boroughbridge, and he assured him, that of no man's learning and integrity he had a higher opinion, would he give his voice for the preservation of a system which gave such an opening for corruption, profligacy, and the violation of the privileges of that House every six years, almost every year? Would any one deny that such was the case in all the half-open boroughs? Who would deny that the votes of these burgesses were sold as oxen were sold in Smithfield, and that the seats which represent them were sold and let as the stalls in Leadenhall Market? Did any one suppose that the people of England would not rise and destroy that system of corruption? Not perhaps by any sudden violence, but by the force of opinion rising calmly, gradually, and irresistibly, as a giant rising from his sleep."

The argument of the injury done to the corporations, he treated with contempt. Out of the whole list of the sixty disfranchised boroughs only sixteen were corporations. As to the general delicacy of touching the popular franchises and rights, he could not discover it in the previous practice of the House, and peculiarly with respect to Ireland, where at the time of the Union two hundred boroughs were disfranchised by a single Act of Parliament. Yet, was guilt charged upon those boroughs? Quite the contrary; they were so innocent that the minister of the day thought they deserved £13,000 a piece for compensation.

The working of the boroughmonger system, he declared to have at all times been hostile to national objects. From the returns of the divisions in 1822, on the question of retrenchment, it was clear that no dependence for public objects was to be placed on the members for the close boroughs. It appeared on that occasion, that of the nineteen members for boroughs, with a population under 500, the whole voted against retrenchment; that of the members for boroughs, with a population above 500, and under 1,000, thirty-three voted against retrenchment, and but twelve for it; of those for boroughs with 4,000 inhabitants, seventeen were for retrenchment, and forty-four against it, while of the boroughs with a population beyond 5,000, sixty-six voted for it, and but forty-seven against it; an evidence that the greater the population, or, in general, the more open the borough, the more attentive the members were to the distresses and desires of the country, while it was the working of the close borough system which had created our wars, and with them our national debt, and the enormous pressure of taxation. The common argument of the advantage of boroughs in bringing men of ability into the House, was obviously answered by the fact, that they had brought not one man of ability for hundreds of the direct contrary stamp; that if they exhibited a few remarkable men, half-a-dozen perhaps in a century, they appeared but at intervals, like the theatrical stars, which went down from London among the provinces, and the entire of the play was Hamlet, while Polonius and all the other characters were forgotten. To the remark that the "system had worked well," the natural answer was, "look round you. Ask what the agricultural population felt on the subject? Was the fact reflected from the fires which had lately blazed through the counties? And would they be content to take the statement from the unfortunate men who filled their jails on account of the late disturbances?"

The state of the representation in Scotland and Ireland deserved to draw the strongest attention. Taking Edinburgh as an instance. To return the member there were now just thirty-three constituents; the present bill would turn this constituency into 12,000. The thirty-three were now represented by one person, who received more of the public money than any representative of 120,000 people that had ever sat in that House. He would back the honourable member for Edinburgh against any other representative of the people for doing nothing but receiving money and signing receipts. (Laughter and cheers). The majority of the voters of Scotland had neither land nor income, and possessed their franchise only by virtue of a strip of parchment.

The mode in which Ireland would be affected was next brought under review, and he contended that the representation should be enlarged:—

“ Out of the twenty-eight counties in England, to which it was proposed to give two additional members each, fifteen of them possessed a population less than that of the county of Antrim; nineteen of them less than that of Down; twenty-two of them less than that of Tipperary; and there was not any one of them, with the exception of Lancashire and Yorkshire, that had any thing like the population of the county of Cork.”

Proceeding on the principle of population, the “ seven millions of the finest peasantry under the sun ” would undoubtedly make a formidable figure in the muster of their representatives; though we might have some doubt of their taking any very striking interest in the matter, or of their being exactly the best judges of the qualifications of a member of parliament. But Mr. O’Connell desired on this principle to see, “ out of the sixty-two members that remained in bank, two additional to eight populous counties which he named. He would draw the line with regard to a population under 200,000; those counties which had a larger number of people ought to have two more members—but the great working of the measure would be upon England, where it would be most important:—

“ As related to England, it had a double operation—upon counties, and upon boroughs. As to the first, it not only continued the forty-shilling freeholders in their present right of voting, but it extended the franchise to copyholders of 10l. a year—a most substantial advantage. It was most just that copyholders should have a voice, for although they held by the Court Roll, their property was as valuable and as saleable as if it were freehold. But the measure did not stop there, and wisely; what lawyers called chattel interests, were allowed to be represented, for hitherto a man might have a lease of a thousand acres for a thousand years, but he could not vote, although his next neighbour, who owned, perhaps, a single acre upon an old life, was permitted to exercise his suffrage. The bill would thus add two numerous and influential classes to the elective body; and, in this respect, was highly beneficial. It was a mere cavil, on the part of those who complained, that the Privy Council ought not to have the power to divide counties, and it was an objection that had never been urged in Ireland. The experiment was not novel, or if it were it would be harmless.”

He contended that the measure was so far from revolutionary that it would be the direct antidote to a revolution, if such were contemplated. It would bring a vast number of the middle classes into political influence, and in them was the virtue of the community, and would be the stability of the state. The enlargement of the constituency for the counties and towns must be salutary, but he rejoiced at the knife being



laid to the rotten boroughs. To the charge that this change was an inroad on the Constitution, he asked:—

“What was the theory of the Constitution? When men talked to him of the new Constitution attempted to be introduced, he asked them what was the old? Was it this—that the mound of Old Sarum, or the park at Gatton, should be represented? What lawyer would dare to assert that such was the old Constitution of England? He recollected a circumstance which happened some years ago in one of the courts of law in Ireland. At the Union, certain close boroughs were disfranchised, and, by a precedent by no means to be imitated, compensation was given, not to the voters who lost their suffrages, but to the patron, who arrogated to himself the right of selling them to the highest bidder. The borough of Askeaton was one of them, and 13,000*l.* was given by Parliament to Massey Dawson, as compensation. Shortly afterwards, his brother, the other member, claimed half, and brought an action in one of the Irish courts to recover it. No sooner had the plaintiff's counsel opened his case, than the learned judge on the bench told him, that he must be nonsuited; and further added—‘Sir, I have a great respect for you personally, but I must tell you that your client is a most audacious man to dare to come into court with such an action.’ And yet it afterwards appeared, from a statement which he heard made in the Court of Chancery, that this very judge, together with the father of the honourable member for Limerick, were the trustees named in a marriage-settlement, by which it was provided that the nomination to the borough of Tralee should be set aside as a provision for the younger children of Sir E. Dennie. And yet this was called the old Constitution!”

Having thus given with perfect fairness the leading arguments of the most efficient advocate of the measure, we give, with more gratification, the plain and manly view of the case supplied by Sir Robert Inglis. Rising immediately after Lord John Russell's detailing his plan, and, of course, without any of the advantages supplied to the subsequent speakers by time for preparation, or the study of the details, one of the matters on which the ministers prided themselves being their skill in concealing every feature of their bill, until the moment when it was brought into the House, the honourable baronet exposed himself to difficulties encountered by no other speaker; but a slight sketch of his speech is the best evidence how vigorously and intelligently he was fitted to cope with the question.

He commenced by adverting to the assertion,—“that now was come a crisis, when the nation demanded the change in the Constitution with a voice which it was impossible to resist; or which, if any attempt were made to resist, it must be at the imminent hazard of national ruin.” But this tone of intimidation had been adopted over and over again, on all occasions where a party called for a change in the Constitution; it had been resisted on those occasions; the menace turned out to be vapour, and the Constitution survived. If so then, what was there in the present circumstances of the country to make the difference? What was there to make the people of England more really anxious for “Reform” now, than on other occasions? “Every man,” said he, “always regards his own times as the best or the worst; he sees what is before; but he forgets, or he never knew, what is past. The consequence is that for a succession of generations we have a succession of speeches about—misgovernment, unexampled decay of trade, profligate expenditure, corruption, &c. &c., so like each other, that it would be worth while to reprint in 1831, some of those elegies of the ruin of England, only changing the date from 1731. So again, with respect to



Reform, the outcry was loud enough to disturb the kingdom, inflamed as it was by statements, that no country was ever so ill governed, no people ever so oppressed, denied the last melancholy privilege of complaining—though they were then, as they are now, allowed to make, and were fearlessly making, complaints which amounted almost to sedition."

He then adduced instances of this exaggerated outcry from the writings of the great political leaders of the past:—"What was to be thought of this passage from Burke,—or what was there in it which did not characterize the language of declaimers in the present day?" "Nobody," says Burke in his famous pamphlet, *On the Cause of the Present Discontents*; "nobody I believe, will consider it merely as the language of spleen, or disappointment, if I say that there is something peculiarly alarming in the present conjuncture. There is hardly a man, in or out of power, who holds any other language.

"That we know neither how to yield, nor how to enforce, that hardly any thing above or below, abroad or at home, is sound and entire; but that disconnection and confusion, in offices, in parties, in families, in parliament, in the nation, prevail beyond the disorders of any former times, those are facts universally admitted and lamented.

"This state of things is the more extraordinary, because the great parties which formerly divided the kingdom, are known to be in a manner entirely dissolved. No great external calamity has visited the nation, no pestilence, no famine. We do not labour at present under any scheme of taxation, new or oppressive in the quality, or in the mode; nor are we engaged in unsuccessful war in which our misfortune might easily pervert our judgment; and our minds, sore from the loss of national glory, might feel every blow of misfortune as a crime in government."

"One should think," says Sir Robert, "naturally enough on reading such a passage from such a man, that the end of the world, at least of the kingdom, had arrived. Yet by God's blessing, we survived the crisis, and look back with surprise at the exaggeration which has so described it." He pursued this reasoning into other examples, and among the rest, alluded to the celebrated Yorkshire address at the close of the American war; the universal outcry at that period that England was irreparably undone; and even the advice of so grave and remarkable a man as Sir William Jones, that "each man should keep a firelock in the corner of his bed-room, and should learn to fire and charge with bayonet firmly and regularly, against those who then resisted the cry of Reform."

On the introduction of the Reform Bill in 1782, the same declarations were made of national ruin, if the measure were resisted; the House were reminded of the Briareus hands of the multitude, and told that they had but an hour to deliberate before they surrendered. On this occasion Horne Tooke wrote thus to Dunning:—

"The people must be satisfied in their just expectations, and most surely will be so. Ministers will surely grant with a good grace what cannot be much longer withheld. They will at least catch the present favourable opportunity. They will not wait to be received with scorn and hootings for their offer to us of that, which we should now receive with gratitude. I will venture to assert that they *have no time to lose*. 1782." This cry was resisted like the rest, was put down, and the country contrived to live on, notwithstanding. But the most remarkable

period stated by Sir Robert, was ten years after this, when the French revolution was shaking the allegiance of the subject in every part of Europe, when its singular success buoyed up the hopes of party, and when the nation was really in an anxious state, and on the verge of war. In November 1792.—At that period the celebrated and unfortunate Condorcet predicted the downfall of England as inevitable unless total reform were instantly to take place.—“Since the explosion of Liberty in France,” said this writer, “a hollow fermentation has shewn itself in England; and has more than once disconcerted the ministerial operations. Popular societies have been established in the three kingdoms, and a parliamentary reform has been talked of, just in the same manner as we talked of the states-general at the end of the year 1788, in France. It is well known what a number of persons there are who think rightly, and daily enlighten the people of England, and whose opinions furnish subjects for useful disquisitions. This people, who at once fear and desire such a revolution as ours, will necessarily be drawn along by those courageous and enlightened persons, who always determine the first steps; the opening of the session of parliament which approaches, will infallibly become the occasion of the reforms which are the most urgent, such as those which regard the national representation. From thence to the *entire establishment of a republic*, the transition will be the less tedious, because the foundations of liberty have long existed in England.” Yet this crisis, such as it was announced, passed away, the popular outcry was loud, but it was wisely resisted, and the country still stood. But the uproar for the change of the Constitution had been raised at subsequent periods, and with as many ominous declarations of public ruin. It was raised in 1819, and seconded by almost open insurrection in the manufacturing districts, and it was put down. Again in 1823, when the public pressures were severe, it was raised; and again it was put down; it was put down *without concession*, and there is nothing in the present state of affairs, nor in the nature of the clamour, that should make the sacrifice of the Constitution necessary now more than then.

The country is now filled with an outcry for reform. But there is nothing in the present state of public affairs half so threatening as at any one of the periods in which the outcry had been raised and safely put down. There is no unpropitious harvest, no sudden failure of trade, nor of the national resources of any kind; there is no war. The manufacturers are in full work, and agriculture is rapidly reviving. What then has at this moment given such an excitement to the advocates for change? *The three days of Paris!* The evidence that the populace could overpower the force of the government when it pleased, the proof of the popular power. This had stirred up the hopes of every partizan of change in England, a result which had always been in some degree felt in this country in all cases of foreign revolution. But let the outcry be what it may, the duty of a House of Commons is to deliberate for the public good, not to be influenced blindly by the popular will. They are representatives, not delegates, councillors consulting for the whole, not pleaders for the interests of particular places. The words of the King's writ are “That the returning officer should cause election to be made,” not of persons to treat about the affairs of London or Liverpool, but “about certain arduous and urgent affairs concerning us, the state, and defence of our kingdom and the church.”

The proposed change in the system of elections takes it for granted

that population was one of the early principles of constituency; but this is altogether an error. Every county *alike*, from the 23rd Edward I., let its population be what it might, sent *two* members. And even when the change under Cromwell took place, population seems to have been neglected, for the more important purpose of returning partizans. Thus Staffordshire had only three members, while Cornwall had *eight*. The common conception, that the close boroughs are a corruption of their original character, and that, having been once gifted with a right of representation as populous places, they ought to lose that right with the loss of that population, is an equal error. Even Old Sarum, from the earliest records, 23rd Edward I., seems to have been nothing more at the time than a castle, made a borough to entitle the Earl of Salisbury, its holder, to have a representative in the House. So of others, Corfe Castle, and Bishop's Castle, created by Queen Elizabeth at the suit of Sir Christopher Hatton when he received the estates connected with them. So of the Cornish boroughs. They were not created, as is supposed, on account of the opulence or the population connected with the tin mines. They were almost exclusively created by the Crown, for the express purpose of guarding its own prerogatives in the House of Commons. Cornwall was its own duchy, and there it placed its parliamentary strength. So much for the idea that the bill which disfranchises those boroughs is a *restoration* of the constitution of parliament. That system may have been weak, or tyrannical, or corrupt; but the proposed system is not a revival of the old principles of parliament: it is a revolution. As the conclusion from those and similar facts which crowd upon us from all parliamentary history, we arrive at these truths—population *never* was the *basis* of our representation—property *never* was the *basis* of our representation; the constitution was not the work of any single mind, nor assembly; the kings who originally constructed or renewed parliament, gave the franchise or divided the country according to their own choice; the true foundation of popular power being in the House of Commons having the power of the purse, which made it impossible for a king, mainly dependent on his people for his revenue, to overthrow the national liberties.

But it was alleged that the present system was a source of corruption in the House. "Corruption," said Sir Robert, "must be one of the three kinds, by money, by place, or by party." First, as to money, he demanded, "Was there any man, in or out of the House, who could point to any member and say, that he believed, that on any one question of public polity for the last fifty years any thing in the shape of money has ever been tendered to him? The thing is impossible. The thing was *not* impossible two generations back. The secret-service money of James II. was £90,000., in that day the twentieth part of the whole revenue. The secret-service money of the present day is scarcely more than the tenth part of that sum, and not more than a seven hundredth part of the revenue.

"For the corruption by places. There never was a period when there were so *few* placemen in parliament, and the means of influence are gradually, but regularly diminishing day by day.

"The influence of party. There are now no parties. It is one of the misfortunes of the day that there are no leading men to head parties, and thus give stability to the government, and consistency to the opposition."



The advantages of the present system are, that by it all the various great interests of the empire are enabled to find representatives. This was the *dictum* of Burke, "All interests must be let in—a great official, a great professional, a great military and naval interest, all necessarily comprehending many men of the first weight, ability, wealth, and spirit, has been gradually formed in the kingdom. Those new interests *must be* let into a share of representation." But on the proposed system there would be a great difficulty in any man's finding his way into the House except as a *popular* candidate, in other words, a candidate pledged to do whatever the mob commanded. The interests of the commercial bodies would find an extreme difficulty of representation, and the interests of the colonies scarcely a chance of being represented at all. So far as abuses exist in the representation, they are rapidly purifying. The press, an engine more powerful than the prerogative, exercises a formidable supervision over parliament, and no abuse can now be of long continuance. Thus parliament is actually proceeding in the safe way of reforming itself gradually. This reform is effective, and its regular and unhurried process is suitable to the spirit of the Constitution, which dreads a sudden shock of any kind, and has grown from weakness into strength by this very process. Whilst the new system aims at doing every thing at once; actually roots up the old parliamentary usage, under the pretence of improving it, gives us at every step of the process something untried before, and sets us afloat, inexperienced and ignorant, in a sea of revolution.

For our own part, we are as hostile to abuses, as the most vehement Whig can be; and in this mind we shall remain. We will go the farthest length of the most eager reformer in extinguishing every source of corruption. We say, away with the *Sinecures*; away with every pension that can be shewn to be given without some just reference to public service; cut away those lilies of the field that neither sow nor spin—the Lady Janes and Aramintas; extinguish the Bathurst system in all its branches. Not one shilling of our money shall with our good will ever go to qualify one of those people to wear an embroidered petticoat at court-dance, or drawing-room. Away with such national eyesores as Lord Ellenborough's £9,000. a-year sinecure, which does not cost his lordship the trouble of mending a pen; extinguish the salaries which high and mighty princes and earls are not ashamed to put in their pockets for attendance about court—the laborious and important public duty of walking into a room before the king, with a white wig on the head, and a white stick in the hand. Let them all be lopped away without hesitation. Nor shall we be less delighted to see that whole race of puppyism, the diplomatic dandies, sent back to school; and stripped of their salaries, however actively earned by playing the guitar, or flirting with the painted countesses and marchesas of foreign courts—the contempt even of foreigners, as they are the burthen and disgrace of their own country.

But let us pause before we throw the *whole* power of the House of Commons into the hands of the *rabble*; for what else than the rabble would be the majority of the householders at ten pounds annual rent. It has been distinctly stated on the returns of the revenue, that an immense number of those householders have not even the means of paying their rates; and are at this moment receiving parish allowance—are paupers. Is it of such persons that the constituency of England is to



be formed. What house is there that does not pay £10. rent? The direct result would be, that the members would be returned by a mob; and that the House of Commons would be so far from representing any thing else, that it would itself be in constant submission to that mob. Liverpool has now, we believe, 5,000 electors; and the scenes disclosed, and disclosing, before the Committee trying the election for bribery, may lead us to think Liverpool sufficiently in the hands of the rabble as it is. But the new system would give it 14,000 electors, generally of a still lower class, we may imagine with what an increase to the purity of election. But a House of Commons returned exclusively by the influence of the £10. householders, would be almost totally composed of men who had won their way into the House by flattering the passions and follies, or pledging themselves to gratify the revenge of the multitude. But such a House, from its very nature, would rapidly come into direct collision with the House of Lords. The lower orders in no land have any strong affection for the higher; and it would be the highest delight of the populace to curtail the privileges, in the idea of mortifying the pride of the peerage. A House elected on the strictly popular principle would stand in a situation of natural antipathy and contrast to the House representing the great estates and hereditary honours of the kingdom. Before a Session was over they *must clash*. Every day some point of business arises in which the privileges of both Houses are involved, and the most violent collision is now prevented only by the circumstance, that the interests of the peerage are now virtually represented in the House of Commons. There the collision takes place, and the *crush* of the peerage is thus prevented. But let a House of Commons on the new system, strengthened in every step by the popular force, and rendered absolutely irresistible, as it must be, by being the direct instrument of its masters and creators, the multitude, feel itself resisted in any measure, however rash and unconstitutional, by the House of Lords, and that House must be broken into fragments at once. The House of Commons has the purse and the *physical force*, the House of Lords nothing but its parchments. What must be the result of such a contest? But what would be the first demands made by the multitude on their instrument and slave the House of Commons? There is no concealment on the point. Interference with tithes is one of the most popular topics even now, and would unquestionably form one of the most immediate and popular employments of a New House of Commons. The measure may be either bad or good. But it would certainly be resisted by the peerage. Then would come the collision; and the House of Lords would be broken down in a moment. The plausible outcry would be, as Canning expressed it—"Is an unreformed House of Lords to be suffered to counteract the will of a reformed House of Commons? The result would be its fall, and after it that of the crown; for the Peers are now the chief bulwark between the crown and the possible rashness or violence of the Commons. The result again would be a repetition of the scenes of Charles the First's reign. The crown would either appeal to the remaining loyalty of the empire, and defend itself by force; or it would perish without a civil war, and a republic would be the substitute. But what has been the experience of England in 1648, and of France in 1793? No republic on a large scale can ever permanently subsist in Europe; for the obvious reason, that the close contact in which the European states exist renders war inevitable; and

that the army as inevitably puts the power into the hands of its general. When in England, we see Cromwell seizing the supreme power, and Monk bartering it away; and in France, Napoleon scourging and chaining the fierceness of republicanism into the most submissive and scandalous slavery; we cannot plead ignorance of the natural result of a democratic revolution."

We are as hostile as the most hostile jacobin to the bribery and baseness practised at elections; but those are the abuse, not the law. We would punish in the severest manner all pecuniary means of entering the House; and send every elector who took a bribe, every representative who offered it, and every boroughdealer, for fourteen years to New South Wales. There should be no pretence for any man's saying, that seats were sold like bullock-stalls in Smithfield: and all those odious bargains which the "Reformers" have so often flung into the teeth of the aristocracy; all that alleged scale of prices for the representation, should be abolished, under penalties equivalent to the loss of character and fortune. But all this might be done, and will be done, and is doing every day, without that desperate plunge into experiment which makes the "Reform Bill" of Lord John Russell a terror to every rational man in England.

We demand what is to be the contemplated good of this measure, supposing it succeeds to the fullest extent, and supposing that by a dissolution to-morrow, it should bring into the House a new assemblage of men dear to the million? Is it intended to lower the interest of the national debt? Is it intended to cut down the allowances necessary to the decent subsistence of Royalty in the realm? Is it intended to break the church establishment into "the dust and powder of individuality," and send the religious community to learn their religion in the cheap shops of methodism, or to embrace Presbyterianism and Republicanism together? If it does not those, we are at a loss to know what it is to do. Those we are certain would be the most acceptable services to the new constituents by which the new members will be sent to their new House; and if they began with these things how long would they abstain from any object that might attract popular cupidity? In France, before the "reformed parliament" had sat three years, it had voted monarchy a nuisance, religion a fable, and property a nonentity—it had exiled the whole body of the clergy and the nobles, and a vast multitude of opulent and valuable members of the professions—it had confiscated the lands of the church, the corporations, and the charitable institutions. After having covered the world with the exiles of France, and France itself with beggary, it plunged, at the popular demand for plunder, into a war of robbery on its feeblest neighbour, Holland, which brought on a war with the whole of Europe. In this period it had three successive constitutions, the guillotine in the streets of every city, which cost it eighteen thousands of its chief people, and a civil war in the provinces, which cost it four hundred thousand. But the services of its regenerated parliament were not over—it finally sold the people to a dictator, who crushed even the remnant of liberty left by the guillotine; drove the population, by whole provinces, like sheep to the slaughter, and after a waste of two millions of lives, brought ruin back into the bowels of France, and gave up Paris twice to a foreign conqueror.

If those lessons had been of a remote age, we might have talked of

the colouring of romance, but those are things that have passed before the living eye, and are yet sounding in the living ear. We may say, if we will, that things which happened on the other side of a straight fifteen miles wide cannot by possibility happen on this side; that the passions of a Frenchman for plunder, power and revenge, are on a different construction from those of an Englishman—that if a French mob is all extravagance, an English one is all gravity, wisdom, and respect for property, law and religion; that we have no Captain Swing among us, and that our assizes do *not* present the most formidable instances of sullen excess, stubborn depravity, and ferocious violence, to be found in any country of Europe. But until all this can be proved, we must be suffered to shrink from a system altogether incoherent, rash and unconstitutional, palpably contemptuous of experience, mistaking hazard for security, and in the guise of renovation forcing on us REVOLUTION.

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APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[Continued from page 632, Vol. X.]

XLVIII.

The world does not start fair in the race of time: one country has run its course before another has set out or even been heard of. Riches, luxury, and the arts, reach their utmost height in one place, while the rest of the globe is in a crude and barbarous state; decline thenceforward, and can no more be resuscitated than the dead. The twelve old Etruscan cities are stone walls, surrounded with heaps of cinders: Rome is but the tomb of its ancient greatness. Venice, Genoa, are extinct; and there are those who think that England has had her day. She may exclaim in the words of Gray's *Bard*—"To triumph and to die are mine." America is just setting out in the path of history, on the model of England, without a language of its own, and with a continent instead of an island to run its career in—like a novice in the art, who gets a larger canvas than his master ever had to cover with his second-hand designs.

XLIX.

It was shrewdly observed that the ruin of states commences with the accumulation of people in great cities, which conceal and foster vice and profligacy.

L.

The world, said a sensible man, does not on the whole grow much worse, nor abandon itself to absolute licentiousness, because as people have children growing up, they do not wish them to be reprobates; but give them good advice and conceal their failings from them. This in each successive generation brings morality on its legs again, however sceptical in virtue or hardened in vice the old may become through habit or bad example.

LI.

As children puzzle you by asking explanations of what they do not understand, many grown people shine in company and triumph over their antagonists by dint of ignorance and conceit.



## LII.

A certain bookseller wanted Northcote to write a history of art in all ages and countries, and in all its ramifications and collateral bearings. It would have taken a life to execute it; but the projector thought it was as easy to make the book as to draw up the title-page. Some minds are as sanguine from a want of imagination, as others are from an excess of it: they see no difficulty or objection in the way of what they undertake, and are blind to every thing but their own interest and wishes.

## LIII.

An outcry is raised against the distresses of literature as a tax upon the public, and against the sums of money and unrepaid loans which authors borrow of strangers or friends. It is not considered that but for authors we should still have been in the hands of tyrants, who rioted in the spoil of widows and orphans, and swept the fortunes of individuals and the wealth of provinces into their pouch. It will be time enough to be alarmed when the *Literary Fund* has laid its iron grasp on fat abbey lands and portly monasteries for the poor brethren of the Muses, has establishments like those of the Franciscan and Dominican Friars for its hoary veterans or tender novices, and has laid half the property of the country under contribution. Authors are the *ideal* class of the present day, who supply the brains of the community with "fancies and good-nights," as the priests did of old; and who cultivating no goodly vineyard of their own to satisfy the wants of the body, are sometimes entitled, besides their pittance, to ask the protection of taste or liberality. After all, the fees of Parnassus are trifling in comparison with the toll of Purgatory.

## LIV.

There are but few authors who should marry: they are already wedded to their studies and speculations. Those who are accustomed to the airy regions of poetry and romance, have a fanciful and peculiar standard of perfection of their own, to which realities can seldom come up; and disappointment, indifference, or disgust, is too often the result. Besides, their ideas and their intercourse with society make them fit for the highest matches. If an author, baulked of the goddess of his idolatry, marries an ignorant and narrow-minded person, they have no language in common: if she is a *blue-stocking*, they do nothing but wrangle. Neither have most writers the means to maintain a wife and family without difficulty. They have chosen their part, the pursuit of the intellectual and abstracted; and should not attempt to force the world of reality into a union with it, like mixing gold with clay. In this respect, the Romish priests were perhaps wiser. "From every work they challenged *essoins* for contemplation's sake." Yet their celibacy was but a compromise with their sloth and supposed sanctity. We must not contradict the course of nature, after all.

## LV.

There is sometimes seen more natural ease and grace in a common gipsy-girl than in an English court-circle. To demand a reason why, is to ask why the strolling fortune-teller's hair and eyes are black, or her face oval.



## FIRST OF APRIL ODE TO AMERICA :

GENUINE BY A NATIVE POET.

LAND of sublime posterity !

Great scorner of the present time !

Thou proud, magnificent *to be*—

Of all earth's climes the proudest clime ;—

To thee what's England ? An old drudge ;

A blacksmith—shoemaker—coalheaver ;

Her volumes perishable fudge,

While even thy ballads last for ever.

What's Ireland, and her patriot sons,

Compared, thou pearl of earth, to thee,

Where every banished rascal runs,

And cheats the world—at liberty ?

Where shall the fire-winged Muse find scope,

What ocean give the mighty shell,

What lungs of more than brass shall ope,

Thy grand *futurity* to tell ?

Bold virgin, vested in a shroud

Red with a thousand future fields,

Thy only crown shall be a cloud,

Such as the smoke of empires yields.

Thy throne shall “ crest the mount of Time,”

From whose eternal brow the flood

Shall pour, to sweep the world's last crime,

A cataract of flame and blood.

Thou'lt speak as nations never spoke ;

Thy words be lightning—looks be thunder :

All earth shall seek thy glorious yoke—

Nay, e'en the Chicasaws knock under.

Thy bed shall be the rushing storm ;

Thy serenade, the ocean's roar ;

Thy guard, Destruction's dæmon form,

Thy supper, gunpowder and gore !

Thy softest smile shall be the look

Of seas where sweeps the fierce typhoon,

When Beelzebub comes down to cook

His rice in India's grim monsoon !

What if the recreant nations laugh,

And call thee slaver, tinker still—

Call thee half-Irish, Indian half—

Thou'lt ask but time to pay their bill.

What are some dozen centuries

In lives of nations such as thou ?

Give thee but time, and thou shalt rise,

While Europe is, what thou art now.

I see thy fleets the ocean crowd,

A hundred thousand of the line !

With every flag before them bowed—

Earth—Portsmouth—Plymouth—thine, all thine !

I see thy heroes—not such men  
As creep on Europe's dwarfish shore—  
All grenadiers, from six feet ten  
(The lowest size) to seven feet four.

Mother of eloquence, whose touch  
Shall on thy triumphs set the seal;  
Essence of Indian, German, Dutch,  
Of Yankee slang, and Irish yell!

Give thee some dozen centuries,  
Down goes the fame of Greece and Rome;  
While man uplifts his dazzled eyes,  
Mocked by the soarings of thy plume.

Thy armies, millions in a corps,  
Earth trembling at their mighty tread,  
Shall march o'er earth's remotest shore,  
By Yankee Alexanders led.

Ay, let the world say what it will,  
There's greatness stamped upon thy frame;  
There's not a hedge-row, hut, or rill,  
But now puts all the world to shame.

Thy rocks are of the rockiest flint;  
Thy hills are all but in the sky;  
Thy bog, if Satan's self were in't,  
Not all his fires could keep him dry.

Wait but some dozen centuries,  
And when old Europe's an old fool,  
Shall gardens in those deserts rise,  
And every pig shall wear its wool.

What if the land is mire one half,  
And t'other sand, or salt, or stone,  
When Europe writes her epitaph,  
Thine is the universal throne.

Then where the Mississippi rolls  
His muddy tide through mire and fen,  
Shall poets o'er their midnight coals  
Dip for posterity the pen.

Then villas—not such plaster things  
As glitter on old England's plain,  
But palaces, for Nature's kings—  
Shall tell where Nature's monarchs reign.

Oh! glories of the coming ages,  
Halt on your march, and spare your bard;  
Hail, native land of bards and sages,  
Like your own bunting banner, starred.

Where'er on thee my gaze I fix,  
I see th' unknown, the great to come.  
Though now thy soul were dull as Styx,  
Thy sages all a Hunt or Hume;—

Yet pass a little thousand years,  
And earth before thy flag shall fall;  
And, spite of dead men's scoffs and sneers,  
The Yankee shall lead off the ball!

## THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DEMON-SHIP."

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812, that Aimée Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Aimée was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimée's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Aimée's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. After the first emotions of meeting were over, and while the patriot still fondly eyed his wife and boy, the young Frenchwoman began to scan with anxious affection the tall form and manly features of her husband. "The helmet has worn the hair from my brow," said the Pole, unconsciously answering her looks, "and that gives a lengthened and sharp appearance to the features."—"Have I said that I mark a change in years?" asked his wife, keeping on him the same uneasy regard;—"but wherefore is this arm bound?"—"And thou askest a Polish soldier wherefore he wears a bandage!" said the husband, endeavouring to laugh; "ask him why he carries a lance or musket.—But you shall look to this awful wound, which casts such a cloud on that fair brow; and let my boy be present, that he may see betimes how lightly a patriot holds a patriot's wound; and that he may learn, like a soldier's son, to look boldly and unblanchingly on blood that is spilled in the cause of justice." The husband half-jested; but bandage, and lint, and linen were instantly in the wife's hand. "Now I grow dainty, and know not how to resist this temptation," said the soldier, as turning his back to Aimée he unrolled a binding of parchment, and removed a dressing of moss from his arm. They could not escape the vigilant observation of Aimée. "And these," she said, shuddering, "are all the alleviations which your wretched hospital provision affords to suffering bravery!"—"And enough, too," answered Roman Ladoinski; "soldiers are not the soft ware to fear a little rubbing in this world's wild warfare." He added, with an involuntary look of seriousness, if not gloom, "Would to Heaven that I had been the only, or even the worst sufferer, through that Scythian desert of Scythian monsters which we have traversed!—would to Heaven that the

\* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records. Nor has the writer found it necessary to have the slightest recourse to *caricature*, in the description of the remarkable interview with two distinguished persons at Smolensk.

Russian sword had anticipated the weary work of famine which her hungry lands have beheld in our miserable hosts!"

Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms; while the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sank his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbers of his little son. The under-tone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber, and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimée started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to shew in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light round the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent, slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. "Well said—well said!" exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his characteristic weapon—"thou hast not shone out thy appeal in vain; thy hint is kindly given." He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order from the French sovereign, commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimée.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described, as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the *character* of the humble Aimée Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. "Alas!" said Aimée, "alas! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow-beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, ere too late, from following the car of this heartless victor. Sheath the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country."—"Oh, believe me, Aimée," answered the soldier, "it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms; no senseless admiration of the dazzling qualities of yon brilliant man; no boyish transport at wielding a lance; no egotistical ambition, cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush, and hang my head to call myself a Pole. Scarce have I been roused by the same rapturous and chivalrous spirit now abroad among my countrymen. No—mine is no awakening; I have never slumbered, during my country's degradation. I have sleeplessly watched for the moment of her emancipation. And what if Heaven render this western emperor—this delegate of God's vengeance on Europe—the instrument of its accomplishment!" Roman spoke in the ardent and figurative language of his country; but Aimée's judg-



ment remained unshaken. "And, wherefore," she said, "should Poland find such solitary grace in the eyes of Europe's conqueror? Shall all the nations lie prostrate at his feet, and Poland alone be permitted to stand by his side as an equal? Be wise, my dear Ladoinski. You confess that the conqueror lent but a lifeless ear to the war-cry of your country. Be timely wise—open your eyes, and see that this cold-hearted victor—wrapped in his own dark and selfish aims—uses the sword of the patriot Pole only, like that of the prostrate Prussian, to hew the way to his own throne of universal dominion."—"Thou art the daughter of a French Bourbonite, Aimée," said her husband, smiling, "and canst not away with this lawless successor to the throne of thine ancient line of sovereigns. Now I, as a Pole, hold not a monarch's elected right so cheaply."—"But Austria, Prussia, Italy, Switzerland, Spain, did not surely elect him their sovereign," answered Aimée, warmly; "nor shall the freedom of Poland arise from the ashes of a whole continent's liberty. Believe it, this proud man did not enslave all Europe to become the liberator of Poland. Ah! trust me, that is but poor freedom which consists only in a choice of masters. O Ladoinski, Ladoinski! give up this mad emprise; return to the bosom of your family; and when your compatriots arise to assert their rights at the call of their country, and not at the heartless beck of a stranger despot, Aimée herself will buckle the helmet on your brow."—"Thou art a noble-minded woman, my Aimée," said Roman, "and perhaps my patriotism shewed strongest when it drove me even from thy side at the call of my country; but he that has once drawn the sword for her, even though it were in an evil hour, may not lightly sheathe it.—But mark, mark, how yon sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven!"—"Merciful God!" ejaculated Aimée, "can even the judgment of the great and terrible day shew more fearful than this portentous night? Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and yet more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick as snow-flakes, on our quarter!"—"The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole, calmly; "your safety, my Aimée, must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders."—"Then I remain with you," said Aimée, in a steady and immovable voice.—"And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away, in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screaming with childish terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We *all* remain!" Aimée's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. "Ha! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath,

at length, found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw; let her pillaged churches and slaughtered citizens come before thee. They who shall pass the heap of ashes that *was* Moscow, shall say, ‘Here *once* stood the proud capital of the conquerors of Poland!’—“Oh, imprecate not Heaven’s vengeance!” said Aimée, anxiously.—“I deal not out God’s vengeance; I mark his hand, and am wise: and for the fire that is devouring the capital of my country’s foe, —O Aimée, Aimée! I see in it not the ruin of Russia, but of her invader; I mark in it the dark preface to a page written, within and without, with lamentations, and mourning, and bitter woe. Yon fires that heat this atmosphere to suffocation are but the prelude to a knell, which will be tolled by a fiercer element over the bodies of the brave that shall fall, not by the sword of the enemy, but by the piercing wintry blasts of this drear country.”

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In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimée found herself seated in a baggage-waggon, amidst stores, and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimée Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband, while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigour of the night should produce the frozen slumber of death. Ladoinski had received a sabre cut in heading a brave skirmish on the preceding day. Sometimes she hoped it might be trivial—often she feared it would prove mortal; but still she busied herself in changing her husband’s posture, in chafing his limbs, in listening to his intermittent respiration. The road they were travelling was encumbered by stragglers, unable to keep up with the main body, by abandoned artillery, and by baggage-waggons, whose horses were fast falling under cold, fatigue, and want of forage. Smolensko, whither they were destined, was, however, the watch-word which still kept alive the courage and hopes of the exhausted troops. At length the vehicle which contained the Pole and his family suddenly stopped. Aimée heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost *crushed* for a moment the heart of Aimée. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well-known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores, or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers. These fiends, loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the care of the helpless beings who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their waggons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices half-recurred to the mind of Aimée as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. “Not yet,” said a voice; “perhaps there be others behind us.” What the responsive voice uttered Aimée could not distinctly

hear; but the concluding words were—"a kinder act to *finish* them than to leave them to the tender mercies of such a night, or the pike of the Cossack." Aimée's blood ran cold; she pressed her husband and child closer to her, and then softly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon, shining sickly through a northern haze, shewed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimée looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimée was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steeled bosom of the wain drivers; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimée began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in those frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimée Ladoinski, but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimée once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheets of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially-dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a dépôt of the French army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-waggons of their newly-arrived compatriots—"Why, here is a woman!" exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with a companion or two, had entered the wain where Aimée was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. "Here is a young woman; and, by Heavens, a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft—she breathes. 'Gad, I am Frenchman enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket-pistol." He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. "'Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column. I am sorry to use force, Madam, but you shan't die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So—there's nothing like Cognac—she's coming to, I perceive."

Aimée and her boy were lifted from the wain, and quickly moved forward through the noisy and increasing throng. "Why, this is the wife of Captain Ladoinski," said one of his companions; "I have seen her in better times and fitter company. I know her by her delicate features and complexion. She is certainly the wife of Roman Ladoinski."—"Say rather his widow," observed a passing straggler; "for



I saw Captain Ladoinski thrown into the cart with her yester-even, and neither he nor his companions are now to be found.”—“Died of his wounds,” said the first speaker, carelessly, “or was perhaps disposed of by the wain-drivers, who had still enough French blood left, unfrozen by this savage climate, not to lay their hands on a woman—and such a fair one too.” The last words finished the work of resuscitation in the hapless wife. Arrived at the cornet’s quarters—“My husband, my husband!” she exclaimed, looking wildly round, yet still grasping her boy, as if he were rendered dearer by the fear of other bereavement. “Ye look like Frenchmen, and should be tender and pitiful to a despairing woman!” The young officers protested their ignorance of her husband’s fate, and declared that the wain-drivers had disappeared ere they commenced their search of the waggon, in which they had found no living creature save herself and the child. There was a something in Aimée’s appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry as to the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protégée an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimée had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but morally courageous Aimée, was conducted to a palace, the exterior of which was still black with recent conflagration, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to a speedy downfall. Not without ceremony Aimée was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing from time to time some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers. One of these officers was considerably above the middle stature, and, at first sight, presented an exterior striking, and even noble; but on a minuter inspection, perhaps his face appeared rather shewy than regularly handsome, and his mien and person more dashing than dignified. Both his figure and countenance had evidently experienced greater injury from recent fatigue and privation than their owner was either willing to think himself, or acknowledge to others. His dress was clearly still an object of attention, and was eminently calculated to shew off to the best advantage the handsome and martial form it enveloped. The second personage, though far from undersized, was somewhat below the stature of his companion, and possessed a countenance comely, prepossessing, and of a milder expression than that of his compeer in arms. He had not the decidedly military and shewy bearing of his brother *mareschal*—in whose countenance an air

of audacity, and even effrontery, was mingled with the unquestionable bravery that characterized it; but in intellectuality of expression, and in a certain firmness, which seemed to result rather from greater depth of character than from any physical advantage, he was evidently the superior of his companion. To the air of one accustomed to martial authority was added a certain courteous suavity of manner, which indicated the gentleman as well as the soldier.

Aimée's conductor left her near the door of the apartment, and, approaching the personages just described, with uncovered head, announced her arrival. The taller officer magnificently motioned her to come forward, while the other made a courteous, but abortive, attempt to push towards her the crumbling, yet still heavy remains of a damask-covered chair. With mournful, but graceful self-possession, Aimée respectfully declined the proffered courtesy. "A pretty personage, i'faith," observed the taller mareschal aloud to his companion. Then beginning to address Aimée rapidly, and, as it seemed, in sentences which admitted of no periods,—“I think, good Madam,” he said, evidently forgetful of a story to which he had been a careless listener, “I think you are the widow of a Polish soldier, and come to beg at our hands the body of your late husband; we wish it lay in our power to serve you, but I own, my good Madam, I see not how that may be, unless our breath were strong enough to thaw the snow, that forms, I believe, an indifferently thick winding-sheet to all the fine fellows that have fallen between this town and Moscow; but courage, take heart, the frost will keep all whole and entire till next July—or whatever month a Russian summer may begin in—and by that time we shall be here again—at least” (rather sneeringly) “if we believe all that is said in a certain quarter—and then the country will be open, and you can pay what rights of sepulture you please to your brave fellow—always supposing that you are not better employed with another husband, which—judging from your personal merits—may prove the likelier occupation of the two—and *outside*,” he added, stroking his vest rather complacently, “is, after all, the first thing we look to.”—The bold mareschal had here no intention of wounding the widow's feelings, nor was he totally devoid of feeling himself; but he was naturally incapable of shewing any delicate or acceptable sympathy towards those of others. His companion interrupted him. “This lady,” he said, with a benevolence slightly dashed by policy, “this lady is, we yet hope, the *wife*, and not the *widow* of the valiant Captain Ladoinski, whom we all remember as the brave officer that has so often shone in the van of our battles. If she will tell us what she demands at our hands, we will, as far as our now somewhat narrowing power may permit, endeavour to serve her.”

With trembling voice and limbs, but with the simple eloquence of truth and feeling, Aimée told her tale, and craved inquisition among the wain-drivers. The first mareschal, in whose handsome countenance was an incongruous mixture of fierceness, and even ferocity, with an odd kind of good nature, listened, not without a degree of gallant attention, to her story and her petition. “Madam, we will look to this,” he said, with some assumption of importance. “You interest us, and we will do something for you.—Egad,” he said, speaking aside, and winking, with not much dignity, to his companion, “a modest request this! Here are we cooped up for a poor half week's rest and refreshment within this tumble-down Scythian hole, having more on our hands to be

done in a few days than could be accomplished in a month, and this poor soul thinks, forsooth, that we shall turn Smolensk upside down to look after one dead Pole. Likely, i'faith! as if we died by units—as if a thousand or two a day was not a good come-off. Splash my uniform, though, if I am not inclined to serve the woman, so it be in a moderate and short way. What, ho! Danvers," he said, calling to an orderly dragoon who waited on him, "bustle me up an aide-de-camp or two, and bid them go instantly inquire among the recently arrived baggage-drivers, if they know ought of the body of one Cornet—Captain Dombrowski—Ladobrowski, of the Fifth Polish Lancers; and tell the cattle-driving, dronish knaves they shall answer with their frosty breath for the captain's safety." The other mareschal added some plainer and more precise directions. The dragoon's answer—which to the first speaker was, "*Your Majesty* shall be obeyed"—to the second, "*Your Excellency* shall be served," agitated the hopes and feelings of Aimée in a new and extraordinary degree. Forgetful for a moment of the descriptions of Napoleon's person, she exclaimed, addressing the taller mareschal, with irrepressible emotion, "Am I then in the presence of the Emperor of the French?"—"Good, on my word!" answered the officer, laughing heartily. "Know, my good woman," he added, gaily, and rather vauntingly, "that when I stretch out this good arm of mine (straight from my shoulder—thus), the emperor of all the French, and the sovereign of half Europe, might pass under it without deranging his *coiffure*. No (raising his eyebrows with rather an ironical shrug), no—the diadem of Naples encircles *my* brow—a somewhat warmer throne mine than that of the Czars; and if you visited my capital, it is probable I might be able to shew you a palace indifferently better fitted up than the one I have the infinite honour to occupy at present, and, without gross exaggeration, perhaps I might add, situated in a somewhat more genial clime." He cast, as he spoke, a half gay, half bitter glance towards the driving snow-storm without, as if rendered more chilly by the remembrance of the bright sun that was, at that very moment, shining over his fair dominions of the south. Aimée made a suitable reverence to the brave, handsome, and unkingly sovereign of Naples, and then cast an involuntary glance of fear and doubt towards his companion. The latter smiled, somewhat amused, and, with a good-natured shake of the head, said—"No; I am no emperor."—"But, perhaps," observed Murat, in the same reckless tone, "he might claim some such title for a step-father, and what" (somewhat sneeringly) "if, to boot, he had an archduchess, in some sort, for his step-mother! Perhaps, too, he may have presided over a region a shade or two more inviting than the glowing landscape which we behold from the walls of fair Smolensk. Eh, vice-regal kinsman?"—"Your majesty would, perhaps, do well to be more guarded in your expressions," replied Eugene Beauharnois, to whom the fiery Murat's growing disaffection to the Russian enterprize was no secret. "And now, Madam," he added, courteously, "is there aught else in which we can serve you? By the trueness of your accent, I believe we may claim you as a compatriot?"—"I am, indeed, the daughter of the Count de Limoisin, who"—Aimée was meekly beginning, but the uncourtly Joachim interrupted—"O, in sooth, a royalist emigrée! I warrant me well, now, thou art no lover of thy husband's military master. Nay, tremble not—we are not perhaps at this moment in such a topping humour of



affection towards a certain quarter, as that we would withdraw our protection from, or denounce, every one who dared venture to see a mad head in a mad act. Besides, you have been educated in the old school. All with you are usurpers that cannot count a whole muster-roll of ancestors as far back as *Socrates, king of Egypt!* Eh?"—"I have heard," said Aimée, in a conciliatory tone, but rather puzzled—"I have heard that the Emperor of France hath gentle blood in his veins." The regal son of a pastrycook coloured high, and the viceroy smiled in spite of himself.

Aimée saw that something was wrong, and was preparing to prefer one more petition and depart, when an aide-de-camp of the Neapolitan Sovereign made his appearance. "So please your Majesty," he said, "I received your gracious orders, and only failed to execute them because—"—"Oh, sirrah, you found it convenient to disobey orders—perhaps then I shall find it convenient to send a brace of bullets through your breast to inquire your gracious reasons." The officer, apparently accustomed to such ebullitions, seemed to wait with an air equally removed from fear or boldness, to see whether this dignified burst were ended, and then continued in the same tone as if the last sentence had not been dismembered from his first address—"because your majesty's orders reached me not until my brother officers had examined such wain-drivers as they could fall in with, who protest that Captain Ladoinski died of cold and of his wounds on the night of the 7th, and was, consequently, ejected from the baggage-waggon. This they are ready to swear before your highness."—"Let them keep their swearing to warm their own frosty breath," said King Joachim.—"You perceive how it is, Madam—splash my uniform, if I would not have these wain-driving knaves complimented with a retributive shot or two, on mere suspicion, and out of respect to you, but you see there is no coming at the truth; and as our captain is surely gone, and the frost will probably take all vengeance into its own hands, I discern not (I say it with regret) aught else in which we can serve you."

"Then God's will be done," said Aimée, sinking pale and powerless on the chair that had been proffered her. The benevolent Viceroy of Italy supported her, and cast a wistful glance or two towards the potent spirit on the table, as if nought but the absence of any intermediate mode of conveyance between the flask and the lips prevented his humanely tendering a cordial to the half-fainting wife. She recovered herself, however, almost immediately, and quickly rising, said, with great self-command, "I thank your Highness—your Majesty—" (she involuntarily paid the first homage to Eugene) "for the humanity which has turned your eye, for an instant, on a grieved and powerless woman. I feel at this moment all the courage of one who has little left to fear of evil in this world. For me, it now holds nothing—nothing that belongs to me, save this frail creature." She drew the child towards her, and the feelings she had hitherto controlled began to force their natural vent. Tear after tear fell on the wan cheek of that fading child. She held him towards the princes, as if his helpless infancy might better plead for him than the words for which she found no utterance. Both potentates were as much affected as we can possibly conceive those to be whose feelings must necessarily become blunted by the frequent sight of human woe. "And now," said the lovely woman, "I would only be bold to crave a safe conduct for this helpless being, and the solitary

parent God hath left him, through a country which, to a Frenchwoman, and the widow of a Polish rebel, would afford nothing but a grave. Ladoinski fought under the banners of France—his boy claims French protection. Ladoinski took up the sword of the patriot under the smile of your emperor—shall his son, generous prince, ask in vain a passage to the country in defence of whose rights his father found an untimely grave?"—"No, by Heavens!" said Murat, answering rather his own feelings than any plan he had conceived for the unfortunate widow's safety. "The King of Naples," observed Eugene, kindly explaining, "heads our cavalry, and, therefore, must be in the van of our army. The emperor's division leaves Smolensk on the 13th, mine will follow on the 14th; I offer you such protection as the commander of soldiers drooping with fatigue, shivering with cold, and harassed by a sleepless enemy, may tender. The divisions of Davoust and Ney will leave Smolensk yet later. You will thus gain a few days' farther shelter, but will be more exposed in the march that follows. The rear of a retreating army holds out small guarantee for female safety. You have your choice." The helpless young mother instantly closed with the prince's offer; and unaccustomed to the world, or to camps, excited a smile in both potentates, by seeming to suppose that she was to prosecute her journey in the immediate company of the viceroy. "Good, on my word," said the unkingly sovereign of Naples, laughing aloud. "Tête-à-tête, I suppose, all the way to Wilna—give you joy, Viceroy. Not a bad thing, by St. Denis—though, now I bethink me, *San Gennaro* were the more fitting saint in *my* mouth—forget all my Neapolitan good habits among these Scythian snows." The viceroy, without paying much attention to the mirth of his regal companion, delivered, in Murat's presence, orders to his followers for the conveyance of his delicate young protégée in one of the military baggage-waggons, and authoritatively gave out, that he would hold both soldier and driver responsible for her safety and fair treatment. "There are other female refugees from Moscow in Smolensk," he added; "let two or three of those hapless women find a place in the same vehicle with this lady; and if they reach Poland in safety, I will give five hundred francs with my own hand to each driver. Look to it." The grateful mother clasped her hands, and solemnly invoked a blessing on the generous prince. "God return your Highness's kindness tenfold into your bosom," she ejaculated. "Amid public trouble and personal danger you have not closed your heart to the cry of the fatherless. May the Sovereign of earthly princes bring you in safety through the dangers that throng your path—may your dying bed be far from the field of blood, surrounded by faces of love, and smoothed by domestic tenderness—and when the son you best love clasps his father's knees, and looks up in his face for a blessing, let the boy whom you have saved return pleasantly on your memory." Eugene took the boy, and stooped over him for a moment, perhaps to hide the feelings which the unaffected warmth of this half-prophetic address excited. "Alas! good madam," he said, not without emotion, "I were worse than cruel to excite a confidence in your bosom which my want of power (for my will I dare boldly answer) may render groundless. I have said that I can only tender you the protecting swords of enfeebled arms, the shield of a tottering general, the precarious shelter of heavy vehicles, that may be abandoned in the persecuted and tantalized retreat we are entering on. To the God you have

so feelingly invoked on my behalf, and to the waning power of an unfortunate general, you must trust yourself. Farewell." He courteously walked with her to the door of the apartment as he spoke.

"We must at all costs keep the Poles in good humour," he said, speaking half apologetically to his regal companion, and perhaps not unwilling to give an air of policy to an action which mainly resulted from feelings of humanity and benevolence. Alas! for human nature, which is only fairly drawn when either predominant selfishness, or alloyed benevolence forms the picture. "And now," added the viceroy, "adieu to your Majesty. I go to see the rations given out to my soldiers. This is no time to play the prince—scarcely the general—Eugene, at this moment, is only a soldier."—"Half starved like all his comrades," replied the fiery king. "Now, by my good sword and uniform (and I have none oath more solemn), I swear, that were I in the place of these gallant Frenchmen, dragged—all flushed with victory—to lose laurel after laurel amid these white wastes, I would take off my cockade, thus, and trample on it." He trampled indignantly as he spoke. "*Joachim Murat*," said the viceroy, firmly, and with an air of superiority, "there be fitter ears than mine for these ebullitions." As he was quitting the apartment, the good-humoured and unregal monarch, half gaily, half bitterly, called after him—"Nay, viceroial kinsman, dine in palace with me to-day on regal viands—a fillet of horseflesh, à-la-Moscow, seasoned with gunpowder, and fricassée cats, are not fare to be run away from."

It would be tedious to give a detailed account of the sufferings and privations of Aimée through the perilous journey she had undertaken. The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Beresina. The imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage-waggons, and the large demand for draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow. But Eugene's protection still secured her a vehicle; and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends, and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimée sat erect in her heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother's pride. The child began to take his untempting food with the eagerness of hunger, which for several weeks had rarely received complete gratification, but, pausing for a moment, he looked his mother wistfully in the face, and laying his little emaciated hand on her wan cheek, said, fondly, "How is it that *you* are never hungry? I never see you eat. Surely God did not send *all* the food to me. Try to be hungry, and eat this morsel. See, it is as thick as your hand, and so good, that I am obliged to turn away my face lest I should eat it myself." The mother's tears, which had hitherto been a dried fountain, began to flow, like a released stream, at this childish proof of affection and self-denial. While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along



the ranks of the newly-arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, in *Polish*, "Forward, lancers!" Aimée started—she looked from the wain—then reseating herself, murmured, "What a delusion!" But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his finger on his lips, in the attitude of a listener—was even more strangely startling to Aimée. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, "*Father!*" The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food; and Aimée, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, "Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stilled in yon grave of snow-wreaths." She paused for a moment; then, evidently answering her own thoughts, said again, "No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor? The fortunate mareschal had left Smolensk ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it."

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Beresina. Aimée felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life; but still the thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding days. Aimée's dreams were naturally of terror and blood; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked forth from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen; but by the faint rays of a dawning, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full retreat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimée fell on her knees; she poured out her heart in thankfulness; and taking the little wan hands of that wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which awed the boy into innocent and wondering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and, without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimée watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered so much nearer the time of her own passage. About noon, a shout proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. At this moment, the vanguard of the diminished army of Prince Eugene pressed towards the river; but ere their generous chief prepared for his own passage, he appeared for a moment at Aimée's vehicle. Even in the hurry of that crisis, his brief word of inquiry after her welfare was addressed with his usual easy yet respectful courtesy; but there was less of the proud, military gloom of a defeated Frenchman, and more of hope and animation on his countenance, than Aimée had ever before marked in it. "A few hours of farther privation, Madam—a little more patience," he said, in a tone of

manly encouragement—"and your troubles will, I hope, be ended. Yonder is the country of your brave husband's friends. Our adversaries have left the way to it clear. Ere sunset, I trust you may find a situation better fitting your sex and rank. At present, farewell!—And do you, as French drivers, look to your conduct, and count on your promised reward."

The unexpected and impolitic retreat of the Russians, and the hitherto successful passage of the troops, now caused many a heart, which, on the preceding night had sunk in despondency, to beat with the renewed animation of hope. But these hopes became trembling and confused, when news arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on *both* sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimée's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimée remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army. Aimée, who had so often, either directly or indirectly, experienced the benefits of the Viceroy's protection, now began to feel herself wholly abandoned. She saw that it was idle to expect that the princely general, called on as he was by the imperious duties of his military office, could do more than issue orders for her safety, which, in the increasing confusion of the moment, might be disobeyed with impunity. Brutally forced from the refuge Eugene had assigned her, Aimée joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers, of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and, afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and desponding uncertainty, along the borders of the river. At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence. These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance-guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give away, that Aimée deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. To Aimée it seemed as if she were herself in the midst of the combat. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place. Aimée saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane, in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimée could see the feeble victims which choked the bridges gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crushed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose phy-

sical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimée resolved to remain in her present awful situation, rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls, which fell thicker and thicker among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost upon the child. At this moment, the same voice that had before made Aimée's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ear:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not you wolf-dogs drive your horses over these miserable fugitives." Aimée looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimée beheld either the phantom or the living form of her husband! He was endeavouring to rally a regiment of his compatriots; and called on them, in the voice of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colours. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone—keen, bright, and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom. The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished, for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue, and privation. That eye alone was changed, and its stern, warrior glance almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements.—"O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimée—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked, at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimée, occupied his bosom. For one instant, it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband *would* not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lancers! forward. For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow-wreaths!"—and he disappeared in the re-thickening smoke.

Day now waned; and the troops of Victor, after having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimée saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavoured to gain the largest bridge; but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation; and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly, the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded; and Aimée beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that, for a moment, Aimée deemed the hour of man's final retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and the vanquished; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll; while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, shewed Aimée that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding



to the horrors that surrounded her ; and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light up the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge that, perhaps, but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be afforded her. Aimée once more endeavoured to gain the bridge ; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now, mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge ; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French which had gained the opposite banks : “ Back—back ! Yield yourselves to the Russians ! Back—back ! ” Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy ; while a sound of grounding arms—voices imploring mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimée that they were at length *among* the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge ; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavoured to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurly-burly which followed, Aimée, still pressing the child to her bosom, endeavoured to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conqueror ; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than empty honour. Aimée, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Scythian victor. Aimée, with desperate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep ;—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank ;—she recked not. Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—anything preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims ; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimée sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words, which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger. Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the alternative of surrender and captivity. “ What, ho, comrades ! ” exclaimed the voice of their chief, as wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning step, up the left bank of the river ;—“ what, ho ! charge these scattered plunderers ! To the rescue ! They are women that cry to us ;—our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens.—Back, back, lawless bandits !—To the river, brave comrades—to the river ! ” Like one in a dream, Aimée heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers—found herself placed on a horse before that gallant captain—and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to

make that fearful passage of the Beresina from which she had all night recoiled with horror. Aimée's cloak had half fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy's fire, or of his own steed's exhaustion. The noble but half-worn-down charger of Aimée's protector sometimes gallantly battled with the current; sometimes so nearly sank beneath his burden, that the waters broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimée—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with its failing strength the *whole* family of Ladoinski; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimée that he was pushing his way up the long-desired *right* bank of the Beresina! The sound of plashing died away; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin for ever.

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It was about seven years after this period that the narrator, travelling in one of the smaller principalities of Germany, obtained an introduction to Eugene de Beauharnois, the son-in-law of the mighty Emperor of the West, and the former viceregal possessor of the fair provinces of northern Italy. The prince was then residing in a private situation, but honoured with the respect and consideration of all parties. At his residence I met the Pole, his devoted wife, and their precociously intelligent son. From their own lips I received the particulars here related. They were given with glowing gratitude of expression, in the presence of the ex-Viceroy himself, through whose farther intervention Ladoinski and Aimée reached the Prussian frontier in safety. I have deemed it an act of justice to the fallen potentate to relate a circumstance, so honourable to his character, with as little departure from the dryness of truth as possible. Perhaps it is a fact not unworthy of record, that the drivers with the wain which should have conveyed Aimée across the Beresina, perished in that fatal crash of the larger bridge which precipitated such numbers into an icy grave. The manner in which Roman (left for dead on the road to Smolensk) was resuscitated by a party of compatriots, and the mode by which he contrived to join Victor's division, would of themselves make a much better romance than the narrative just related. It is a singular fact, however, that Ladoinski was in Smolensk *before* the arrival of Aimée, and only consented to leave it when informed that her murdered body, with the corpse of his little son, was stretched, cold and stiff, on the fatal high-road from Moscow.—Roman followed the standard of his wife's protector, when Eugene, in his viceregal dominions, made head against the Austrians, whom Ladoinski regarded as the joint-enemies with Russia of Polish independence; and when Beauharnois' successful campaign drove that prince into obscurity, Roman retired with him to the same privacy, and, peacefully occupied in the bosom of his family, determined only to resume his lance when it could immediately, and with rational prospect of success, serve the cause of his country.

## CONFESSIONS OF A COWARD.

marks that fearful passage of the Brestina from which she had all night recoiled with horror. She felt that she was falling from her shoulders. Her own remembrance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her. She was deprived of speech—of reason—of all. A coward! a most devout coward! religious in it! *Twelfth Night.*

ANYTHING in reason will I adventure for a lady's love—circumnavigate the terraqueous globe with Mr. Buckingham—sail with Captain Parry to the North Pole—fast with Mr. Perceval—pass an hour in an oven with M. Chabert—suffer myself to be rubbed by Mr. St. John Long—or read Moore's Life of Byron from cover to cover—but stand an adversary's fire at Battersea Fields, or Chalk Farm—that I will not do! No!—the power of woman I own, but her omnipotence I deny; or, as I once poetically expressed it—

Beauty's bright heaven has many a starry eye,  
Shines many a radiant orb in Beauty's sky;  
But well I ween there glitters not the dame  
Whose glance could fire me with a warrior's flame;  
Not Loveliness herself, with all her charms,  
Could nerve my spirit to a deed of arms.

Yes, truly! such are my sentiments; and you see they can be couched in rhyme, as well as the most valorous and knightly. Were Venus to be the guerdon of the achievement, I would not exchange a shot with any lord or gentleman in the king's dominions. I will do anything for Beatrice but challenge Claudio. Whether I shall ever be "crowned," or not, is uncertain; but certes it will never be for "deserts in arms;" and as to the "bubble reputation," if ever I seek it, rely on it, it will be somewhere else than "in the cannon's mouth"—ay, or the pistol's mouth either. A pistol differs from a cannon only as a young lion differs from an old one; and I would just as soon be devoured by the king of the forest himself, as by a younger branch of the royal family. No pistol for me! I hold it, with honest David in the play, to be a "bloody-minded animal;" and the much-abused nobleman, who several hundred years ago remarked,

—"that it was great pity—so it was—  
That villanous saltpetre should be digged  
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed  
So cowardly"—

took a view of military affairs in which I concur with all my heart, soul, and strength.

It may be asked, how I dare to make an avowal so certain to bring down upon my head the sentence of outlawry from every fashionable circle. "Do I not know," it will be said, "that to the lovely and the brave the character I give of myself is equally detestable?—that I had better be known in polite society as a traitor or a parricide, than as a craven in the field, much less a person who would prefer the most inglorious compromise imaginable to a mortal arbitrement at twelve paces?" A reasonable question, gentle reader! But, if you wait to the end of these Confessions, you will find an answer; you will see that, communicative as I am on other points, with respect to my "local habitation



and my name," I am as mysterious as the Man in the Iron Mask, or one of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroes. This, however, I assure you—I am not the First Lord of the Admiralty.

In perfect confidence, then, I proceed to inform you, that courage is to me the most inexplicable phenomenon in the constitution of man. I was born, without doubt, under a pusillanimous planet; or rather under one of those *flying* stars, which scamper so fast across the ethereal fields, that there is no way to account for their immediate hurry, but on the hypothesis that there is a comet at their heels. No remark is more common than that Fact is continually outdoing Fiction. The wildest freaks of imagination never bodied forth a Cromwell or a Buonaparte. Nature, as she moulded these giant characters, smiled at the dwarfish creations of romance and poetry, and rebuked the presumption of the Homers, the Dantes, and the Shakspeares. Now it is with cowardice precisely as it is with heroism. Both are natural gifts; and nature, when she is disposed, can be as munificent of the former as of the latter. In the present instance, she has proved it. I consider myself as created for the special purpose of eclipsing the Ague-cheeks, the Acres, the Falstuffs, and the Bobadils, with every example of recreant knighthood in the chronicles of fiction. Not one of these poetical poltroons appears to me to have possessed the true genius, or, if I may use the expression, the *spirit* of cowardice. Some actually go into the field; one or two proceed so far as to draw their swords and cock their pistols; and all seem to be susceptible of at least a momentary thrill of valour; otherwise, they could not so much as listen to the horrible propositions of their obliging friends, Sir Toby Belch, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and other personages of the same sanguinary complexion. In short, dastardly as they are in *action*, they are martial enough in *contemplation*. They are valiant until the signal is given—adamant while the enemy is out of view. As to Sir John Falstaff, I would almost venture to place him amongst the heroes of the English drama. With what propriety he can be called coward, after his terrible encounter with the Douglas, I do not understand. Of this I am sure—he had very different ideas from mine on warlike subjects, or he would never have had a fellow with the ominous name of Pistol in attendance on his person. I should as soon have had the devil for my Ancient, as an angel with so sinister a cognomen. My cowardice—I say it without vanity—is no vulgar infirmity: indeed it is not so much an infirmity as a principle of my constitution. It is, in fact, the essence of my being. I can never read a vivid description of an engagement, but I feel an itching of my heels, and an almost uncontrollable inclination to run away. Such have been my sensations always on coming to the battle-scene in Marmion; and I experienced the like emotions, about three years ago, at the Louvre, on casting my eyes on a picture of Rosa, where nothing is wanting but the din of conflict to make you fancy yourself in the middle of the fray. I actually retreated before Salvator's pencil half the length of the gallery, and well nigh overturned the easel of a lady who was copying a landscape of Vernet. She attributed the shock her apparatus received to accident; could she have divined the secret of the matter, what an entertaining story she would have had of the "*Monsieur Anglois qui s'étoit mis en fuite, à la vue seulement d'un tableau de bataille!*"

So far am I from being capable of taking part in an action, or even a skirmish, that it requires the greatest effort of my imagination to con-

ceive how any one, not armed with invulnerability, can bring himself to face an enemy. The Latin poet throwing away his shield to make his escape the faster—the Athenian orator caught by a bramble in his retreat, and roaring for quarter as lustily as ever he shouted in the tribune—these things I can figure to myself;—but how either the one or the other was ever induced to take the field at all—this is what surpasses my powers of conception. They were not cravens, it is obvious, in the plenitude of that term's acceptation; matchless as they were in song and eloquence, the true genius of cowardice they wanted. In *this*, at least, I am immeasurably above them. Had nature cast them in *my* mould, Philippi and Cheronæa had never seen their backs—because they would never have seen their faces. “*Parmâ non bene relictâ!*”—“*Non bene!*” say you, my bonny bard? Truly, I take it to have been the best and wisest action of your life; and, if I must deal plainly with you, the most insane was that which afforded Anthony's grenadiers a chance of spitting your little carcass like a lark upon their pikes or broadswords. But fugitive as you were, I perceive you had a scintilla of heroism in your composition. You were not of *my* mettle.

There is a sect of *soi-disant* philosophers who lament the by-gone days of chivalry, and are ever sighing for tilt-yards and tournaments—the good old time (they call it) when every gentleman went armed from heel to point; and ladies were wooed by the shivering of lances; and there was no way of proving manhood but by the sword; and no evidence of birth was admitted, but your gentle blood itself, streaming from the gash of spear or battle-axe. Heaven shield us! These were fine times, truly! But pray, Mr. Burke, what should I have done in these fine times? What I should *not* have done is certain. I should not have complied with their barbarous usages, *let the consequences have been what they might*. While there remained a mouse-hole in the land, I should never have been seen in the lists. It is quite enough to have read of such doings. That was an enviable day at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, as described in “*Ivanhoe*,” and critics say it is described *to the life*. John Dryden, too, is tolerably explicit, in his “*Palamon and Arcite*,” on the subject of a passage of arms:—

“Two troops in fair array one moment shewed—  
The next, a field with fallen bodies strewed;  
Not half the number in their seats are found,  
But men and steeds lie grovelling on the ground.  
The points of spears are stuck within the shield—  
The steeds, without their riders, scour the field;  
The knights, unhorsed, on foot renew the fight—  
The glittering falchions cast a gleaming light;  
One rolls along a football to his foes—  
One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.”

“*A football to his foes!*” Alas for the olden time! Well-a-day for the days of chivalry! Golden days! will ye never return? “*A football to his foes!*”

These Confessions would be imperfect if I omitted the influence which my extraordinary cowardice has produced upon my religion, my politics, my philosophy, and my manners.

First, as to my religion, I am decidedly a *Quaker*. I have not, however, openly conformed to that sect, because it has receded lamentably from the primitive purity of its doctrines and practice. Arms are now

resorted to in self-defence. Duelling, indeed, is still interdicted; but if you break into the Quaker's house after nightfall, he will resist you with sword and pistol! Now arms, under all circumstances, are my anathema—the pistol is an abomination, even while it saves my life; so that I defer assuming the broad-brim until the spirit of Fox reanimates his followers, and he that is smitten upon one cheek shall be ready to turn the other also. In the meantime, my creed is as follows:—I believe discretion to be the better part of valour. I believe in the combustible, explosive, and life-destroying properties of gunpowder. I believe in the mortal qualities of cold steel, whether in sword, lance, bayonet, or dagger. I believe the only post of safety in battle is to be out of the reach of sabre and range of shot. I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy. I believe the heels to be the most worthy part of the human body, inasmuch as they minister quickest to self-preservation, and, by their timely use, seldom fail to put an end to strife. I believe the most inglorious peace better than the most glorious war. I believe the strength of a country to consist in its live population; and am firmly persuaded that one man walking in the streets of London is worth one thousand lying in the bed of honour. These are the chief articles of my belief. As to my hopes hereafter, I trust that when I have gone to my long home, the innocence of my life will be of no disservice to me. With no deed of blood on my conscience—having made no children orphans, or wives widows—may I not hope to raise my crest as high as the proudest heroes? I trust, however, I shall be lodged in the opposite quarter of the skies—the diameter of the earth's orbit at least between us. Neither in time nor eternity, should I be easy in the neighbourhood of Guy Earl of Warwick, the Chevalier Bayard, Godfrey of Boulogne, John of Gaunt, or even the Duke of Wellington. The spirits of warriors will probably be always warlike. The martial ghosts will be excellent good company for each other; and we civil shades would prefer a separate establishment.

Such is the religion of my cowardice. With but little addition, it contains my politics also. I am decidedly opposed to standing armies. In foreign policy, I am for the principle of non-intervention in all its rigour; and no crime, I am of opinion, should be punished with such unflinching severity as a breach of the peace. I am moreover for reform of every kind, because, when any demand is made, the quietest way is to concede it at once, and avoid the possible event of the petitioner resorting to violence to obtain his object.

My philosophy comes next on the tapis. Cowardice has made me a political economist. Finding the writers on that science unanimous in contending that *peace* is the true interest of nations, it is little surprising that I have become enamoured of a theory so perfectly in unison with my feelings. Peace, peace, peace! was not more the heart's desire of Lord Clarendon, than it is mine. Upon this subject, I am fond of quoting Milton—"Peace hath its victories as well as war;" and again—

"But if there be in glory aught of good,  
It may by means far different be attained,  
Without ambition, war, or violence,  
By deeds of peace."

Milton, I may as well mention, *en passant*, is my favourite English poet—not on account of his sublimity, but because of the pacific spirit



that breathes through all his compositions, and was indeed diffused over his life. We never hear of him at Marston Moor or Worcester; but we find him, during the tumult of the civil war, sequestered in one of the quietest nooks of London, and inscribing his door with the beautiful and pathetic sonnet, beginning—

“ Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.”

I particularly admire this sonnet. There is a tone of supplication in it so much in unison with the sentiments I entertain towards all military officers, from the field-marshal down to the corporal. Milton had the genius of cowardice as well as of poësy. How superior to Dante! The Florentine would have been buckling on his armour, while the Englishman was watering his threshold with melodious tears, and singing for quarter in strains that would have made Mars himself merciful.

I have now to disclose the effects of my unrivalled cowardice upon my manners and conversation. So constitutional and instinctive is my dread of arms, deeds of arms, and men-at-arms; and so deeply convinced am I that there is no apology so abject that I would not infinitely rather make than stand to be fired at, that nothing can exceed the pains I am at to be on amicable terms with all the world. I am all smiles, courtesies, and civilities. It is scarcely possible for mortal man to pick a quarrel with me. I apologize, in fact, before I offend; sometimes even when (if any feelings have been hurt) I myself am the injured party. For example, if a person tread on my toe in the street, I bow and ask his pardon, while, at the same time, I am writhing from the effects of the pressure on my corn.

It may be supposed that, like ordinary cowards, I am a *bragadocio*, and talk big, in order to produce on the company a false impression of my character; but I am too sagacious to resort to an artifice which has been so often exposed, and is so easily seen through. On the contrary, I try to imitate the bearing and discourse of the truly valiant, which I have generally observed to be as opposite as possible to that of Captain Bobadil. At the same time, there are certain peculiarities in my conversation, from which I fear some person of more than common penetration—I particularly dread the ladies—will some time or another divine the truth. I am too fond of expatiating on moral intrepidity and intellectual courage; and more than once I have endangered myself by maintaining that there is nothing derogatory to a man of honour in making an apology, without laying sufficient stress upon the clause—*provided he has been in the wrong*. But I never was in such peril of exposure as a few days ago, at the house of an intimate friend. “*L. misunderstood*,” said a lady, addressing herself to me, “an observation you made here the other evening.” Now, *misunderstood* is a verb I abhor in every mood and tense. It jarred on my ear like the cocking of a pistol; and, without pausing to ask what expression of mine had been so unlucky as to have been misconstrued, I exclaimed, “I will make any explanation he thinks necessary.” Fortunately, the nature of the observation in question prevented the ridicule of this speech from being noticed. “You will not have much trouble, I imagine,” said the lady; “it was merely a mistake of one

word for another; you were talking of *Lafitte*, and I. thought you were talking of *La Fayette*." How lightly sat my bosom's lord upon his throne after this *éclaircissement*! So overjoyed was I at my deliverance from a "misunderstanding," that I thought but little of the hair's-breadth escape of my reputation; faithful in this to the fifth article of my creed, which, you will remember, runs thus—"I believe life to be the first consideration, and honour the second; and I hold the contrary to be a false heresy."

I have little to add, but that I lead the life of a hare, in continual trepidation, regarding all mankind (ladies alone excepted) as my natural enemies, and in daily expectation of being started, hunted, and slain—no—*slain* is going rather too far—at least I shall never be accessory to my own murder. Often I wish myself transported to some solitary isle in the *Pacific Ocean*; or ejaculate with Byron,—

"Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,  
With one fair spirit for my minister!"

I, too, cast a longing eye upon the olden time; but it is on the pastoral ages, when the only weapon was the shepherd's crook, the code of honour was not, and in all Arcady there was neither a challenger nor a cartridge.

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#### LEARNING AND LOVE.

Said Nature one day, "For the peace of mankind,  
Let Woman and Man have their kingdoms apart;  
To Man I assign the cold regions of mind—  
To Woman, the sunny domains of the heart."

The partition was fair, and the boundaries plain,  
Between Learning and Love—between beauty and books;  
Contented was Man, in his black-letter reign,  
And he left laughing Woman her love-darting looks.

But restless Zitella must kindle a feud,  
And stir up a war of the studies and bowers;  
Too proud for the limits wise Nature deemed good,  
From her own rightful empire she burst upon ours.

We thought ourselves safe in our Latin and Greek,  
But Plato has yielded, and Tully is taken;  
What *we* can but *read*, dread Zitella can *speak*—  
Her books of the boudoir are Berkely and Bacon.

Sweet pedant, beware! all the world is arrayed  
To check your ambition, your schemes to oppose;  
The Scholar, if routed, will soon have the aid  
Of a legion of dames—to a woman, your foes.

The kingdom of hearts is enough for your share;  
Oh! unharness your owl, and depend on your dove:  
There is Learning enough in this world—and to spare—  
But, ah! my Zitella! there's too little Love!

M. W. S.

## THE PERPLEXITIES OF A BOOK-WORM.

BOOK-READING, as it may be termed, is in some people a mere vicious habit; just like sitting in a dream over the fire for hours together, or moping through the house of a morning, when one ought to be dressing, and hurrying out. I do not know a worse propensity—except opium-eating. It weakens and absorbs the whole intellectual system: it brings a man to that sort of crisis, that his whole life becomes an animal fidget in search of something which he can neither describe nor discover: he is restless and craving; ever searching and never satisfied: hunting for new pleasures in the track of exhausted enjoyments, and returning fatigued and discontented. The appetite of a mere book-reader resembles the dismal sensuality of the constrictor, who feeds and sleeps to the end of the chapter. He ranges over every science with that kind of imperfect perception one has of forms and changes in a vision: he forgets, and confuses, and distorts, and confounds, and misapplies, and at last falls asleep again to try and recover the floating images of the past. Such a man wants health, air, and bodily exercise: he requires a vigorous regimen, a bracing mountain life, and should not be permitted to see even the back of a book for a twelvemonth. When his training is over, you may judge of the state of his disorder, as you do of a man in hydrophobia, when he sees a cup of water, by placing suddenly before him an uncut volume of a new work. If, like Dominie Sampson, he drops his head amongst the leaves, you had better leave him there—he is incurable.

I will never read a book as long as I live. I have been dipped, chin-deep, in the brine of books, and I am literally salted all over. I do believe that there is not a book of any note, published within the last twenty years, that I have not seen and opened: sometimes I went no farther than the title-page: in other cases I ventured into the preface; but not unfrequently I opened the volume at an unlucky page, read two or three lines, quarrelled with an opinion, or a word, or the punctuation, or the printer, and closed the condemned work for ever. Yet I always gleaned enough to talk of the book flippantly, and I passed, of course, as a man deeply read; while I was all the time in a secret fever lest my real ignorance should be exposed. But my history is a series of impressions, which shall be told as they arose.

I was born in Staffordshire, not a mile from that humble range of houses on the road-side, familiarly known by the name of Clock-row. Who has not stood on a dark night on the coach-road that winds through that district of furnaces, and looked across the low grounds with their thousand illuminations, resembling fields of burning marl? Who that has witnessed the awful appearances presented to him in a sight so strange, has turned away from the contemplation, without feeling a new sensation thrill through his frame? I have stood for hours at midnight gazing upon that scene: it has transfixed me into marble at times, and deprived me even of the power of ruminating upon its effect. When the wind rushes over the fires, and you see the artificial doors of the potteries choked up with bursting flames, and the universal blaze undulate and heave like a sea of tossing brands close at your feet, and as far as your eye can penetrate; and when you hear the distant cracking and hissing, and the suffocating sound of fire forcing its way through narrow or accidental fissures, as if a thousand human beings were groaning upon beds



of burning faggots ; and when a dead calm succeeds the storm, and the vast plain before you burns stilly and noiselessly, like an outspread lake of liquid gold without a ripple on its surface, you tremble at the terrific phantasies the whole conjures up, and cannot resist the temptation to people the scene with beings and delusions of your own imagination. Such, at least, was the case with me. In my earliest youth I visited the place often at night, and felt a nameless delight in sitting shivering upon a cold stone, looking, almost without thought or speculation, upon the lighted heath before me, until the grey morning broke over the illumination, and outshone it. I mention the circumstance, to account in some measure for the solitary, dreamy mood that hung over my after-life, like an incubus : I think it was originated and nourished in these seasons of lifeless loneliness : I feel that they have had their influence in directing my pursuits, in clouding my vivacity, in checking, perhaps controlling, my taste, and in embittering, by an immedicable listlessness, all the employments of my existence ; they cast their deep shadows before, and tinged with their own dark hue all that sprung up in the future, as the tints of certain bulbous plants are determined by the colours that are artificially wrought upon the seed.

Events and characters are frequently created by incidents of a comparatively trifling, and even ridiculous nature. If I drew my inspiration from the potteries, so did I my dullness—

“ My bane and antidote are both before me.”

Solitariness engendered a love for those idle musings that are solaced, and perhaps encouraged, in books. At the time when I was best adapted to society, I became most unfit for its gaieties : the spring, the elasticity of my natural temper, was crushed in its first play ; it had not opportunity to expand into action ; and a dull, not despairing, despondency—a heavy recklessness, a stupid indifference—as if the whole world was a floating chimera about me, and that I stood alone with the elements of my pleasures locked up in my own bosom, succeeded. It was a torpor of the intellect ; it had no type in any thing living that I had ever met, and therefore experienced no comfort, no sympathy in common association : it was the morbidity of the mind that went on corrupting and corrupting beyond the hope of cure. I could not apply the cautery, I had not nerve to amputate, but suffered the slug to work into, and eat the very principle of volition. Recede from that which I had permitted to master me, I could not ; it grew hourly upon me. I was left an orphan in my infancy—my remaining relatives were at a distance ; I did not know them, I did not desire to know them ; my hereditary competence preserved me from the necessity of appealing to their protection, and my misanthropy repulsed me from their communion. In this state of mind and circumstances, intercourse was hermetically closed upon me ; and that coldness in others which was caused by my own reserve and gloom, I attributed not to re-action, but the primal disagreement of our natures, and so precipitated, by unjust feelings and false reasoning, my distaste for fellowship. In my solitude I flew to the conversation of books, for even I, secluded as I was, felt the necessity of a reciprocity of some kind or another. Books were, indeed, to me the apostles of mankind : they spoke the language of remote times, and men whom I had never seen, and of whom I could fancy whatever suited my whim ; men with whose spirits I could become intimate, without the vulgar drawback of per-

sonal tediousness, courtesies, formalities, or peculiarities. I could take the book, and do with it as I pleased; I could refute it, or imbibe its instruction, or arraign it, or worship it, or laugh with it, in the certainty that it would not start upon me with an arrogant presumption, or a triumphant chuckle, or an apothegm to destroy my illusion: in the certainty that in its pride, or its mortification, it would not do one single thing to interrupt my bent, or throw me back into a hatred of my fellows. In my lonely chamber I sat with my books—housed night and day with my speechless companions; nor did they always fill me with melancholy, they frequently excited me to hilarity and joyousness. I have cracked a bottle with old Burton, and caroused and lampooned with Lloyd and Churchill. But then my mirth was of an ascetic kind, and was changed at the least intrusion, or interruption, into vexation and spleen. I knew not what it was to share the happiness of others, or to impart my own. I could not talk of books, for they were my Penates, and I would not defile their sacred office by intermixing them with every-day life. My dreams were all my own—unshared and incommunicable. Did sorrow, or annoyance assail me from without, I rushed into my chamber, locked myself up with my confederates, my confidantes, brightened up my fire, roused myself to that pitch of energy a lonely man exerts when he sits down on a winter night to study a problem in Euclid; and, finally forgetting the ills that awaited or thwarted me abroad, endeavoured to feel myself at home, and to relish that silent selfish enjoyment which humanity cannot enlarge by a single ray of hope.

My passion, therefore, for books, increased with the necessity I created for perusing them. I was perpetually reading, and demanding fresh supplies. But my course of study was naturally wandering, imperfect, and, in a measure, fruitless. Yet from the chaos I gathered some knowledge, dangerous, perhaps, because incomplete, but far beyond the general information gleaned by those who mix largely in the world. My early studies were books of a sombre nature; old tracts, rhetorical essays on theology, cynical histories, and elaborate works on the sciences. From these I imbibed the groundwork of my system of thinking—a few cramped and sententious first principles. Of course every human question was tried by my new standard; my scholastic, or rather monastic, divinity was the test of every religion under heaven; and my dogmas in composition sat as judges upon every treatise that came before me. This was the first error of my system, but it was an extensive and ruinous one. It has deprived me of the advantages of many a valuable book, which stood condemned in its first page by my theory of judgment; it has led me into occasional admiration of absurd and pernicious works, and prejudiced me altogether against whole classes of productions, good and useful in their kind.

But wandering and unsettled as it was, my reading was various and diversified. I slowly progressed through the most popular works that treat of the age of chivalry, until at length I almost became a knight-errant myself, and could have done every thing but wield a lance, and write madrigals. I ranged through every age of the drama, from its obscene mysteries in the olden time, to its mysterious obscenities in our own days: I was drunk with the love of Shakspeare, and Marlowe, and Ford, and Massinger; they inspired me to the worst excesses of which my solitude was capable: Prince Harry and I have exchanged a cup of sack, and I have sent Falstaff to bed in a barrel of ale, and taken on

myself the command of his valiant troops. Often and often have I pictured to myself at the farther end of my study, before an old curtain of damask, the kneeling queen and the jesuitical Wolsey—I have often gasped over a catastrophe, watched it with intense pain to the close, and worked myself into a fever in my zeal to rectify the author, or, as it might be, rescue the innocent of his play. But who looked on at my folly? None—none. I was utterly deserted by men; they knew me not, and I did not choose to know them.

Once, in deference to the popular talk, if I may so term it, of books, I read Rabelais. His wit was obscure or local—he did not suit my feelings; there was a labour or a solemnity in his manner that I could not relish, and I cast away his book mortified and disappointed. Months passed, and I again met a passage in a favourite work, which seduced me into another perusal. Again I read him, and was again disappointed. Pantagruel was a monster whom I could neither understand nor enjoy; the lean and lascivious Panurge fatigued and disgusted me, and the Holy Bottle sickened me with its punning and its grossness. It is true, I read the Frenchman's writings with patience—indeed with industry; but that was because they had been panegyricized on all hands, and I did not like to omit forming an opinion for myself agreeably to my own rules; yet I confess that his constant reiterations, amplifications, and stilted drollery puzzled me on my own ground; I was furnished with no standard by which I could try him—he evaded me at every turn; so I heartily disliked him, without being able to tell why. In short, Rabelais was the only author that I ever quarrelled with without assigning a defined, however insufficient cause.

But the infirmity of my temper, exaggerated by severities, was not at a loss to find pretexts for ill humour with other authors. I threw Shenstone into the fire because he described a mode of life which I know, and he knew, to be unreal; and I wished in my heart that I could recal the man from his grave, and place himself beside a flock of sheep on a mountain's side in a shower of rain. I detested Shenstone from first to last, because the delusion he attempted to practice on me was raised upon a presumption that I was a stranger to the abstract delights of nature, which he tortured into whatever fantastic forms he pleased. I could submit to a species of delusion that blinds out care, and throws a veil over misfortunes which, if we choose, we may diminish, or forget, or put in masquerade; but I could not submit to be mocked in the bosom of the green fields, where the sparkling waters, and the uninitiated dyes of the flowers, are beaming a contradiction in my face. I quarrelled, too, with the whole French drama, that permits false sentiment to usurp the place of real feeling, and substitutes measured rhymes for the language of passion. Corneille, on this account, was my abhorrence, and even Voltaire stood neglected on my shelves. The Germans, even the best of them, were amongst my rejected books; and from Goëthe to Frederic Laun, I read to satiety—delighted at the outset with the romance of affected feeling, but disgusted at last with its detailed development and sickly impertinence. Yet there was one of the Germans who made a first impression on my mind I could never subsequently obliterate—that was Schiller. I acknowledged he was guilty of all the faults of his school; that he had been trained up, as it were, in mawkish ribaldry and girlish weakness, that his writings creamed over with the very effervescence of bad taste; but I could not choose but think that all these points, which in others projected prominently and offensively in



every page, were in him softened away into sweetness, and tenderness, and heroism. I shall never forget my sensations when I first read "The Robbers." It was a winter's night, and I sat as usual in my solitude. My temper had been crossed by some petty incident during the day, and I had shut myself in to quarrel with the first book I put my hand on—that book was "The Robbers." As I proceeded a few pages, the interest of the drama enchaind my attention—the pathetic circumstances of the principal characters—the sympathy you are made, right or wrong, to feel for Charles Moor—his splendid achievements, his generosity, his unhappy fate, his struggling virtue, breaking out through guilt and ill-doing, his final retribution, horrible and calamitous, just yet lamentable—all, crowding upon me in every scene, and thickening and growing with a terrible reality about me, so completely absorbed me, that when I laid down the book, I fancied—it was a weakness, but it proved how powerful the writing was—I fancied I beheld the gallant ranger of Bohemia, the desperate outlaw—Moor, Charles Moor—and the name yet thrills through my veins—I fancied I beheld him seated upon a chair before me, gazing coldly and sternly into my face! I had courage for a moment to look upon his lineaments, and they were there, for a moment, wan, and manly, and noble, as Schiller has described them; but in the next moment the mist cleared from my eyes, and the vision wreathed away into darkness! This is a fact; but it occurred to a solitary man, nervous, perhaps, in his solitude, and more susceptible than other men to the influences of imagination.

I had ever mingled but little in the world, and grew into manhood, comparatively ignorant of its customs, and entirely untouched by its seductions: and I had now passed over the time when I might have been ductile enough to learn and adapt. It was too late to move out of my retirement and begin life: my habits were formed—my disposition, such as it was, was based upon settled phlegm and confirmed nausea: I could not turn back upon the past and say, "Rise not upon my memory,"—nor to the future, "Be, as if the past had never been." I felt the disease at my heart—it made the whole world a vacuum to me—and I would have shaken it from me, if I could—but that was not within my bidding. That which I had allowed to control me, I could not now control: it was beyond the reach of my powers, and I did not covet it. I was like one labouring under a spell, which he felt—of which he was thoroughly conscious—but which wielded him at pleasure, as a giant would toy with an infant. I often revisited the scene of my first impressions; and there it was as vivid and spirit-subduing as ever; and then I would fly from it to my chamber—but I was companionless; and my books came round me like spectres and shadows, and I grappled with them, and they swung round me, like the booming of the dark waters round a ship that had lost its chart, night after night.

I had read much and constantly, and fatigue and tedium grew upon over-feeding. Yet my appetite was not diminished, it was my palate that demanded stimulants. I looked for variety in every form in which it could be sought. I had already collated and arranged all my books: I had thrown them into every possible classification; chronologically, and according to their species and their genus; I had exhausted every description of solid reading I could obtain, and was glad to find an excuse for seeking refuge amongst the lighter and less profitable authors. In theology, at last, I discovered the absence of obesity; and even in

controversy, that had hitherto excited me with its sarcasms, its vindictiveness, and its subtleties, I no longer felt a charm. I discovered failings and crimes equally balanced on all sides, and gave an equal share of opprobrium to Fox's Martyrs and Butler's Saints; I never could find the happy mean where peace and truth sat guiding, and informing, and consoling mankind. Even Massillon was a sectarian, and Fenelon a visionary, and the amiable Newton a victim to his own fallacies. History had already driven me into despair with its compilers. They had all blasphemed facts. I could not find a feasible History of St. Bartholomew's Massacre, or the Murders of Glencoe, or the Neapolitan Conspiracy—it was all darkness, and contradiction, and personal ire, and endless contention. History, as well as doctrine, was the work of sectaries, and its records were equally stained with the impiety of interested falsehood. I had read too much to be contented—too little to be convinced. In science, the maze was like the Cretan labyrinth; age after age had furnished fresh demonstrations, and discoveries, and improvements; and it would have taken a whole life to trace the progress, before you could come at its rudiment. I was lost in the warfare and strife, and stunned in the immitigable animosities of men who betrayed that narrowness of vision which they were labouring to correct in others. The knowledge of languages was a study to which I had devoted much time, and serious thought, and ardent research. It had beguiled me of many wearisome seasons, when, excluded from society, I sat down to my task of isolated enjoyment; every fresh reception of sounds that conveyed new images, and novel modes of expression, was a joy and a triumph; I exulted in my lonely task—it was a never-ending source of gratification—a fountain, whose waters were eternal. But in the midst of these banquets and anticipations, I discovered that Sir William Jones, the greatest linguist perhaps in the world, had mastered the following languages:—English, Latin, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic, Persian, Sanscrit, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Reinic, Hebrew, Bengalic, Hindi, Turkish, Tibetan, Pâli, Phalavi, Deri, Russian, Syriac, Ethiopic, Coptic, Welch, Swedish, Dutch, and Chinese! What could I hope to acquire after this? My life, wasted out to its last flicker, would be an idle devotion—I would be a learner on my death-bed; and so I abandoned my labour—pleasing and useful as I found it—in dissatisfaction and anger. I was sated with civilians, who had wound me in their complications until I lost the sense of decision; theory after theory—institution after institution—I found nothing perfect, and took objections to all. I grew tired of the poets when the rush of curiosity was over, and seldom went a second time to their feast of legends.

But my temper had warped even from its original gloom. My library was a tomb; it was strewed over with books; I entered it with a foreboding, as if it was fate that was pushing me on; and yet I had no inclination to seek a change. But new books at last came; modern, cheerful-looking, and such as I had not met before: glittering with tempting embellishments, and written with flippancy and eloquence. In these I found a solace—they banished the thickly-gathering delirium for a while; my brain, my soul, my very existence, was in my new treasures; I gloated over them in the dark—pressed them—grasped them—they were my interlocutors with the creation—they stood between me and the conventional usages of my race. I found them animated by a knowledge such as I had been coveting and despising—I found that they had eclipsed all my speculations, and

vaulted over time and space with freedom and activity—that they spoke to the world not of first-born systems, and mathematical evidences, but of results and consequences—as if they came not to convert men to original principles, but to converse on their application. There was a freshness, a vivacity, an electricity in this that awoke me from my deep reverie of years. I saw that there was yet in books a cure for my distemper, or I imagined I saw it. I was no longer hunted from proof to proof—decoyed from syllogism to syllogism—but felt myself flattered by authors who pre-supposed me to be acquainted with the necessary groundwork of the disquisition. I felt the delicacy of this compliment to the age, and began to apprehend that I had lived too long in my solitude.

Enthusiasm was, as it were, re-created in me. I sat down in the midst of my newly-acquired riches with the grasping avidity of the miser, and I trembled lest I might be deprived, by accident, of the enjoyments that now arose on every side around me. The disease that had hitherto fastened sullenly upon my vitals, now seemed to take another course; and rushing to my eyes, and my cheeks, and my pulses, inspired my whole frame with a glow and a palpitation to which I was formerly a stranger. The freshness, and the curiosity, and the eagerness of boyhood broke upon me in this my immature manhood; my mind expanded, quickened, and strengthened; and if I was dogmatic before, I now became precipitate and extravagant. But this change, although it affected my feelings and my system, did not extend beyond its operation on my own thoughts: it had no external effect: it did not make me relish society the better, nor induce me to compromise the gloom of my study for the glitter of the drawing-room. I had not yet contemplated my desolation. I had not yet felt that seclusion had done its work of darkness upon me, and that the joy which now tingled through my veins was only the gush of an embedded spring; I only felt the selfish satisfaction of a perfect communion with my own spirit, and I gloried in its smothered voice. “I can never forget my knowledge,” I cried, “I can never forget my knowledge: friends might forsake, pleasures deceive, rank and station delude me—but my knowledge never! It is with me always: it will not desert me in misfortune—it is that of which no power can bereave me.”

The new books increased upon me quickly, even to repletion. I had scarcely time, although I laboured day and night, and rarely apportioned sufficient leisure to exercise or repose, to obtain a hasty acquaintance with their merits. Their views of life, of science, of all that I had studiously struggled to learn, were masterly, brilliant, and rapid. I was carried on in a perpetual flow of ease and eloquence. They had the brevity of Pericles, and the march of Gibbon: they were models rather than imitations, and were capable of instructing the ancients. The celerity with which books increased, and their general adaptiveness to all the purposes of amusement and utility, at length struck me as being a remarkable feature in the age. Intellect, abroad in the world, had either advanced in seven-leagued strides, or I, being out of the world, had stood still. My own deficiency, at least in promptitude and vigour, pressed upon me at every reflection; and when I looked in on the blank that lay upon my heart, I concluded that I had imbibed nothing in my years of solitude, and that men, who were moving up and down in ceaseless activity, communicating, telegraphing, invigorating and inhaling new ideas, and re-combining and relieving the old, had, in reality, far



outstripped me in information, without paying the dear penalties of wretchedness and destitution. I had dedicated myself to books from my childhood—I had early parted from society, and all that others called its pleasures—for objects, perhaps undefined, but certainly connected with knowledge—yet I found in the end that my toils were only a waste of my powers, that they left me embittered by a broken and imperfect, yet disastrous, weight of acquirement—while others, the gay, the voluptuous, the thoughtless, who seemed never to have tasted the sickly fruits of solitude, were winning the world's smile for the flippancy with which they treated every topic, that had cost me incalculable labour and deprivation. The blandishments of society, then, I exclaimed, are not in vain: they sharpen the sensibilities, and render more acute the organs of our perception. Communication between mind and mind, and the constant turmoil of discussion, and the collision of opinion, are calculated to preserve the understanding from rust. But the rust was corroding upon mine—the canker was slowly seizing upon every fibre of my reason. Yet it was not too late to seek health amongst men—to abandon, for a while, the fetid air of my dungeon, and go abroad into the universe. My determination was formed not rashly, but with a melancholy conviction of its necessity; and I adopted it in that desperate obedience with which a wretched mourner consents to leave the grave when its last human obsequies are performed.

Books, unlike women, are the better for being old—this *was* my maxim—they are the better for being new, said my amended creed. The new books linked, as it were, the antiquarian and the novelist; they united the lore of the ancients, and the vivacity of the moderns; they were written with knowledge and spirit; and their wisdom was put out in the language of all ages, and not melted down in the crucible of an epoch, or a sect. The revolution they effected in my mind was accompanied by minor observations interwoven with passing literature, which helped to impress still more vividly upon my imagination the picture of my change. I remarked the extraordinary fecundity of the press in connection with the names of the eminent publishers and the successful writers; and the whole drama of publication floated before me in a pleasing chaos of wonder and illusion. I forged a thousand deceptious notions of men whose names were constantly before me. Murray and Colburn were my domestic physicians, and Longman and his partners my medical advisers extraordinary. Southey, and Byron, and Wordsworth, and Campbell, and Moore, wrought my curiosity and my invention almost to frenzy: I sat hours etching their characters and their books, and deceiving myself into fixed notions of their habits and lineaments; until at last I familiarized myself to the identity I fondly traced for each. There was not in the whole of this shadowy gallery of portraits a single shade or tint of unpleasantness or hardness—all was ærial, tender, spiritual. I moulded the author into a semblance corresponding with the tone and nature of his works: the beautiful were beautiful—the impassioned, impassioned—the lofty, lofty. What child hath not dreamt of Mr. Newberry, the good Mr. Newberry of St. Paul's Church-yard, and loved him almost as a playmate? And I was but a child of a higher temperament, and a more aged enthusiasm.

These ruminations led to extensive consequences. I determined, as I said before, to abandon my imprisonment; and I thought nothing could be easier than to meet and mingle with the living originals of my pictures. To moot Southey on an old doctrine of the church—to

pose Professor Wilson on a stag-hunt in the mountains—to challenge Scott to a discussion on legendary superstitions—to criticise foot to foot with Campbell the rhythm of Gertrude of Wyoming—to hunt Roscoe into a corner on Italian literature—to puzzle Moore and Beckford with orientalisms—and even, for he was then alive, to discuss the laws of the critical craft with Gifford himself;—these were amongst the feats I proposed on launching into the ocean of living wit—and so, unmooring my anchor of misanthropy, I prepared to leave my chamber of loneliness for ever!

I entered it for the last time, fortified in my resolution. Behold me arranging my books *platonically*:—gazing upon them with an effort at frigidity that was painfully ridiculous, and endeavouring to whistle away the throbs that heaved in my bosom. There is not a human being who has not had an attachment at one period or another for some dumb memorial of times gone by; who has not carved upon some tongueless thing an epigraph of the heart's devotion;—a tree—a house—a room—linked to the memory by a train of mysterious associations. And such were the bonds that endeared my solitary apartment to my feelings. They were not to be snapped in an instant—they could not be violated without the bitterest pangs.

Do not smile at this passion for books and their sanctuary. It is the concentration of the affections, and not their object, that makes them strong.

I gazed idly for a time upon the mass of volumes before me—they grew dizzy in my eyes—a sickness slowly rose through my frame—I felt it gaining on me as the dark tide covers the receding strand—I summoned all my strength—rushed out into the daylight of the world—and was some miles on my way to London before I became fully conscious of what I had done. \* \* \*

#### THE VOICE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

To me it was a rich delight  
On summer flowers to gaze—  
To watch the sailing moon at night,  
And bask beneath her rays—  
To see the dancing sparkle bright  
That in the diamond plays:  
With varying raptures, all their own,  
These charmed my sight—my sight alone.  
Oft have I heard the whispering breeze,  
And loved its melody—  
Invoked fond Echo's mysteries,  
Hung on her soft reply—  
Or caught, 'mid listening ecstasies,  
The night-bird's pensive cry:  
With varying raptures, all their own,  
These charmed mine ear—mine ear alone.  
Thee have I seen, thou gifted Maid!  
Ay, heard, and gazed on too;  
To flower—moon—gem, where brightness played,  
The eye's best love was due.  
Breeze—echo—bird of darksome glade,  
The ear alone could woo:  
But, ah! 'tis thine—'tis thine alone—  
To charm the eye and ear in one!

## CROTCHET CASTLE.

WE noticed in detail some months since the numerous comic productions of the author of the work now lying before us: we discussed his powers of sarcasm and of irony, the range of his information, the sprightliness of his fancy, and, above all, his singular—we might almost add—his unequalled talents for ridicule and caricature. Our present task is, therefore, comparatively speaking, a barren one. Crotchet Castle is indeed little more than a *various reading* of Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey. The same characters (or nearly so) appear on the stage; the same set of quaint opinions are burlesqued; the same truths developed; the same sophistries exposed; in a word, the same predominant faculty pervades it throughout, from the alpha to the omega of the book. Mr. Peacock, though he has much of Rabelais, and something of Swift, in his manner, has (unlike these great writers) no very extensive power of invention. He travels always in the same track, halts always at the same goal. His mental vision is acute, but limited in its range; looking abroad over society, not from a height but from a level. His knowledge of life, too, is chiefly drawn from books; the scholar predominates over the man of the world. Hence, even in his most spirited illustrations, an air of languor, stiffness, and pedantry, is perceptible. His characters do not live in his descriptions: they are not vivid realities, but cold abstractions; not flesh and blood, but opinions personified. Were we to entitle his novels dramatic essays, we should, we conceive, be giving them their most appropriate designation. Thus designated, they may lay claim to decided originality, and, as a lively satirical digest of the intellectual follies of the day, will be read and admired long after the majority of our present popular publications have been sent to line trunks, portmanteaus, and band-boxes.

The plot of Crotchet Castle, like all Mr. Peacock's plots, possesses the rare merit of conciseness and simplicity, and may be told in a few words. 'Squire Crotchet, a most amusing Scotch pedant, and so far an anomaly—your genuine Pictish pedant being the greatest ass, and the most interminable bore in creation—having made a fortune in the way peculiar to his countrymen, resolves, in his old age, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of rural life, so retires to a valley on the banks of the Thames, where he purchases a castle, and makes all possible haste to people it with guests of his own way of thinking—that is, with a set of men, each of whom is notorious in metropolitan literary society for some peculiar absurdity. The story opens with the arrival at Crotchet Castle of a squad of these learned ignoramusses, among whom are Mr. McQuedy, the political economist, a gentleman whose notions of civilized life are drawn from his recollections of the Modern Athens—as Edinburgh has the incredible assurance to style herself:—the Rev. Dr. Folliott (a divine greatly to our taste), who is fond of reading and good living, and is remarkable for his shrewdness and causticity, and the strong sterling sense that pervades his remarks; Lord Bossnowl, a lord and nothing more; Mr. Firedamp, a philosopher, who thinks that water is the evil principle, who sees ague in a duck-pond, malaria in the river Thames, and the semen of depopulation in the British Channel—who shrinks from a gutter as from a fever, and from a shower of rain as from a pestilence; Mr. Eavesdrop, a smart, shewy, prattling idler, who hits off his personal friends in



novels, and pays the penalty on his shoulders ; Mr. Henbane, an amateur of poisons and antidotes, whose highest ambition is to kill cats for the purpose of bringing them to life again, and who eventually dispatches himself by a somewhat similar process ; Mr. Skionar, a poetic philosopher, a curious compound of the intense and the mystical, who settles every thing by sentiment and intuition ; Mr. Chainmail, an amusing, good-natured young antiquarian, deep in monkish literature, and a strenuous admirer of the fighting, feasting, and praying of the twelfth century ; Mr. Toogood, a co-operationist, indefatigable in his endeavours to parcel out the world into squares like a chess-board ; Miss Touchandgo, daughter of the great banker, who evaporated one foggy morning, and was found wanting when his customers, in a body, did him the favour of a call ; Crotchet, junior, son of 'Squire Crotchet of the Castle, a youth ambitious of bubble notoriety, and a partner in the eminent loan-jobbing firm of Catchflat and Company ; and lastly, Lady Clarinda Bossnowl, a virgin of much shrewdness and discretion, and idolized by Captain Fitzchrome, a warrior, with the usual military allowance of brains. At the opening of the tale these various personages are all represented as seated round the breakfast-table of 'Squire Crotchet, when the following characteristic conversation occurs among them :—

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Sir, I say every nation has some eximious virtue ; and your country is pre-eminent in the glory of fish for breakfast. We have much to learn from you in that line at any rate.

*Mr. Mac Quedy.* And in many others, Sir, I believe. Morals and metaphysics, politics and political economy, the way to make the most of all the modifications of smoke ; steam, gas, and paper currency ; you have all these to learn from us ; in short, all the arts and sciences. We are the modern Athenians.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* I, for one, Sir, am content to learn nothing from you but the art and science of fish for breakfast. Be content, Sir, to rival the Bœotians, whose redeeming virtue was in fish ; touching which point, you may consult Aristophanes and his scholiast in the passage of *Lysistrata*—ἀλλ' ἀφίλι τὰς ἰχθύδας \*—and leave the name of Athenians to those who have a sense of the beautiful, and a perception of metrical quantity.

*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Then, Sir, I presume you set no value on the right principles of rent, profit, wages, and currency ?

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* My principles, Sir, in these things are, to take as much as I can get, and to pay no more than I can help. These are every man's principles, whether they be the right principles or no. There, Sir, is political economy in a nut-shell.

This, though meant as burlesque, is the truest serious definition we have yet met with of political economy. Mr. Peacock has plucked out the heart of the mystery. He has entered into no polite compromises ; indulged in no ambiguous circumlocution ; but boldly exposed this humbug science in its true colours, and stripped the peacock plumes off the jackdaws who profess it. We say humbug science, for if ever there was a hoax, equal to that of the celebrated bottle-conjuror, political economy is that one. Though its main object is to explain and illustrate the nature and properties of wealth, no two writers have yet been able to agree in their definition of wealth ; though it professes to be wholly of a practical character, it abounds in more visionary, untenable, inconclu-

\* Calonice wishes destruction to all Bœotians. *Lysistrata* answers, " *Except the eels.*"—*Lysistrata*, 36.

sive theories than any other science with which modern literature is afflicted; though it is said by its amateurs to be simple in its nature, it is more abstruse than the ænigma of the Sphynx. The only man who ever yet made any thing of political economy, or ever wrote two consecutive lines of grammar on the subject, was Adam Smith. Since his time, the science has been completely at a stand-still. Fools have got hold of it, and made it the peg whereon to hang a variety of asinine speculations; quacks have perpetrated volumes on the subject, and fancied they were familiar with a Juno, when, in fact, they were merely embracing a cloud; and knaves have patronized it as an apology for their otherwise indefensible rogueries. In nine cases out of ten we hold a political economist to be a blockhead, and in the tenth, we feel convinced that he is a knave. Fortunately, however, for the interests of true philosophy the science is at its last gasp. It has been weighed in the balance of common sense, and found wanting. Still Mr. Peacock's sneer is serviceable, and even seasonable. It is the last weight, be it only a straw, that breaks the camel's back. Equally admirable are our author's sarcasms on the lucre-loving spirit of the age. We subjoin a specimen. It is a dialogue between a lover and his mistress:—

*Lady Clarinda.* I am glad to see you can make yourself so happy with drawing old trees and mounds of grass.

*Captain Fitzchrome.* Happy, Lady Clarinda! oh, no! How can I be happy when I see the idol of my heart about to be sacrificed on the shrine of Mammon?

*Lady Clarinda.* Do you know, though Mammon has a sort of ill name, I really think he is a very popular character; there must be at the bottom something amiable about him. He is certainly one of those pleasant creatures whom every body abuses, but without whom no evening party is endurable. I dare say, love in a cottage is very pleasant; but then it must positively be a cottage ornée: but would not the same love be a great deal safer in a castle, even if Mammon furnished the fortification?

*Captain Fitzchrome.* Oh, Lady Clarinda, there is a heartlessness in that language that chills me to the soul.

*Lady Clarinda.* Heartlessness! No: my heart is on my lips. I speak just what I think. You used to like it, and say it was as delightful as it was rare.

*Captain Fitzchrome.* True, but you did not then talk as you do now of love in a castle.

*Lady Clarinda.* Well, but only consider: a dun is a horridly vulgar creature; it is a creature I cannot endure the thought of: and a cottage lets him in so easily. Now a castle keeps him at bay. You are a half-pay officer, and are at leisure to command the garrison: but where is the castle? and who is to furnish the commissariat?

*Captain Fitzchrome.* Is it come to this, that you make a jest of my poverty? Yet is my poverty only comparative. Many decent families are maintained on smaller means.

*Lady Clarinda.* Decent families: ay, decent is the distinction from respectable. Respectable means rich, and decent means poor. I should die if I heard my family called decent. And then your decent family always lives in a snug little place: I hate a little place; I like large rooms and large looking-glasses, and large parties, and a fine large butler, with a tinge of smooth red in his face—an outward and visible sign that the family he serves is respectable—if not noble, highly respectable.

Mr. Peacock's dinner chit-chat is admirable and not over-done. It has a flavour about it equal to that of a woodcock, the prince (in his own illustrious line) of dainties.—

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Here is a very fine salmon before me: and May is the very point nommé to have salmon in perfection. There is a fine turbot close by, and there is much to be said in his behalf; but salmon in May is the king of fish.

*Mr. Crotchet.* That salmon before you, Doctor, was caught in the Thames this morning.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Παραπάνω! Rarity of rarities! A Thames salmon caught this morning! Now, Mr. Mac Quedy; even in fish your modern Athens must yield. *Cedite Graii.*

*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Eh! Sir, on its own ground, your Thames salmon has two virtues over all others; first, that it is fresh; and, second, that it is rare; for I understand you do not take half a dozen in a year.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* In some years, Sir, not one. Mud, filth, gas-dregs, lock-wiers, and the march of mind, developed in the form of poaching, have ruined the fishery. But, when we do catch a salmon, happy the man to whom he falls.

*Mr. Mac Quedy.* I confess, Sir, this is excellent: but I cannot see why it should be better than a Tweed salmon at Kelso.

*Mr. Crotchet, Jun.* Champagne, Doctor!

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Most willingly. But you will permit my drinking it while it sparkles. I hold it a heresy to let it deaden in my hand, while the glass of my *compotator* is being filled on the opposite side of the table.—By the by, Captain, you remember a passage in Athenæus, where he cites Menander on the subject of fish-sauce: ὁψάριον ἐπὶ ἰχθύος. (*The Captain was aghast for an answer that would satisfy both his neighbours, when he was relieved by the divine continuing.*) The science of fish-sauce, Mr. Mac Quedy, is by no means brought to perfection; a fine field of discovery still lies open in that line.

*Mr. Mac Quedy.* Nay, Sir, beyond lobster-sauce, I take it, ye cannot go.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* In their line, I grant you, oyster and lobster sauce are the pillars of Hercules. But I speak of the cruets sauces, where the quintessence of the sapid is condensed in a phial. I can taste in my mind's palate a combination, which, if I could give it reality, I would christen with the name of my college, and hand it down to posterity as a seat of learning indeed.

The only fault—but that, as Dennis Brulgruddery observes of his wife's tippling, "is a thumper"—we find with the above scientific dialogue is its gastronomic heterodoxy. Mr. Peacock—tell it not in Gath, proclaim it not in Ascalon—prefers a Thames salmon to all others! It is really quite distressing to see the infirmity of judgment that some strong minds possess. Still more distressing is it to reflect that such infirmity is far from uncommon, and that under its malign influence Milton preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his *Paradise Lost*; and Byron his *Hints from Horace* to his *Childe Harold*. Thames Salmon superior to all others! Singular infatuation! Did Mr. Peacock, who describes Welch scenery so vividly and so characteristically, never taste a salmon, born, educated, and reared to man's estate in the springs of the Towy, where the cloud-capped Llynn-y-Van, lord of the Black Mountains, looks abroad over a dozen counties, and sees no rival? We apprehend he never did, or the recollection would linger on his mind with all the vividness of "love's young dream." Taking this, therefore, for granted, we hold it to be our sacred duty to set him right on a point in which the honour of South Wales is materially concerned. Thames salmon, though fine, and, like Hunt's blacking, even "matchless" in its way, is so only by comparison. It is luscious, but sophisticated. Welch salmon, on the contrary, is the unadulterated offspring of nature. It has never been drenched with gas-scurings; is innocent of the flavour



of town filth; and has never experienced attacks of indigestion from too hastily bolting the miscellaneous contributions of a hundred Fleet Ditches. In its outer Adam it is symmetry itself; in flavour it smacks of the pure mountain air, which no town or city smoke has ever yet presumed to pollute. But indeed every way it is superior to its Saxon kinsman. Its habits are more shy, more delicate; it keeps little or no company; goes to bed at an early hour, and is consequently more healthy in constitution; and, above all, is a thousand times more fastidious in its choice of diet. It will never, for instance, take up with a bit of rancid bacon, as a Windsor salmon of our acquaintance once did. Still less will it bolt a sausage, as was the case with a Henley salmon with which we once had the honour of a chance connection in the head inn of that agreeable town. Its only blemish—and what mortal creature is perfect?—is its exuberant vivacity, which is but too apt to deteriorate its condition by abridging its obesity.

With Mr. Peacock's opinions on lobster-sauce we presume not to quarrel. *De gustibus non est disputandum*—which, by the by, we should have recollected before we presumed to question his salmonian sagacity. Still even on this point there is ample room for controversy, into which, however, we shall defer entering till we have made ourselves acquainted with the Bishop of London's theory on the subject. Our present impulse leads us to look on lobstersauce with more reverence than affection; as an object rather to be respectfully shunned than affectionately adhered to. *Sed hactenus hæc.*

We are much pleased with the humorous extravagance of our author's description of a sallow, care-worn man of business, who is represented as looking "as if he had tumbled headlong into a volcano, and been thrown up again among the cinders." We cannot, however, accord praise to his sneers at the immortal Waverley Novels. Here they are for the reader's benefit, who, we suspect, will not be a little astonished:—

*Lady Clarinda.* History is but a tiresome thing in itself: it becomes more agreeable the more romance is mixed up with it. The great enchanter has made me learn many things which I should never have dreamed of studying, if they had not come to me in the form of amusement.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* What enchanter is that? There are two enchanters: he of the north, and he of the south.

*Mr. Trillo.* Rossini?

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Ay, there is another enchanter. But I mean the great enchanter of Covent Garden: he who, for more than a quarter of a century, has produced two pantomimes a year, to the delight of children of all ages, —including myself at all ages. That is the enchanter for me. I am for the pantomimes. All the northern enchanter's romances put together, would not furnish materials for half the southern enchanter's pantomimes.

*Lady Clarinda.* Surely you do not class literature with pantomime?

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* In these cases, I do. They are both one, with a slight difference. The one is the literature of pantomime—the other is the pantomime of literature. There is the same variety of character, the same diversity of story, the same copiousness of incident, the same research into costume, the same display of heraldry, falconry, minstrelsy, scenery, monkery, witchery, devilry, robbery, poachery, piracy, fishery, gipsy-astrology, demonology, architecture, fortification, castrametation, navigation; the same running base of love and battle. The main difference is, that the one set of amusing fictions is told in music and action; the other in all the worst dialects of the English language. As to any sentence worth remembering, any moral or political truth, anything having a tendency, however remote, to make men

wiser or better—to make them think, to make them ever think of thinking; they are both precisely alike : *nuspam, nequaquam, nullibi, nullimodis.*

*Lady Clarinda.* Very amusing, however.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* Very amusing, very amusing.

*Mr. Chainmail.* My quarrel with the northern enchanter is, that he has grossly misrepresented the twelfth century.

*The Rev. Dr. Folliott.* He has misrepresented every thing, or he would not have been very amusing. Sober truth is but dull matter to the reading-rabble. The angler who puts not on his hook the bait that best pleases the fish, may sit all day on the bank without catching a gudgeon.

Mr. Peacock, in this extract, blames the Waverley Novels for not being, what their author never intended they should be. Political—we say nothing of moral—truths in a professed work of fiction, are as irrelevant as puns in a sermon. We neither expect them, nor desire them. Character, incident, and description—these are the true staples of romance: and in these Sir W. Scott abounds to profusion. In these he rivals “all but Shakspeare’s name below.” Who can forget his Fergus Mac Ivor—his Bradwardine—his Rob Roy—his Tony Fire-the-faggot—his Die Vernon—his Flora—and his Dalgetty? Who does not thrill at the recollection of his dead smuggler in the Cave of Dorncleugh—his account of the battle between Bothwell and Burleigh—of the last moments of Meg Merrilies—of the conflagration of Front de Bœuf’s Castle? Who does not tread the greensward in fancy with Gurth, the Saxon herdsman—breathe the mountain air with Rob Roy at the Clachan of Aberfoyle—and grow mellow with Dalgetty at Sir Duncan’s Castle of Ardvoirlich? These are characters and descriptions never, “while memory holds her seat,” to be forgotten. They have taken a hold of the national mind, that no after-changes in the national literature will ever have power to affect. The stamp of eternity is on them. They are imperishable as nature herself. Still, wondrous enchanter as he is, Sir Walter Scott is, in many respects, surpassed by not a few of his cotemporary novelists. In depth of thought, and acute analysis of the springs of human passion, he is far—very far inferior to Godwin; in stern masculine energy he must be content to rank below the author of Anastasius; in the elevated tone of his morality he is not to be compared with Ward; still less with Mr. Peacock himself, in the breadth and richness of his humour. But it is in his variety—in his invention—in the lavish fertility of his incidents, that he claims the superiority over all his cotemporaries. He is not one, but Legion. He has not done one thing well, but every thing. His genius has the true Midas power, and transmutes all that it touches into gold. As Johnson observed of Goldsmith, so may we say with more propriety of Scott, *nullum tetigit quod non ornavit.* May he write a hundred more novels, and may we survive to read them!

Returning from this digression, we proceed with more satisfaction to our author’s summary criticism on modern poetry. It is true to the life:—

*Mr. Chainmail.* The poetry which was addressed to the people of the dark ages, pleased in proportion to the truth with which it depicted familiar images, and to their natural connection with the time and place to which they were assigned. In the poetry of our enlightened times, the characteristics of all seasons, soils, and climates may be blended together, with much benefit to the author’s fame as an original genius. The cowslip of a civic poet is always

in blossom, his fern is always in full feather; he gathers the celandine, the primrose, the heath-flower, the jasmine, and the chrysanthemum, all on the same day, and from the same spot; his nightingale sings all the year round, his moon is always full, his cygnet is as white as his swan; his cedar is as tremulous as his aspen, and his poplar as embowering as his beech. Thus all nature marches with the march of mind; but, among barbarians, instead of mead and wine, and the best seat by the fire, the reward of such a genius would have been to be summarily turned out of doors in the snow, to meditate on the difference between day and night, and between December and July. It is an age of liberality, indeed, when not to know an oak from a burdock is no disqualification for sylvan minstrelsy. I am for truth and simplicity.

"I am for truth and simplicity," says Mr. Peacock, in the person of Chainmail the antiquarian. So are we. But where is it to be found? Not in poetry, for we have none. Effect—effect—effect—this is the first—this the second—this the third fashionable desideratum in modern bards. Owing to the demand for such stimulus, poetry has been gathered to her fathers, and rhyme reigns in her stead. "Amurath an Amurath succeeds;" rhymester follows rhymester—each more dull—each more artificial—each more incorrigible than the last. Mr. Peacock, consequently, is as felicitous in his criticism on modern poetry as in his definition of political economy. But our limits warn us to close. "*Tempus equum spumantia solvere colla*"—so says an ugly devil at our elbow. Suffice it then to say, that Crotchet Castle will well repay perusal. It is lively, satirical, and even learned, though without pedantry or assumption. It is, however, as we observed before, too much a Variorum edition—too much an echo of its predecessors.

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,  
And half the platform just reflects the other."

Mr. Skionar is a mere adumbration of Mr. Flosky in Nightmare Abbey—Dr. Folliott only differs in name from Dr. Portpipe in Melincourt—as for Clarinda Bossnowl, she is evidently twin-sister to Anthelia Melincourt; and we half suspect, although they seem ashamed to acknowledge the connection, that Messrs. Catchflat and Company, with their head clerk, Robthetill, have had large literary dealings, and derived many serviceable hints from the equally eminent firm of Air-bubble, Smoke-shadow, Hop-the-twig, and their secretary, Wm. Walkoff, who figure so prominently in Melincourt. Of one thing we are certain. Mr. Toogood is neither more nor less than Mr. Toobad—one of the heroes of Nightmare Abbey—in a high state of health and good humour—in which condition we leave him and the other inhabitants of Crotchet Castle to make their way with the public.



## THE TABERNACLE, OR SUNDAY IN LUNNUN.

COME, ye mopes, and drones, and droopers!  
 Listen to me in your stupors;—  
 Come, ye gaunt and grim old maids!  
 Long since fitted for the shades;—  
 Hear me, from your darkest den,  
 All ye "old, unmarried" men!—  
 All ye tribes of wretches, come—  
 Denizens of sin and gloom!  
 Give me a responsive throe,  
 While I sing your song of woe!

Morn is up—pale, chill, and murky—  
 Looking well inclined to Burke ye;  
 Through the fetid fog the bell  
 Rings as with your funeral knell;  
 Heaven is cloud, and Earth is mud,  
 Promising a London flood.  
 Just as strikes the last half-hour,  
 Down comes, thick and thin, the shower!  
 On ye put your Sunday satins,  
 Hurrying to your doctor's matins;  
 Slippery every stone as glass,  
 (Lately, too, broke up for gas!)—  
 All the brats of shops and schools,  
 All the "mighty serious" fools,  
 All the 'prentice-gentlemen,  
 Promenading through the fen—  
 Till subsides the general cackle  
 At the pious Tabernacle!

There you find no Doctor Prosy,  
 As an apple round and rosy;  
 Happy proof that all the dinners  
 Are not left among the sinners;  
 Happy proof that beef may line  
 Cheeks and ribs the most divine;  
 Happy proof that port may paint  
 Even the most world-hating saint!  
 There you find—wild, gaunt, and grim—  
 Fierce of face, and lank of limb,  
 With that mystic sweep of eye,  
 Fixed at once on earth and sky;  
 Now a comet's fiery glare  
 Blazing from his matted hair;  
 Now a melancholy moon,  
 Melting to some wizard tune;  
 Whiskered like a bold hussar,  
 Stands our man of holy war.

Every hole and corner filled;  
 All the winter asthmas stilled;  
 All the brats forbid to cry;  
 All the hats and caps laid by;  
 Past, in short, the usual rustle  
 Of the saintly in a bustle;  
 Hushed the clearing of the lungs;  
 Hushed *almost* the women's tongues;  
 All the world behind them cast—  
 Comes the mighty man at last!

Half a sigh and half a groan  
Opens thus his holy moan :—

“ Away—away, ye sinners all !  
Falling all, and born to fall ;  
Here, among two thousand souls,  
Not a tenth shall 'scape the coals.  
From the ceiling to the floor,  
Dare I count of saints a score ?  
What are all without, within ?—  
Sin and shame, and shame and sin.  
First, ye women—sex called fair—  
Look within—what see ye there ?  
Hear me, your especial martyr !  
(I myself once caught a Tartar ;  
Looking rashly for a *catch*,  
Soon I found I met my match).  
Light as feathers in your bonnets ;  
Full of novels, songs, and sonnets ;  
Stings of aspics in your lips ;  
Poison in your fingers' tips ;  
From the forehead to the feet  
All one dangerous, deep deceit ;  
Patches, petticoats, and paint—  
Who now sees a female saint ?  
Fallen angels ! down ye go  
To the hottest hearth below !

“ Now, ye smiling gentlemen,  
Think ye to escape your den ?  
Know ye that Old Nick's fireside  
Is for men and maids full wide ?  
There you'll have no tender glancing ;  
Life is there no morris-dancing !  
Down ye go, ten thousand feet,  
In a new, blue sulphur sheet !  
There you'll have no Lord Mayor's feasts,  
Turning aldermen to beasts ;  
There you'll clear no cent. per cents. ;  
There you'll have no quarters' rents ;  
There no gallop after foxes ;  
There no pit-tier opera-boxes ;  
There no pleasant slice of place ;  
There ' no notice from his Grace ;'  
There no flirting in the bevy,  
Gathered at the royal levee ;  
There no three hours' trip to Brighton,  
Bile and purse at once to lighten ;  
There no continental trip,  
Life, like new champagne, to sip ;—  
Husband, placeman, swindler, rover,  
There your wild-oat days are over !

“ I own it, there are joys in life,  
(I speak to those without a wife),  
When down its early stream we glide,  
Like straws or feathers on the tide ;  
When all the hours are morning hours,  
And all the landscapes fruits and flowers ;  
And all the sky above is blue,  
And inly whispering, ' This will do !'

That rascal Vanity drives on,  
The booby ! till his day is done.

" First comes the sympathetic friend,  
Who'll borrow all you have to lend,  
And stick beside you without fail,  
Until he sees you lodged in jail !

" Or comes some man-catcher from France,  
With steel-traps writ in every glance ;  
Slight, simple, *owning* to seventeen ;  
Her eyes scarce hinting what they mean ;  
Her form, face, simper all divine ;  
Her fortune quite a diamond mine.  
You stir a passion in her breast—  
' She'll die before the tale's confest ;'  
You find her shrinking, sighing, flying—  
In fact, the tender thing's just dying !  
She ' dreads your sight, she spurns mankind :'  
Somehow, her love for you gets wind ;  
Somehow, at Brighton, Bristol, Bath,  
She always tumbles in your path ;  
Till somehow comes some whiskered brother,  
To swear ' you're fitted for each other.'  
Or, if you pause about your *pledge*,  
You've but to cross next farm-yard hedge,  
And there you'll find the favourite spot  
For fickle lovers to be shot.

" Your stomach scorns the leaden pill ;  
He asks the deed, and not the will.  
The deed *is* done—you pop the question—  
(A life may serve for its digestion).  
The lady smiles, is shocked, submits—  
Not more than twice a day has fits ;  
Hope, smiling Hope's the lady's doctor—  
Then comes the lawyer, then the proctor ;  
(Perhaps you'd wish the hangman come,  
But ' love and rapture' keep you dumb ;)   
You're wedded. History discovers  
You've followed half a dozen lovers.  
Your heiress is a shrew and beggar ;  
But then—her blood's the true McGregor.  
You've played the blockhead for your life,  
And gained brats, brawlings, and a wife !

" Now go, ye race of culprits, go  
Where pitchforks toss ye to and fro ;  
Where, on the roaring river's brink,  
Proof aquafortis is your drink ;  
Where all your beds are burning coals,  
And all your suppers are fried *soles* ;  
Where all alike, from king to shepherd,  
Are daily grilled and cayenne-peppered ;  
Where all the liquid at your lunch  
Is patent oil-of-vitriol punch ;  
Where pure corrosive-sublimate  
Is sauce for every slice ye eat ;  
Where sulphur forms your table-cloths,  
And *churchwardens* prepare your broths ;  
And Fate's consummate vengeance gives  
To every wretch a dozen wives !"



## SHIPS, COLONIES, AND COMMERCE.

THE extraordinary doctrines which some of our legislators have of late years endeavoured to reduce to practice, in pursuance of speculative theories of ultra free-trade, are absurdities, fraught with such mischievous consequences, that they have attracted the serious attention of all those whose immediate interests are at stake.

Experienced merchants, especially those nearly concerned in our *shipping* and colonial interests, have taken the alarm, and have at length bestirred themselves in opposition to measures, which instead of advancing the general prosperity of the empire, are rather calculated to undermine and destroy all those sources of national wealth, which, till lately, rendered us the envy of every nation of Europe and America, and enabled us to set their united efforts for our destruction at defiance.

So long as our distant colonists were the immediate sufferers, these ruinous schemes met with less opposition than they deserved; but when ministers, by their recent budget, openly manifested a determination to set the opinions of practical men at defiance, and to act upon their own erroneous and ultra views—commercial men could no longer remain inactive, and this gave occasion to one of the most numerous and respectable meetings ever witnessed on any similar occasion:—the persons assembled not only marked their disapprobation in the strongest language, but the influence of their opinions has been manifested in the House of Commons, by a very large majority against ministers!\*

Notwithstanding the agitation created in every quarter by the momentous question of Reform—this demonstration in support of “Ships, Colonies and Commerce,” has been followed by meetings in various commercial towns. We hope the resolutions passed at these meetings will be pressed upon the serious consideration of Parliament, until the dictates of reason and common sense are listened to. We should regret exceedingly that the degree of distrust and dissatisfaction which has been created by the financial attempts above alluded to, should militate against any measure really necessary for the good of the country,—yet it must be admitted that if in the guidance of interests of vital importance to the empire at large, there has been an evident want of capacity, it can hardly be expected that implicit confidence and support upon other points are likely to follow.

We have so frequently pointed out the ruinous effects of our anti-colonial policy, and the misery and distress which, if persisted in, it was likely to create—that we scarcely consider it necessary to enter more fully into the subject. Suffice it to say, that West India planters who were at one time wealthy, are now reduced by it to poverty; and finding themselves yearly getting into further difficulties, some of them, we believe, have actually been forced to abandon their estates and labourers to their mortgagees, and other creditors! In a very few years more, unless immediate relief be afforded, the negroes on many estates will manifest the want of their usual comforts by riot and insubordination: the flame once raised, will spread rapidly, and instead of happy communities, rising in civilization, we shall have misery and bloodshed!

Then, indeed, when the consequences are felt at home, and when it is too late to apply a remedy, we shall have every mercantile city and manu-

\* *Vide* Debate and Division on the Timber Duties.

facturing town in the kingdom, clamorously petitioning for the restoration and protection of our colonies, and colonial trade! and we shall, in the decay of our naval power and financial resources, see abundant reason to lament that these ultra free-trade opinions were not timously opposed.

It has been a favourite argument with the advocates for the system alluded to, that it was only necessary to shew rival nations that we were actuated by a liberal spirit in these matters, to induce them to adopt our views, and subscribe to a system of *reciprocity*—but what has been the result of our experience? Mr. Powlet Thomson, in his official capacity, has been forced to declare a few days ago, on one of those points which incidentally came under discussion, that “correspondence upon correspondence has passed upon this subject, but *we have not the power to compel other countries to adopt other systems than those which from reasons of their own they are at present disposed to adhere to;*” or, in other words, they wisely for themselves adhere to those regulations which they have found to be the most advantageous, they avail themselves of our errors, and are year by year trenching upon some valuable branch of our trade. Even the United States, which, from the free nature of their institutions, might be expected to entertain generous notions of commercial reciprocity—have adopted, and strictly adhere to a closely exclusive system of commercial regulations. For the encouragement and protection of their own produce and manufactures they levy prohibitive, or at least heavy duties on our colonial and other products;\* and although their decidedly English habits, and the cheapness of some British manufactures, induce them to take our goods to a considerable extent annually, they nevertheless encourage, as far as circumstances will admit, their own rising establishments, and are keenly using every exertion to make themselves entirely independent of us.

Under all these circumstances it would seem to be nothing unreasonable to expect that our rulers should pause in their attempts to enforce their ruinous theories, until, at least, they had time to consider and discuss their ultimate consequences! But what has been the fact? Instead of endeavouring to relieve our sugar colonies from that distress which is admitted by all parties to be of the most overwhelming description, and instead of fostering and encouraging those other colonies in which our surplus population finds a ready asylum—they have recently proposed to place two of them—namely, the Canadas, and the Cape of Good Hope, in a situation of similar misery with our sugar colonies, by imposing ruinous duties on their staple commodities—a measure which would have been a benefit to the Norwegians, the Swedes, Prussians, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese—who take very few goods from us—but which would have had the effect not only to destroy a great part of the capital engaged in the trade, agriculture, &c. of the colonies in question, but would also have thrown some thousands of British shipping and seamen entirely out of employment!

	s.	d.	
* On our Raw Sugars they exact about.....	15	0	per cwt.
Coffee .....	25	0	ditto.
Rum .....	3	8	per gallon.
Molasses .....	0	6	ditto.
Salt .....	200		per cent.

It is true that the first of these measures has for the present been defeated, and the second modified ; but nevertheless it shews the *animus* by which, towards our colonies, ministers are governed ; and as the same attempts will in all probability be renewed, it may be worth while to point out some of the reasons urged against the adoption of the proposed measures.

Sir Howard Douglas, the Governor of New Brunswick, in a very able pamphlet,\* points out the value and importance of our British North American possessions, and "the circumstances on which depend their further prosperity, and colonial connection with Great Britain."

There are two signs (says Sir Howard) under which the statesman may estimate the value and importance of the British North American Colonies. The one is positive, the other relative. The positive, or absolute value, consists in the shipping they employ, the seamen they form, the manufactures they consume, the supplies of which they are the home sources for the British market and our West India Colonies, and the mastings and spars which they ensure for our navy in the day of need. The sign under which the relative importance of the northern provinces may be considered, indicates the effect of placing all these elements of statistical greatness in the opposite scale of the beam, by which the statesman should carefully weigh the effects of measures which, though treated as fiscal or finance questions, reach, in fact, into matters of the very highest order of policy.

The permanency of the colonial connection between Great Britain and the North American Provinces, rests entirely on the manner in which their interests are dealt with by the British Parliament ; it is therefore of the greatest importance to consider what effects are likely to be produced upon the interests of those colonies, by the proposed alteration in the duties on foreign and North American timbers.

It is stated that the population of the British North American Provinces was in the year 1828 about 1,000,000, and increasing in a higher ratio than that of the adjoining New England States ; and the British Colonies consume in corresponding augmentations the manufactures and goods of Great Britain and Ireland, and take increasing quantities of West India produce, upon which the United States have laid heavy duties, to encourage the production of their own sugars.

In 1828, the amount of British manufactures consumed in British North America was about £2,000,000 value, so that those Provinces take about 40s. each person per annum of British goods.

The amount of British manufactures imported into the United States from the United Kingdom, in 1826 (see Watterston's Statistics), was 26,181,800 dollars, which at 4s. 6d. is £5,876,975 ; the population of the United States for that year being 12,000,000, it follows that the people of the United States do not take, per person, one-fourth so much of British goods as the people of the British Colonies.

The whole British tonnage trading to British North America before the revolution, namely, in the year 1772, was only 86,745 tons. The British tonnage trading to the British North American Provinces in the year 1828 was 400,841 tons, navigated by at least 25,000 seamen, which is nearly *one-fifth of the whole foreign trade of the country* ; and this pro-

\* "Considerations on the value and importance of the British North American Provinces," &c. &c. By Major-General Sir Howard Douglas, Bart. K.S.C., C.B., F.R.S., &c. &c.



digiously increased, and still active trade, should be considered a *home trade*. There is no doubt that the home trade should be preferred to foreign trade; but that position which, in argument or in fiscal arrangement, would consider the colonial trade not to be a home trade, brings the colonial interest under a wrong denomination.

Let us now see in what way this matter is viewed by the government of the United States. It appears\* that the population of the British Provinces increased, between the years 1806 and 1825, more than 113 per cent., whilst that of New England increased only 27 per cent.; that the imports of the British Colonies have been almost *quadrupled* in amount, and the exports considerably more than doubled in that time;† while the exports and imports of the United States in 1828 were about the same in amount as they were in 1807; that while the whole foreign trade of the United States, with every part of the world, has remained stationary for fifteen years, the navigation of the British Colonies, with the mother-country alone, has increased, as the Report states, from 88,247 to 400,841 tons,‡ or about one half of all the American tonnage employed in its foreign trade, which in 1828 was only 824,781 tons, being an increase of only 253,528 tons, or a fraction less than 3 per cent. on what it was in 1820; while the increase of the foreign navigation of Great Britain, from 1815 to 1827, was 741,840 tons, or nearly equal to the whole foreign tonnage of the United States in 1828! Again,§ the whole tonnage of the United States with the British empire had, in 1828, declined by 32,000 tons since 1815; whilst British tonnage employed in the direct trade between the United States and Great Britain had, in 1828, increased 38 per cent!

Having stated these, and many other remarkable facts, which bear, most forcibly, upon this subject, the Report proceeds to state, "that the rise or decline of navigation is the index of national prosperity and power—that the great object of a statesman, in a maritime nation, should be to lay the foundations of a great naval power in a hardy and extensive commercial marine; and that to prepare for war, it is palpably inconsistent for a maritime nation to attempt to accomplish that object by a policy destructive of its commercial marine, the most efficient instrument of war, whether offensive or defensive."

Sir Howard then proceeds to argue, and to shew that the proposed doubling of the duties on the Canadian, and lowering those on Baltic timber, would completely destroy the only scale by which it is possible to continue the trade, upon which not only so much of our shipping depends for employment, but also our *emigrant population* for their first chance of success. The poor emigrant begins his labour with the axe; and his greatest, his chief resource in earning money, wherewith to buy what he wants, is in manufacturing shingles, or staves, or in felling timber. Let this measure pass—let the British North American trade languish—let the inter-colonial trade with the West Indies be unprotected, and the miseries and the distresses, which the emigrant may have endured as a pauper at home, would be nothing to those to which he would be consigned in the wilds to which he has been removed. We have

\* Report on the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, by Mr. Cambreleng, p. 28.

† Report, p. 28.

‡ Report, p. 27.

§ Report, p. 26.

begun this work.—It originated in a desire to relieve ourselves; if it turn out in a manner to reduce to misery, or in any way to injure the interests of those to whom we have held out the assurances of removal to a better condition—I (says Sir Howard) know not the name, for the case has, happily, never yet occurred, by which to call such an act.—But what care our political economists of the new school for such consequences. “Let us maintain our *principles*,” said the French Revolutionists, “though all the world should perish!”

One strong reason urged for keeping fast hold of these Colonies is, that they contain coal of the first quality, and in immense abundance; and no more need be said to satisfy persons who look beyond the mere surface of things, that upon this account alone they are inestimable; that this precious ingredient of their value may be made to bring them nearer to us, and cement them firmly with us; and that to surrender such a boon to a rival nation, for that must be the consequence of our throwing them off, would be an act of political suicide!!

After exposing some of the absurdities of the new school, Sir Howard justly observes, “that foreign powers, without exception, seem to prefer the example by which our power has been created, to the theories by which we are told it *may* be increased; but by which (we perfectly agree with him) it is much more likely to be undermined and ruined. The course of policy which made Britain a great maritime power, will maintain her in her supremacy; but, *in proportion as she deviates from that course which made her great, she will become feeble.*”

With regard to the intercourse between British North America and our West India Colonies, upon which so much of the prosperity of the former is said to depend, we are sure the West Indians have no ungenerous or unsocial feelings on the subject. All that they desire is this, that if they are forced, for the encouragement of the Canadas, to take their staves, lumber, and provisions from these British possessions, at a higher rate than that at which they can be obtained elsewhere, they are entitled to some equivalent advantage to counterbalance this onerous obligation. Mr. Bliss, the champion of these northern colonies, indicates in a recent pamphlet,\* that the West India Colonies “were never so abundantly supplied as now, and that their supplies were never so cheap.” But we would submit that this is rather a disingenuous way of stating the case. The question is not what price was *formerly* paid? but what is the lowest price at which the West Indians could *now* obtain their supplies?—And a reference to the prices in New York, Boston, &c., and to the rates at which the planters in Cuba are supplied, will shew that Canada is by no means the cheapest market. The duties, in favour of our Canadian produce, levied in our Colonies “are paid,” says Mr. Bliss, “to the colonial treasuries, which must be supplied from some quarter.” It so happens, however, that to collect these duties and enforce these “free trade” regulations, a crowd of custom-house officers were imposed upon the colonists at necessarily, very high salaries; and, in consequence, *nearly the whole* of the duties collected go to pay their salaries!

The amount of these duties† was in one year....£75,340.

And the expences of collection..... 68,025.

\* Letter to Sir Henry Parnell, Bart., M.P., on the New Colonial Trade Bill 1831, page 25.

† Papers submitted to the Board of Trade by Mr. Keith Douglas.

This is putting money into the colonial treasuries with a vengeance!! —With regard to another point of this important question, namely, the best mode of obtaining a cheap supply of timber for home use. The merchants, and others concerned in the trade, forcibly state in their application to the legislature, that the interest of the consumer in this country is directly concerned in the maintenance of the present state of things. There is now an abundant supply of timber from two sources: the consumer purchases that which suits him best, while the respective prices of each serve to shew the rates at which they can be sustained in the market relatively to each other—it being manifest that any circumstance which should, from whatever cause, enable the importer of either description of timber to sell it cheaper than he now does, would lead to an increased demand for that description, in preference to the other, on the part of the consumer. There can be no pretence, on the part of the consumer, for requiring any reduction in price—both kinds being abundant and cheap. On the other hand, it is evident that, by cutting off one source of supply—which must happen if the proposed measure be passed—the consumer will, in a few years, find himself dependent on the Baltic producer alone, and must deal with him under all the disadvantages which that want of competition must produce.

Although ministers have been beaten on this point for the present, there is no doubt they will again attempt similar measures; and it therefore becomes necessary that all the friends of “Ships, Colonies, and Commerce,” should be vigilant and ready to defend their own interests from similar measures.

To turn to another quarter of the world, namely, Southern Africa. The Cape of Good Hope may be considered, and in fact is, the only possession of the British crown producing wine in any considerable quantity. For our supplies of that article we were formerly entirely at the mercy of foreign states. Had the late Emperor of the French been able to complete his continental system, we should have been entirely deprived of that invigorating and medicinal beverage: or, at least, we could only occasionally have obtained a few pipes from Madeira, and other small islands. In fact, at the period of exclusion alluded to, the price of wine had risen in this country enormously,—but, to render us less dependant upon the wine countries of Europe, government, on our acquiring possession of the Cape, and for some years after that event, held out by public proclamations and otherwise, *the greatest encouragement to enter upon the cultivation of the vine* in that settlement, as “a consideration above all others of the highest importance to its opulence and character,” and promised “*the most constant support and patronage* on the part of the government, and that no means of assistance should be left unattempted to improve the cultivation, and every encouragement given to honest industry and adventure to establish the success of the Cape commerce in this *her great and native superiority*.” Premiums were offered to those who planted most largely, and for the production of the best wines; and in 1813, Cape wines were admitted to the British market at one third of the duty of port and sherry. This afforded a protection of about £28 the cask of 110 gallons. In consequence of this pledge of support and encouragement, much capital was embarked in vineyards, &c.; and although the cultivation and best mode of management, so as to produce good wines, depends upon many peculiarities of soil and niceties of adaptation, which can only be discovered by close attention



and a comparison of the result of various successive vintages, and modes of treatment,—the quantity produced rose from about 7,500 casks to nearly 20,000 casks,—of an improved quality,—in 1824, the capital embarked by the cultivators and wine merchants in Cape Town, was computed to be upwards of a million and a half sterling! Having thus entrapped people into a large investment, government in 1825 suddenly, and against the earnest remonstrances of those interested, lowered the protective duty to about £11 per pipe, to continue until 1830, and to £8 5s. after that period. The consequence of this measure was the immediate ruin of some of those largely engaged in the trade, and a necessary depreciation of a capital which, once embarked, could not be withdrawn! On the pressing representation of these circumstances to Sir George Murray, and Mr. Goulburn, who were then in office, they, *by the Act of 10 Geo. IV. ch. 43*, agreed that *until the 1st January, 1833*, the duty should be continued at 2s. 5d. per gallon, affording the diminished protection of £11, as above mentioned,—and that the reduction of protection to £8 5s. per pipe, should not take place till after that period. Reposing on the faith of this Act of Parliament and following the impulse which had been previously given to vine cultivation, the settlers continued to extend in a slight degree their establishments, and the property embarked is now nearly two millions sterling. To their astonishment, however, the new ministry, disregarding not only all former promises, but in the face of this Act of Parliament, proposed to raise the duty on colonial wines from 2s. 5d. to 5s. 6d. per gallon, and to lower the duties on Foreign wines!—thus, by a double operation, to do away with all protection to Cape wine, and consequently ruin the colony, and every one interested in this, its staple commodity! One circumstance connected with this proposal appears to us to be worthy of remark, namely, that at the period when government pledged themselves to support vine culture at the Cape, Lord Goderich, (then the Hon. J. F. Robinson) was *Vice President of the Board of Trade!* In 1825, when the first breach of faith was committed, Lord Goderich (the Hon. J. F. Robinson) was *Chancellor of the Exchequer!* and now in 1831, when it has been proposed to depart entirely from every former pledge, Lord Goderich is *Colonial*, or rather *Anti-Colonial Minister!!*

With regard to the quality of Cape wine, we think the very unjust prejudice against it is gradually decaying. We believe the *genuine* average quality to be more wholesome than the ordinary qualities of port and sherry, or such stuff as is usually sold under these denominations. The consumers of Cape wine are a new class of wine drinkers, entirely distinct from the consumers of the old established high-priced wines. The additional duty proposed would deprive the present consumers of a cheap and wholesome beverage, and force them to return to ardent spirits. It would crush the trade altogether, and besides all the other mischiefs to “ships, colonies and commerce,” might cause a positive defalcation of revenue—benefitting only the wine growers of Kings Louis Philippe, Ferdinand, and Miguel. And although Lord Althorp has consented to fix the duty at 2s. 9d., for the next two years, yet if at the end of that period, all protection is withdrawn, it will be entirely destructive of the property of the colonists; and also of all faith in the wisdom and justice of the mother country.

We would finally observe, that although the cases of the Cape of Good Hope, and the British North American Colonies are somewhat dissimilar,

they are equally in point as regards the anti-colonial feeling, manifested by at least a great part of his majesty's present ministers. These frequent departures from former pledges, and the bad consequences which always result from suddenly changing fixed channels of trade, retard the prosperity of the mother country by paralyzing the efforts of her colonists, and deranging her commercial relations.

With regard to the Canadas, we would observe, that the feeling entertained of their value by the advocates of ultra free-trade in this country, is somewhat different from that of our lynx-eyed rivals on the other side of the Atlantic. "It is very desirable," say they, "that the people of the United States and of the British provinces, should become better acquainted and be led to take a more lively interest in each other. Their fathers were united by the bond of a common country; and it needs no spirit of prophecy to foresee, that the time must come, when, in the natural course of events, the English colonies on our borders will be peaceably dissevered from the remote mother country, and the whole continent, from the Gulf of Mexico to the coast of Labrador, present the unbroken outline of one compact empire of friendly confederated States." Be it so! but let us not by injustice accelerate that period. Let us rather try to bind our colonies to each other by promoting, and guarding a mutual intercourse and interchange of commodities, amongst them; and, above all, let us strengthen their attachment to the mother country, by that *good faith* and *sound political justice*, which can alone uphold our eminence as the first nation in the world for "SHIPS, COLONIES AND COMMERCE."

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OXFORD; A POEM. BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

SUCH of our readers as are conversant with stage affairs, must often have remarked the adroit manner in which nine out of every ten theatrical campaigns are brought before the public notice. For weeks previous to the commencement, the newspapers are filled with accounts of some extraordinary star, who is to surpass all his contemporaries, and even to throw into shade the recollection of his predecessors. In the fulness of time this extraordinary star makes his appearance on the theatrical horizon. Of course, nothing under a first-rate character suits his towering ambition; so he steps forth, we will suppose, by way of illustration, in Hamlet. On his entrance he is overwhelmed with applause; the audience have made up their minds to be astonished; expectation is on tip-toe; and after the usual clamorous testimonies of congratulation, silence reigns throughout the house. And now comes the trial. In the first one or two acts the new tragedian fails in every point. This, however, may be timidity. He is young, he is nervous, he is inexperienced, or perhaps he is reserving himself for the closing scenes. So says the charitable audience. But, alas, the third—the fourth—and even the fifth act, passes, and still no point, still no display of superior talents. The next night, however, may be more auspicious for the young candidate's renown. Accordingly, he makes bow the second, as Macbeth, and with precisely the same success as before. For a week, or perhaps a fortnight longer, he perseveres in his ambitious career, till the increasing vacancy in the pit-benches, the significant absence of the usual box frequenters, and, above all, the abrupt abridgment of the newspaper criticisms, warn him that he has mistaken his *forte*, and that it is time to descend

from his stilts. Henceforth his name ceases to blush in large red letters on the play-bill; instead of figuring alone in a line, he fills it up in connection with the inglorious names of Thompson, Smith, or Hopkins; and, finally, drops down from Macbeth to the Lord Mayor in "Richard;" and, from a high-flown tragedian, sinks at once into a very so-so melodramatist.

Mr. Montgomery's poetical career presents an exact parallel to the one we have just described. He started early in life, with a thousand factitious advantages; was brought before the public accompanied with a thundering flourish of harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and cymbal. He was a prodigy of youthful genius: was to revive in his own person the golden days of poetry; was to surpass Juvenal as a satirist, and Milton as an epic writer; and when he died, was to be honoured with a tomb in Westminster Abbey. Like the aspiring Thespian above alluded to, the "Omnipresence of the Deity" was his Hamlet. Charity overlooked the defects of this crude abortion, in the hope that it would be redeemed by the next performance. While this expectation was yet rife among the public, out came his Macbeth, "Satan." Alas! here again was a failure, and one of so unequivocal a character, that it was manifest to all who knew a hawk from a hand-saw, that the author's days, as a poet, were numbered. He has taken too high a flight, said the critics; so he has, echoed the public, and must descend to his proper level. And accordingly he has done so, and this with steps singularly and beautifully progressive. From the Deity he has plunged headlong to the Devil—that is to say, from heaven to hell; and from hell he has degenerated in the rank of intellectual power to Oxford. What his next performance—if he should ever perform again, which we doubt—may be, it is not for us to anticipate. Probably from Oxford he may drop gently down to Bath, and from Bath to Brentford, and end his poetic career by figuring as a small versifier in the pages of some monthly periodical. Thus, whether it be the actor or the author, the one who descends from Hamlet to Harlequin, or the other, who sinks from Heaven to Oxford, the result is the same—the punishment of extreme presumption. It is not for Phaeton to drive the horses of the sun. It is not for the melodramatist to affect the tragedian. It is not for Mr. Montgomery to sport with the majesty of the Godhead.

This is harsh language. Granted. But we fear it is but too well founded. Of Mr. Montgomery's former works we say nothing: they have long since passed to their great account; our business at present is with "Oxford;" and it is from this alone that we shall proceed to deduce the fact of his incapacity. The poem professes to be a description—moral—statistic—literary, and even geographical—of the celebrated foster-parent of high Tories and Sir Robert Inglises. The subject is a tempting, at any rate a poetic one; let us see, then, how it is treated.

"What makes the glory of a mighty land,  
Her people famous, and her hist'ry grand?"

This couplet, than which no small-beer at a cheap seminary was ever flatter or more vapid, opens the poem, and is followed by a dozen others of the same *calibre*, in the course of which we are assured that intellect is the only thing that can make a nation famous, and that, therefore, it is to Oxford that England must owe her fame with posterity; and soar

"on wing sublime,  
Above the reach of earth, and roar of time."



The "reach of earth" we can comprehend; but what the "roar of time" means, we are wholly at a loss to conceive. Possibly Mr. Montgomery, with that daring originality of personification which so eminently distinguishes him, intends to imply that time is a wild beast, with the lungs of a lion, and the roar of a Bengal tiger; or, peradventure, that he is like Bottom the weaver, who could "roar you like any nightingale." If it do not imply something of this sort, the metaphor has not the ghost of a meaning.

"If then from Intellect alone arise  
The noblest worth a nation's heart can prize,  
In *towery dimness*, gothic, vast, and grand,  
Behold her palaces of learning stand."

The consecutive reasoning of this passage is curious. If the noblest worth of a nation arises from intellect, then it follows, as a matter of course, that her palaces of learning are to stand in *towery dimness*! What monstrous trash! The poet goes on to inform us—and the information is strikingly important—that it was evening when he first saw the spires of Oxford, and that he was much struck with the spectacle. We quote his own words:—

"When day was dying into sunset glow,  
I first beheld them in their *beauteous show*,  
The massy glory of each joyous pile,  
And thought—*how noble is our native isle!*"

Indeed! What profound philosophic reflection! How worthy the intellect of the biographer of "Satan!" After refusing, in the most decided manner, "to take a kingdom for the tear he sheds," in recollection of deceased Oxonians, Mr. Montgomery puts an abrupt end to his meditations as follows:

"From ancient lore see modern learning rise—  
The last we *honour*, but the first we *prize*."

This is clearly a distinction without a difference—a spirited, uncompromising sacrifice of sense to sound. Why modern learning should be honoured, and ancient lore only prized, it surpasses our limited understanding to discover. Possibly, our poet's friend and critic, Mr. Clarkson, can help us to a solution of the difficulty—

"Another charge let Alma Mater own  
By frequent sages on her wisdom thrown;—  
Alike one standard for the great and small  
Her laws decree, by which she judges all;  
Hence in one mould must oft confound at once  
The daring thinker with the plodding dunce;  
The soaring Mind must sink into a plan,  
Forget her wings, and crawl where Dulness can;  
Those bolder traits, original and bright,  
Fade into dimness when they lose the light  
Of open, free, and self-created day,  
Where all the tints of character can play;  
While creeping plodders, who have never bred  
One single fancy to refresh the head,  
But toiled contented o'er a menial ground  
Where Commonplace pursues her petty round,  
With smirking valor meet their judgment day,  
When talent melts in nervous gloom away."

The foregoing passage is an eminent instance of that confusion of ideas—of that wish to appear profound, where he is simply absurd, in which the modern Milton excels. Pray what is the meaning, literal or metaphorical, of a “soaring mind sinking into a *plan*,” or of “talent melting into *nervous* gloom away?” Who ever heard of gloom being nervous? Did you, Mr. Montgomery? Did you, Mr. Clarkson? We should rather think not.—To resume: Brutus, it seems, was the founder of Oxford—

“Then pause awhile, and reverently view,  
Though dimly faded, and of ancient hue,  
The records hinting through oblivion’s eld,  
When Oxford first her founded Halls beheld,  
From age to age how college piles appeared,  
Till, lo! a University was reared.  
Ere yet the music of Messiah’s name  
Had thrilled the world, heroic Brutus came  
With Grecian sages and a kindred band,  
To fix their dwelling in our Eden land;  
And Greeklade was the destined home they chose,  
Where mind could revel, and the heart repose;  
Till, lured away by some far lovelier scene,  
Where rivers wandered, and the woods hung green,  
By groves untrodden, whose Athenian shade  
For silence and monastic dreams were made,  
A city rose beside the haunt adored,  
Where Memprick built what Vortiger restored.  
Thus early did renowned Oxford shine,  
Grow dear to sages, and become divine.”

From this it would appear that Oxford had “become divine” before the advent of our Saviour; that Brutus was its first Vice-chancellor, that, in fact, it was “renowned” as a university before the introduction of Christianity into England! Of course, under such circumstances, it must have been a pagan establishment; and, indeed, in its devout worship of Bacchus, it still clings partially to its old heathen predilections. Mr. Montgomery’s assertion, therefore, is not wholly without proof. Following up this very original topic, in the course of which we are informed that

“Truth is darkness in the depth of time,”

that is to say, that black is white, our gifted minstrel tells us, with suitable solemnity of phrase, that, in due time,—

“Simpler dwellings, out of convents sprung,  
Or mansions hired, received her studious young;  
And each, as added numbers swelled their fame,  
Was duly governed, and—a Hall became.”

But this is not the sole intelligence we receive on this point. Immediately the Halls were erected,—

“unforgotten Bede,  
With sages, whom *historic lovers* read,  
First soared aloft on elevated mind,  
To see the *heaven* that *hovered* on mankind.”

We can see no earthly reason why Bede, and the other sages, should have soared aloft, in order to see heaven. Surely it was visible enough from *terra firma*—unless, indeed, the weather was cloudy, and the season

November! From Bede, the transition to George the Fourth, is, it must be confessed, somewhat startling. In the hands of genius, however, even absurdity is reconcileable with reason, and, accordingly, we are indulged with the following:—

“ But thou, fair Oxford, never didst thou seem  
 Begirt with glory in so grand a dream,  
 As when monarchial heroes graced thy town,  
 With him, the princely hope of England's crown:—  
 A morn of June! and, magically gay,  
 A heaven of blueness to o'erarch the day,  
 Whose smiles are mirror'd by that glorious street,  
 Where, proudly decked, uncounted numbers meet  
 Of plumed bands, whose warrior trappings shine,  
 And hooded gowmsmen, in majestic line—  
 But, lo! he comes! a prince before them stands,  
 Hark! to the rapture of re-echoing hands,  
 And *high-toned cheers* that revel round his way,  
 While each eye beams a patriotic ray;  
 With head uncovered, royally he smiles,  
 And every heart that noble face beguiles!  
 'Tis noon—'tis night—a day of grandeur spent  
 In all that makes a day magnificent,—  
 Art, pomp, and beauty, graced by king and queen,  
 With dazzling banquet to *outdare the scene!*”

We are much smitten with the bold idea of “*high-toned cheers reveling round a prince's way.*” We would give worlds to have seen and heard them. They would have delighted our auricular not less than our optical organs. Equally tickled are we with the notion of a “*dazzling banquet outdaring a scene.*” What an impudent ovation! We now come to a touch of sublimity, descriptive of a thunder-storm at Oxford, while that city is undergoing the process of an illumination in honour of the royal visit; immediately after which the scene shifts, and we are indulged with a critical dissertation on the merits of Addison and Steele—the latter of whom, it seems,

“ Laughed at Dulness till her follies died;”

a palpable mistake—inasmuch as they are still alive and flourishing in the works of Robert Montgomery. From the days of Steele we are brought down to those of Dr. Johnson, whose mien and manners are compared to the

“ bark around some royal tree,  
 Whose branches glorying in the heaven *we see.*”

Why, in what manner, or to what extent, Dr. Johnson's mind resembled the bark of a tree, with branches glorying in the heavens, we cannot for the life of us make out. We are also at a loss to understand the meaning of this couplet, applied to the same individual:—

“ And mixed with darkness irritably loud,  
 That came like thunder from the social cloud.”

Did any gent. ever hear—can any gent. contrive to understand, what is meant by the thunder of a social cloud? To us the image is more enigmatical than the riddle of the Sphinx.—After Johnson comes Sidney—

“ Marcellus of his land,  
 Whom poets loved, and queens admitted *grand.*”



And after Sidney, a description of an Oxford wine-party—

"But who can languish through a hideous hour  
When heart is dead, and only wine hath power?  
That brainless meeting of congenial fools,  
Whose brightest wisdom is to hate the Schools,  
Discuss a tandem, or describe a race,  
And damn the Proctor with a solemn face,  
Swear nonsense wit, and intellect a sin,  
Loll o'er the wine, and asininely grin!—  
Hard is the doom when awkward chance decoys  
A moment's homage to their brutal joys.  
What fogs of dulness fill the heated room,  
Bedimmed with smoke, and poisoned with perfume,  
Where now and then some rattling soul awakes  
In oaths of thunder, till the chamber shakes!  
Then Midnight comes, intoxicating maid!  
What heroes snore, beneath the table laid!  
But, still reserved to upright posture true,  
Behold! how stately are the sterling few:—  
Soon o'er their sodden nature wine prevails,  
Decanters triumph, and the drunkard fails:  
As weary tapers at some wondrous rout,  
Their strength departed, winking go out,  
Each spirit flickers till its light is o'er,  
And all is darkness that was drunk before!"

There is much startling imagery in this passage. First, we have fogs of dulness filling a room; secondly, chambers shaking with oaths of thunder; thirdly, midnight getting tipsey; fourthly, decanters triumphing over drunkards; and, lastly, drunkenness resolving itself, by a very natural process, into darkness. From this extraordinary symposium, our minstrel hurries us off to Mr. Canning, and weepeth to think that

"in thy fame's triumphant bloom,  
The shades of death hung grimly o'er thy doom."

He is, however, promptly consoled by the recollection that he heard the deceased statesman's knell

"moan,  
Like the grand echo of a nation's groan."

Also by the fact that he never

"winged the dart  
Whose poison fed upon thy feeling heart;"—

an assertion which we are very ready to take for granted. Having wept sufficiently for the death of Mr. Canning, Mr. Montgomery bethinks himself of Chatham,

"Who baffled *France*, *America*, and *Gaul*!"

Until now, we always thought that France and Gaul were one and the same country; that Gaul was the ancient appellation of France. Mr. Montgomery, however, is of opinion that they are two different kingdoms; a proof that he has studied the classics, and particularly Cæsar, to but little purpose.—Chatham being dismissed, we are introduced, in succession, to "*romantic* Bowles;" "*radiant* Southey," who dislikes the "*roar of town*;" Professor Wilson; and last, not least, to the poet himself—the veritable Robert Montgomery! with a pathetic, auto-

biographical sketch of whom, mixed up with sundry allusions to the virtues of the late Bishop Heber, the First Part concludes.

Part the Second opens with an apostrophe to England, in whose name there is

“A *swell* of glory, and a *sound* of fame;”—

and one of whose natives—who or what the gent. may be, we are not informed—is described as sending his son to Oxford, with “many a *bosomed* fear,” which city the young man reaches at sunset, after travelling a considerable distance:—

“The distance won,—behold! at evening hour  
Thine eye’s first wonder fixed on Maudlin tower,  
Then gothic glories, as they swell to view  
In *steepled vastness*, dark with ages’ hue;  
And on thine ear when first the *morn-bells* wake,  
As o’er the wind their jangled echoes *shake*,  
Delighted *fancy* will illumine thy brow,  
To feel thyself in ancient Oxford now!”

We do not exactly know what reason there is for the young man to *fancy* himself in Oxford, if he really is there. The “*morn-bells*” and the “jangled echoes” shaking over the winds, are, we should conceive, quite proof positive enough to convince him of his locality. Immediately on his arrival, this fanciful young man enters on college life, which

“Begins at morn, and mingles with the day.”

He then walks in wonder

“through the town,  
In the first *flutter* of a *virgin* gown!  
From cap and robe what *awkward shyness* steals,  
How wild a truth the dazzled Novice feels!  
Restless the eye, his voice a nervous sound,  
While laughing echoes are alive around;  
Each look he faces seems on him to leer,  
And fancied giggles are for ever near!”

Allow us here to ask, Mr. Montgomery, what you mean by shyness stealing from a cap and robe? The phrase really looks suspicious; as if the articles had reason to be ashamed of their wearer! What, too, is the meaning of the “dazzled Novice feeling a wild truth,” because his virgin gown flutters, and his cap and robe look shy? We must confess we are in the dark on both these points. As for his being quizzed, that we can understand, though we do not think the word “giggle” quite so dignified or poetic as it might be. Despite the “giggles,” however, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that the Novice musters courage enough to walk stoutly down High-street,

“Arrayed with palaces on either side;”

—a description, by the way, which applies to Waterloo-place, Pall-Mall, or Regent-street, with quite as much propriety as to High-street. On his road the Novice stops a moment,

“To take a freeze of horror from the schools;”

probably from some awkward reminiscences connected with the birch and cane; after which, he stops opposite the Clarendon,

"Superbly new, which mental arts pervade,  
And glowing pages."

Having satisfied his curiosity, the Novice goes home to moralize; in the course of which operation, we discover that he is no less a personage than Mr. Robert Montgomery! Yes, it is the poet himself, and no other, whose virgin gown flutters—whose robe and cap look shy—whose pedestrian progress through Oxford is enlivened by fancied giggles—and who, during his meditations,

"Rides on wings, while others walk the ground!"

To heighten the public interest in his favour, our young poet—*alias* the Novice—contrasts himself with—

"The booby offspring of a booby sire;"

and earnestly requests Heaven to save him from those

"Human nothings, made of strut and swell,"

who think no university is worthy of them.—Having closed his description of the "booby," Mr. Montgomery proceeds to the "reprobate," who, it seems, is

"A fool by night, and more than fop by day"—

a nice distinction, which none but the gifted few can comprehend. But this reprobate, is not only a fool, and more than a fop—he is also

"A withered skeleton of sin and shame;"

by which our young poet would seem to imply that all reprobates are "withered skeletons." This point however we doubt, inasmuch as the greatest reprobate we ever knew, was a remarkably fat man, and was so far from being "withered," that he was actually as plump as a partridge. We now enter upon a description of the Radcliffe Library, which is called, "a dark-domed grandeur," and which somewhat abruptly terminates in an apostrophe to midnight:

"The day is earth, but holy night is heaven!"

the reason of which is, that night is gifted with "a solitude of soul," and that Mr. Montgomery is very much attached to it. After midnight comes an account of a boat-race on the Isis, whose barks "fly glorying in oary swiftness," whence the scene shifts with pantomimic incongruity to an invocation to "Life, Fame, and Glory," and then turns back again to an apostrophe to the "midnight heavens," which, much to our gratification, brings us to the close of the poem.

On reconsidering what we have here written, we find that we have barely done justice to "Oxford." A more absurd tissue of bombast—bad grammar—maudlin cant—brazen conceit—inconsecutive reasoning—and downright nonsense than this poem contains *usque ad nauseam*, we never yet met with. As for "Oxford," it is no more characteristic of that University, than of London, Dublin, or Edinburgh. The author might call it Cambridge, with quite as much propriety. Still less does it breathe any of that classic spirit which might naturally be anticipated from its title. The Christmas bell-man would write equally well on the subject, and with a thousand times more simplicity. Mr. Montgomery



evidently considers poetry as an effort of memory, not of feeling or invention; as a thing of sound, not of sense. If he can only tickle the ear he is satisfied; for the intellect he scorns to cater. The majority of his best thoughts are borrowed: the worst are decidedly his own. To Wordsworth he is indebted for the only good idea in his book. The lines—

“Life still is young, but not the world, to me:  
For where the freshness I was wont to see?  
A bloom hath vanished from the face of things”—

is an impudent, unacknowledged plagiarism from the great Lake poet's analysis of his own matured feelings.

“What though the glory which was once so bright,  
Be now for ever vanished from my sight;  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of freshness in the flower,” &c.

The sole secret of Mr. Montgomery's popularity lies in the extensive puffing he has enjoyed. He has been styled by those who should have known better, a Juvenal—a Milton—a Byron, and has even been made the subject of astrological speculation. Lest the reader should doubt this assertion, we quote the following from a book published in 1828, (just about the time the “Omnipresence of the Deity” appeared) and entitled, *A Manual of Astrology*:—“THE NATIVITY OF A MODERN SATIRICAL POET.”—“The author of ‘The Age Reviewed,’ a Satire. R. M. — born July 16th, 1807, 8 h. 30 m. A. M. Mean Solar Time, 51° 27' N. The recent production of this ‘modern Juvenalist,’ having excited much curiosity in the literary world, is the author's chief reason for inserting his horoscope. The student will readily perceive the close zodiacal Δ of the ♀ with ♄ and the planet ♀ arising in ♍ in parallel to ♄, as the cause of his being a poet; but the desire for the extraordinary, which his satirical talent evinces, is solely produced by the almost perfect semiquartile of the ♀ and ♃, which never fails to give originality of genius, as we have previously observed in a former part of the work. We predict that ‘the author of ‘The Age Reviewed,’ is destined to great celebrity in the twenty-second year of his life, probably by some eminent exertion of his poetical genius!”

Notwithstanding this disgusting—this unprecedented puffing, the works of Robert Montgomery are rapidly declining to their proper station in literature. The flood is abating; the swollen rivulet is shrinking back into its natural puny dimensions. Though an English public is at times apt to be led away by what is shewy and alluring, it seldom fails in the long-run to find out its mistake and amend its judgment. Besides, it is the nature of genius—no matter what be its advantages, or what its obstacles—to rise or fall to its level. Had Mr. Montgomery evinced the slightest promise in the way of thought, sentiment, or style, we should have hesitated ere we expressed a decided opinion. But, alas! he is a thing of shreds and patches. He has been to a feast of poetry, where he sat below the salt, and carried away all the scraps. Pope and Campbell he has pillaged largely, nor have the daintiest bits of Wordsworth escaped him. The consequence of this is, that his poems are mere incongruous rhapsodies. There is no keeping in them—no harmony—no nice adjustment of parts—no completeness as a whole. Moonlight—thunder—storms—sunsets—and pastoral land-

scapes—these form the staple of his fancy, and on these he rings the changes till the reader is sick to death with the repetition. Of sound reflection he has not an atom. His thoughts lie for ever on the surface; yet he fancies they are wondrously sublime! Like the Cockney, who, jogging up Primrose-hill, thinks he is ascending a mountain, so Mr. Montgomery, while lounging along the tame flat level of mediocrity, imagines he is scaling Parnassus. Instead of composing, he contents himself with tinkering a poem, and styles that invention which is merely an effort of mechanism. In a word, he is in rhyme precisely what his admirer Mr. Clarkson is in criticism. One is the Mavius of verse; the other, the Bavius of prose. The reader who relishes the former, will not fail to be equally pleased with the latter,—*Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Mavi!*

#### ST. JOHN LONG ON CONSUMPTION.

As it is a part of the duty which we owe to our readers, to take note of the passing circumstances affecting science, persons and the public, we may give a few pages to the second edition of St. John Long's book. It commences with a letter of Lord Ingestre to a Mr. Wilding, demanding proofs and statements which seem to have decided his lordship's adherence to the system, and then proceeds to lay down the grounds on which the writer expects both the success of his practice and the hostility of the profession.

"Two sources of hostility I anticipate—the novelty of my system, and the simplicity of my practice. The latter objection I may almost dismiss without refutation, for it is superfluous to prove that the most simple means generally produce the most desired effects, while ignorance and empiricism usually entrench themselves in intricacy and mystery."

Whether the practice of the medical profession, in its present alternations of failure and success is to be classed among the benefits of society, may be a matter of rational doubt, but its capability of assuming the rank of a benefit cannot be problematical. It would be to arraign the attributes of Providence to deny, that for every evil there is a corresponding remedy, though it may be left for man to explore it.

From this the introductory matter launches into a variety of observations, which are undeniable enough; and apply to all attempts at discovery. There is no question that medicine is chiefly a conjectural system, too irregular and too obscure to deserve the name of *science*, in any strict sense of the word; and though we may not go the length of the phrase attributed to Sir A. Carlisle, that "medicine is an art formed in conjecture and improved by murder," yet it is perfectly clear that in medicine we have not yet emerged from the "dark ages." We have some simple remedies for some simple disorders, which however generally cure themselves. But for the severer disorders, those which arise from the self-indulgent habits of life, engendered not more by the opulence, late dinners, and indolent luxuries, than by the anxieties, and alternations of fortune in our "high pressure" state of society, medicine at present offers scarcely any remedy; its best power amounts only to palliatives. Who ever hears of the cure of a chronic? The gout, the palsy, the calculus, with a whole host of other disorders, seem absolutely to defy medicine; and all that the doctor can do in the multitude of cases, is

to stand by and note the progress of the malady. He perhaps can sooth the torture from time to time; but here his power ends, he becomes little more than a looker on, and unless he adopts the not unusual expedient of dismissing the sufferer to Lisbon, Madeira or Montpelier, to die by other hands and out of sight, his last visit is paid to a death-bed. There can be no doubt that all this implies either a singular state of barbarism in medical knowledge, or an extraordinary barrier raised in this particular branch of human attainment against its perfection.

Yet we cannot give way to this supposition. The admirable advances of man in all other pursuits, the dexterity with which new inventions supply the intervals left by old ignorance in the comforts and conveniences of life, evidently impress the idea that Providence permits no evil without an adequate relief, which however it leaves to be discovered by our own industry, and whose search is the finest excitement to that industry, as its discovery is the finest reward. In medicine, it is remarkable that though we have two or three specifics for the cure of two or three disorders, yet we have no curative system for any one disorder. To this hour we have no decided and principled plan for the healing of any one of the greater distempers. There are a hundred plans for the cure of mania, with as many fathers for those plans, each contending that his own is the only one rational; yet, who sees mania cured by *medicine*? Ten thousand cases of consumption are at this moment under the hands of English physicians, and of those, we will unhesitatingly say, that not ten are treated in the same manner; and that probably not one, where the disorder has been suffered to proceed for awhile, will recover. In this state of things there must be some singular neglect of the ordinary processes of nature, some inveterate adherence to erroneous practice, or some innate difficulty; which latter, however, we will not admit, until we see better proof that it is the rule of nature to interpose insurmountable difficulties between man, and objects of the highest import to human happiness, and general benevolence. Nothing can be more undeniable than that the medical student is still distracted with theories rising and falling every day. What is now become of the systems that for their time were pronounced infallible? Who would now attempt to cure a fever on the rules of Boërhave, Brown or Cullen? What has become of the sedative school, the stimulating, and the hundred other schools, that, for their day, declared themselves the final discoverers of the art of health? What is become of the vegetable school, the mineral school, the curers of all diseases under the sun, with antimony, with opium, with calomel, and a heap of other panaceas, equally promising, and equally failing? Or what is the annual volume of the *Pharmacopœia*, but an annual libel on the pretensions of the year before; an acknowledgement of the blunders, superfluities, and hazards of remedies, which but twelvemonths past were in the most favourite practice of the most favourite physicians? But now a new æra is begun; and after having relinquished the fields and the mine; after having rejected the vegetable hope of Hygeia, and left arsenic and antimony to their fate, we turn to the laboratory, and following the steps of the French chemists, extract from the furnace an elixir vitæ, and draw the breath of our nostrils from the crucible. But the age of Iodine will pass away, with all the amalgamations and precipitates of the chemist; and then we shall have to rely on some new discovery, equally shewy, useless, and perishable.



As to the individual who now puts forward his claims to relieve the community of some of the melancholy and hitherto desperate afflictions of the human frame, we leave the reader to such evidence as his book supplies. We agree with the judge's charge on his late trial, that failure in a particular instance, being incidental to even the most authenticated practitioners, is no ground for general distrust; and that the whole question must turn, in this matter as in similar ones, upon the general result of the practice.

"The faculty," says the Introduction, "admit that there are diseases beyond their power to cure, that there are maladies the fatal termination of which they may retard, but cannot arrest. In cases of pulmonary consumption, and of various other disorders, they have no established remedies. Even as to palliatives, how very few of their number agree. Their opinions are alike discordant, whether they relate to the origin of the disease, or the means of arresting its progress; and in nine instances out of ten they are compelled to acknowledge the utter inefficacy and hopelessness of their prescriptions. They stand in the presence of their dying patients more like ministers of religion than professors of medical science, administering consolation to the mind rather than anodynes to the body. But while they thus admit their inability to cure those maladies, they nevertheless shut the door against all discoveries made beyond their own arena, and denounce as empiricism even the success which demonstrates the folly of their tenacious adherence to exploded rules. They are not content with seeing their patients languish under their hands, they contend for the exclusive right of attending their last moments. Beyond their pale they would have the world believe there is no talent, no acquaintance with the disorders incident to humanity, and consequently no remedy for the diseases which they pronounce immedicable."

Talking calmly on this subject, a great part of what is here said of the *exclusive* system of the English physicians is true. Their degrees and forms restrict them within a certain boundary, and the greater number of our established medical men are content to follow the track marked out for them by the ordinances of the College: while of twenty cases of disease, and even of the same disease, there may not be two which allow of the same treatment. Almost the whole of the remarkable remedies have undoubtedly been discovered out of this pale. And allowing, as we readily do, the advantage of having a body of educated men prepared to avail themselves of those remarkable discoveries, the whole of which, without exception we believe, have been owing to accident, yet it is perfectly clear that discovery is much less their object than a formal adherence to practice. However, those times and things must have an end; and without a direct determination on the part of the regular professors to reject all advantageous inventions, nothing can be more notorious than that the science of medicine, if science it must be called, has made no advances in our time at all correspondent to the general progress in other branches of knowledge. It is equally notorious that consumption is a disease which almost throws the regular practitioner into despair. He feels that nothing must be done which has not been done before; and he feels, also, that the whole amount of what has been done before was to make the patient's path a little smoother, and a little slower to the grave. As to the *secret* by which, in the present day, consumption, and its kindred ills, is asserted to be cured, no man can pronounce anything until it is divulged. But there is at least something in the announcement that consumption is not the desperate disease which the faculty have universally declared it to be; that distemper in

the lungs is not beyond the power of medicine; and that a patient seized with the symptoms of this perilous and pitiable affliction is not necessarily to be looked on as under sentence of death. The subject, divested of all the extraneous colouring which has been given to it by exaggerated feelings, by professional hostility on the one side, which may have been excited by the natural alarm at any striking novelty, and by the enthusiasm of partizanship on the other, which may have not less been stirred up by the evidence of that professional hostility, ought now to be made matter of calm investigation. Men of benevolence, and men of science, are equally interested in ascertaining the claims of any offered discovery in the art of healing. We have been persuaded, by a general view of the course of nature, that for every disease there is an intended effectual cure, if we had the skill to investigate it. And it is not either the singularity of the secret, nor the mysterious manner in which a new discovery may be announced, that should prevent a man of real science from examining how far it merits public attention. For theory on this subject, as upon others, where all the value must be practical, we can have no consideration. The only point in question is, has a practice been productive of good, has a deadly disease been disarmed, has mankind one enemy the less to contend with, or even has that enemy been diminished in its power?

The following certificates of the nature of the *lotion* have been circulated:—

We, the undersigned, having been patients of Mr. St. John Long, and having had his lotion applied to us, do declare, that no blisters were ever raised upon us by it, and that we never heard of its producing them upon any of his patients. That the irritation created by his lotion, heals again under its daily application. That we have used the same to our faces and hands, and that it will produce a discharge on diseased parts, while it takes not the slightest effect on any other. Many of us have also held it in our mouth, and swallowed it with impunity. We have farther to add, that we never knew an instance of mortification taking place under its use, and believe it almost impossible that such an effect could be produced by Mr. Long's lotion.—

(Signed)

M. Ashworth.

Jane Rooke.

S. H. Oughton.

Jane Macdougall.

Rosetta Prendergast.

Jane Campbell.

Jane Fortye.

Maria Grindlay.

William Conway.

George Lings.

M. Swindin.

Harriet Frances Roxburgh

Francis Roxburgh.

Thomas Fussell.

Nathaniel Higgs.

Wm. Abington.

Louis Verellini.

M. Macdonald.

Ellen Gregory.

S. Sotheby.

Geo. Manley, (for his infant daughter).

Ingestre.

Sally Otley.

J. Spottiswoode.

M. G. Prendergast.

March 24th, 1831.

This is to certify that the irritation produced by Mr. Long's application or lotion, created a discharge upon the diseased parts, whilst the same applied to the sound portions had not the slightest effect whatever, and that the irritation healed again by the daily employment of the same remedy, and that I never knew an instance of mortification arise from its adoption, or any dangerous effect whatever.

(Signed) JOHN BRAITHWAITE.

New Road.

## ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Pool ! fool ! fool !—*Othello.*

Oh ! ye ancients, I maintain  
 'Tis a pity you had birth,  
 For you've left us not a grain  
 Of pure wisdom upon earth !  
 Its seeds have all perished in the schools !  
 I pronounce the LL.D.'s,  
 F.R.S.'s and K.G.'s,  
 And the unreformed M.P.'s  
 April fools !

What are Wellingtons that shine  
 In predictions of a storm ?  
 What are Wynfords when they whine  
 O'er the Chancery reform ?  
 What are Ellenboroughs amiable as mules ?  
 What are Crokers when they speak,  
 Or contribute a critique,  
 Just a column, once a week ?  
 April fools !

All ye Wetherells that sigh  
 O'er the constitution's bier,  
 And lament that it should die  
 About twenty times a year,  
 Though jocose as a comedy of Poole's ;  
 When you see how boroughs rot,  
 And yet cannot find a blot  
 In the system—are you not  
 April fools ?

Oh ! Freemantles, ye who shine  
 In inventing honest grounds  
 Why a king should not decline  
 Five-and-twenty thousand pounds—  
 Who would *force* him to adhere to the rules ;  
 And ye Twisses—though they cheer—  
 Oh ! what *are* you, when you sneer  
 At the people whom you fear ?  
 April fools !

And ye pensioners, that owe  
 To the rabble ye despise,  
 All that lifts ye from the low,  
 What will *you* be, when your eyes  
 Look in vain for your sinecures and stools ?  
 Or *you*, ye titled dames,  
 When you cannot find your names  
 On the list of secret claims ?  
 April fools !

But far more stupid still  
 Are those who tell the House  
 That the mammoth, called the Bill,  
 Will be vanquished by a mouse !  
 Shall ministers believe and be their tools ?  
 Shall Grey become afraid,  
 Or Russell retrograde ?  
 Then the people have been made  
 April fools !



## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

Nothing can be a more awkward circumstance, nor a more common one, than for public men in power to be expected to perform the promises which they made before they were in that desirable situation. The army are beginning to cry out, and the navy are not backward; they are not great penmen, but they can make a noise notwithstanding, and their anger, if not very classical, is perfectly intelligible. The *Age* thus disburthens the soul of a veteran remonstrant on the subject of the Baring dynasty:—

“Where, let me ask, is there a more flagrant case than that of a Captain of the 1st regiment of Life Guards? This gallant son of Mars never saw a shot fired in his life, except at a pigeon match, at the Red House, at Battersea; nor was he ever out of the smoke of London. He first entered the army as an ensign, in November, 1824; was made a lieutenant in 1826; promoted to a troop in the Life Guards, in September, 1829; and had a brevet majority given to him in November, 1830—‘just six years in the service.’ Is this acting fairly towards the army? I am myself a captain, of seventeen years’ standing, and twenty-seven years in the service; and that this stripling should be put over my head, as it were, in six years, is somewhat galling.”

Those Barings are lucky dogs, it must be owned, and thrive in all directions. But the Captain may rely on it, that whatever may be the glory of a brevet in the Blues, the true card is to be on the muster-roll of the *Greys*. Seven and twenty years in the service, and only a captain after all, may seem hard measure enough; and £211. per annum is certainly no very luxurious provision for a gentleman verging on fifty, as we may suppose a captain of seventeen years’ standing. And yet there are a crowd of lieutenants who would think themselves the most fortunate fellows alive if they could but get what the captain has been enjoying for seventeen years; crowds of brave fellows, who have seen service against every enemy, hazarded their lives in every field, and burned up their livers in every climate where an English soldier has trod, and this too for twenty years, and are lieutenants still, and likely long to be, and to enjoy the munificence of this richest of all countries at the prodigal rate of about seven shillings a day. Let the captain think of those things and rest in peace, and growl no more at majors of six years’ generation.

The Pension List is thrown into the background for the time; but if the Bill pass, Mr. Guest pledges himself that the House, and the world too, shall hear more of it; meanwhile little intimations of the approaching sweep come out, to the boundless indignation of the pensioners, fair and unfair, in the following style:—

“Mr. T. P. Courtenay, M.P. for Totnes, is in the receipt of £1,600. per annum—viz. £600. as agent for the Cape of Good Hope; and a pension of £1,000. per annum, granted him in 1825. The following two items, likewise, appear on the Civil List, thus:—‘T. P. Courtenay, in trust for Elizabeth, Frances, and Catherine Courtenay, pensions on the Civil List, September, 1806, £1,000.’; and ‘Ann Courtenay, pension on Civil List, 1827, £300.’ The member is returned by the corporation influence, being only fifty-eight freemen.”

This is said to be official, and if so, we can only congratulate the Courtenays upon those public merits which, doubtless, have secured to

them so pleasing a recompense. One thousand pounds a year for the pin-money of three fair ladies since 1806! or four and twenty thousand pounds sterling, bestowed, we must presume, on the score of public merit on the Courtenays. Well may they rejoice in our power to pay the interest of the national debt. But as if the merits of this distinguished family were not yet sufficiently rewarded, we have another £300. per annum assigned to another of their family circle; and, as we must take it for granted that this additional personage was not in existence at the time of the original grant, or she would have enjoyed the same reward, having naturally the same claims; we may look to the discharge of the public gratitude in the shape of this £300. a year for the next half century, or whole century.

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Our politicians are puzzled to conceive how it happens that Ireland, constantly craving, and constantly receiving as she is from England, is never the richer; constantly *conciliated*, is never the nearer quiet; and constantly packing off its people to Canada, and all the world besides, is never without matter enough for orations on yearly famine. Let this statement solve the problem:—

“*The Irish Bar and the Union.*—The *Dublin Mail* states, that the number of practising barristers, ascertained from the library books, is *four hundred and twelve*. Of those, *three hundred and thirty* have signed the Anti-Repeal Declaration. The number of king’s counsel, including the attorney and solicitor generals, and the sergeants, is *forty-seven*—of those, *thirty-eight* have affixed their names.”

Four hundred and twelve *practising* barristers! Four hundred and twelve keen hunters after human prey let loose upon one luckless land! Four hundred and twelve death-dealers to the peace and the pocket of mankind, raving through the country, and not merely seeking whom they may devour, but giving fangs and talons to every minor devourer. What a host of scriveners, black as their own ink; of special pleaders, sallow as their own parchment; and of attorneys, fierce as their own *fieri facias*, must follow at the heels of those stuff and silk-gowned devourers; the small proportion of ten for every barrister would give four thousand, to whom litigation is dear as the light that visits their grim eyes, the bread they eat, the condition of their existence; and can we wonder that Pharaoh’s lean kine were the Devonshire ox compared to lean Ireland?

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It is to be expected that the West India Interests, the most neglected, where they are not the most insulted, of all national interests, will find a firm friend in his Majesty. We have always thought it a strong feature in favour of the conduct of the settlers and owners in our Colonies, that they have uniformly obtained the most favourable opinion from the military and naval officers stationed in the islands. And the nature of their antagonists is scarcely less in their favour. For who have been the *agitators* on the subject, but half-mad missionaries, three-fourths of them without any pretence to education; or cunning rogues of traders, who wished to extinguish commerce in the West, that they might drive some petty traffic in the East; or a junto of sectarians at home, who attempted to gain public strength by clinging together in public, and to whom the West India Question served as the most convenient link.

His Majesty must to his feelings on this topic, arising from his general

anxiety for the welfare of the national possessions, add those of his original profession, in the course of which he visited the West Indies. For our part, we totally disbelieve the monstrous stories of cruelty which the Saintly Association have told for the wonder of the European world. The travellers and merchants, the gallant soldier and sailor, who pass their months or years in the midst of the slave population, return to us without any pathetic histories of the *satanism* of the planters. Hundreds of such men return every year, and no men are more ready to speak their minds upon all topics, yet upon this, their only mode of speaking is generally to express their indignation at the flagrant impostures which the itinerant preachers of sedition, under the disguise of methodism, or of methodism in the language of sedition, import annually, in time for their annual declarations at the meetings held in every corner of London. The House of Assembly in Jamaica presented by their agent, Mr. Burge, an address, at one of the late levees, to his Majesty, a rational, manly, and loyal document, and which was most graciously received.

“ To the King’s Most Excellent Majesty.

“ *The humble Address of the Assembly of Jamaica.*

“ We, your Majesty’s dutiful and loyal subjects, the Assembly of Jamaica, actuated by correspondent feelings with those universally expressed by your Majesty’s other subjects, embrace the earliest opportunity of condoling with your Majesty on the great loss which has been sustained in the demise of our late most gracious Sovereign, your Majesty’s Royal Brother.—We beg to offer, from principles of duty and affectionate attachment to your royal person, our sincere and cordial congratulations on your Majesty’s accession to the throne of your ancestors; and we devoutly hope that, together with your august consort, your Majesty may be long spared to diffuse over your extensive dominions those blessings which promote domestic happiness, while they secure national prosperity.—From your Majesty’s personal knowledge of the West India Islands, and their importance to the mother country, we, your Majesty’s Assembly of Jamaica, rely with the most implicit confidence on your goodness for that protection which your devoted and suffering subjects in this portion of your empire at present so much require; and that your Majesty will be the guardian of those rights which were guaranteed to this island by your royal predecessors.—That your Majesty may long reign in the hearts and affections of your people, is the ardent prayer of your Majesty’s loyal and dutiful subjects, The Assembly of Jamaica.

“ Passed the Assembly this 29th day of November, 1830.

“ RICHARD BARRETT, Speaker.”

The English are a nation of naturalists, and there is more money annually spent in girls’ schools on botany, zoology, conchology, and all the other ologies, than would provide half the pretty students with a husband a-piece. And yet there are hundreds of the most curious things under our eyes, of which no rational account has ever been given. Among the rest, WHITE-BAIT, dear as it is to the souls of aldermen; the prime attraction of life from May to September to the host of travellers down the domains of Father Thames; the sole reason to the citizen for knowing that Greenwich exists, until that citizen, in an ambitious hour, turns hero, and comes back to lay his wooden leg and his laurels in the porticoes of the hospital; white-bait, to this hour, has baffled all the knowledge of the knowing in matters of fish. Sir Joseph Banks tried to fathom the mystery, and tried in vain, at the head of a scientific committee of twenty-one, who, after dining a fortnight at the Ship and the Crown alternately, could decide upon nothing but that they had the



appearance of fish, and possessed, in a very considerable degree, the piscatory qualities of friability, eatability, butterability, and digestability; that their contexture admitted advantageously of an affusion of lemon-juice, cayenne-pepper, and chilies; and that, though several deaths had occurred in consequence of too free an use of them in plethoric habits, they seemed not to be poisonous, or otherwise deleterious *per se*, in quantities less than five pounds at a time. Science had here gone as far as it could; for neither a Sir Joseph Banks, nor even a Duke of Sussex, can do all things; and Sir Joseph's remarkable confession, on the failure of his experiment to boil fleas into the analogous species—"Fleas are *not* lobsters, d—mn their souls!"—is only one of the many instances in which the greatness of the difficulty has overcome the greatness of mind. For the last half century, the question has been left among the "*Curiosa*," as one of the *opprobria* of science which no prudent philosopher would approach. Diversity of opinions still reigned upon the subject; some conceiving the white-bait to be the fry of a species of whale, which came up at night, when the watchmen were asleep, to deposit its young, and then stole off to sea before daylight; others, salmon in their infancy; but the majority, a species *sui generis*—a gift of nature to the especial river of London, for the luxury of its especial people—and, in fact, for the especial honour and emolument of Greenwich; the tradition being that no art of man could transport them in an eatable state above London-bridge—a tradition, however, which has been within the last year, and the last year only, triumphantly refuted by the landlords of the Albion and the Freemasons' taverns. But Science is indefatigable; and we have to record from its "*Quarterly Journal*," the bold attempt of one of its cultivators to bring the white-bait not only dead, but alive, before the eyes of the people of London:—

"A Mr. Yarrell has made several attempts to preserve white-bait alive, of which the following are the results:—Several dozens of strong lively fish, four inches in length, were transferred with great care from the nets into large vessels (some of the vessels, to vary the experiment, being of earthenware, and others of wood and metal) filled with water taken from the Thames at the time of catching the fish. At the expiration of twenty minutes nearly the whole of them were dead; none survived longer than half an hour, and all fell to the bottom of the water. On examination, the air-bladders were found to be empty and collapsed. There was no cause of death apparent. About four dozen specimens were then placed in a coffin-shaped box, pierced with holes, which was towed slowly up the river after the fishing-boat. This attempt also failed: all the fish were dead when the vessel had reached Greenwich. Mr. Yarrell was told by two white-bait fishermen, that they had several times placed these fishes in the wells of their boat, but they invariably died when brought up the river. The fishermen believe a portion of sea-water to be absolutely necessary to the existence of the species; and all the circumstances attending this particular fishery appear to prove their opinion to be correct."

The arrival of the Lord Advocate in town has revived the panegyric written upon him by that most pleasant of parsons, Sydney Smith. But, by giving only the first verse, the merit of both parties is cruelly mutilated. We present the world with the entire:—

*On seeing Mr. Jeffrey riding on a Jackass.*

Wittier than Horatius Flaccus,  
Far more eloquent than Gracchus,

Rounder in the waist than Bacchus,  
Rides little Jeffrey on a jackass.

Let the Tories now attack us ;  
Tooth and nail let Wetherell sack us ;  
Let indignant Sadler thwack us—  
Here's little Jeffrey on his jackass.

Loss of place and pence may rack us,  
Not a soul on earth to back us ;  
To the devil the king may pack us—  
Welcome Jeffrey, Whig, and jackass !

Now and then coincidences start up, that seem the oddest, and yet the most natural things in the world:—

“ The mace carried before the officer of the Royal Society, at the queen's drawing-room, was presented to that body by King Charles the Second, having previously belonged to the House of Commons summarily dissolved by Oliver Cromwell.

The relic of an extinguished Parliament—the fall of a dynasty—an illustrious reformer—and the year 1831 ! We leave the subject to poetry, and the prediction to time.

The news from Ireland is invaluable to all the lovers of conciliation, liberalism, and the power of sending papists to the “ Grand Council of the nation.” The papist bill has issued in a demand for the separation of the countries. The panacea of peace has been followed instantly by the spreading of midnight murders and robberies, and the outcry of the country gentlemen for placing the counties under martial law ; and the new policy, which was to produce plenty in every cabin, is answered by the immediate prospect of a famine:—

“ In the barony of Costello, county of Mayo, distress still continues without any prospect of mitigation. It appears that while several families are at the present moment quite destitute of food, many hundreds, with a view of economizing their scanty store, are dragging on a wretched existence on one meal in twenty-four hours, and that the entire stock of potatoes in the whole district will be consumed early in May.”

This is tolerably well for one proof. Another list states that 40,000 people, in a single corner of the most popish of the provinces, where all was loyalty, liberty, and rejoicing, at “ being freemen once more, and not Helots, bondsmen, slaves,” and so forth, are now actually begging from door to door. Another promises that, before a month is over, for every thousand starving now there will be a hundred thousand. Subscriptions have been attempted to be raised. In Ireland they always fail ; for the Irish know each other, and know that the money of charity is sucked into the pocket of the priest, or the orator of rebellion. In England, large sums of money were raised scarcely more than two years since, which conciliated the peasantry neither then nor now. We should like to know how Ireland is to be either fed, or conciliated.

Exclusive studies are sometimes unfortunate things. Who could doubt that Spencer Perceval had been for the last forty years reading John Bunyan?—

“ He would illustrate his view of the question by a reference to the structure of the human eye. He would suppose two medical men—one, whom he

should call Mr. Newlight, educated at the London University ; and the other, Mr. Bigot, educated at Cambridge—conversing on the subject of a gentleman's eye. 'Oh! Mr. Bigot,' says Newlight, 'what a bad condition that gentleman's eye is in! He has an anomaly in his eye.'—'I really don't understand,' observes the other, 'what you mean by an anomaly.'—'Why, don't you see that all the objects, at the back of his eye, are turned upside down. That is an anomaly—and out his eye must come.' They all knew very well that objects were thus represented, topsy-turvy, on the back of the eye, and that circumstance was explained by the laws of refraction ; but no person had yet been able to assign a satisfactory reason why, when we use our eyes, every object appears in its natural and proper place. Mr. Newlight would, however, take out the eye, because he could not account for the phenomenon ; and, in the same manner, the enemies of boroughs would annihilate them, because they were ignorant of the system of which they formed a part."

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Why will the City of London—which *must* comprehend some sensible and manly men—always suffer itself to be *represented* by a set of fellows who have, in all their previous lives, represented nothing on earth but a yard of ribbon, or a pig of iron? The leading merchants, we are told, are too proud for the office. The more fools they ; and they will find the benefit of this ridiculous pride in being embarked in the same boat with boobies, and stigmatized with the same thickness of skull. There will soon be an opening for them to shew their sense of this degradation :—

"The discussion of the Reform Question has set parties by the ears in the City ; and it is very generally rumoured that one of the representatives, Mr. Ward, will retire, in consequence of the decided hostility which was manifested towards him at the Common Hall on Monday, when he declined supporting the Petition of the Livery in favour of the measure. Sir Peter Laurie has been invited to come forward as a candidate on the first vacancy, with the strongest assurances of support, by a most influential party ; and it is equally certain that the invitation will be accepted."

Nobody can doubt anything of the kind, and he would make a much better representative than the mob of his predecessors. But why should the City be abandoned to the aldermen? The men who live east of Temple Bar may be considered to be human beings at least ; they have voices, read newspapers, and talk politics, like those living in the more favoured regions which commence on the west side of that venerable and odious line of demarcation. Why should not some man of sense, though he never stood behind a counter, think it worth his while at least to make the trial of whether they could understand him? We are satisfied that even a denizen of Cornhill would not think the worse of a candidate for being a gentleman by birth and education, even though he should not be quite *au fait* at the manipulation of a pair of curling-irons, or at developing the mysteries of a bale of cotton. Let some such try. We long to see the Aldermanic breed routed for ever.

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While we are sick to death with the nonsense of "Political Economy"—that science of the ignorant—that problem of the puzzled and pertinaacious—that discovery of the dull—that eloquence of those who forget that a man may be prosed to death—of sages who rise from the desk or the ditch to instruct mankind—who turn money into metaphysics, in the hope, we presume, of turning metaphysics into money—and who, being supremely in the dark upon all points of human knowledge, avow themselves the general illuminators of commerce, politics, and national power ;—why



does not some true philosopher assist the multitude in their progress to the true principles of acquiring individual ease of circumstances? A single practical maxim for the conduct of the individual, in his way to wealth, would be worth all the sweeping fooleries that take mankind in the mass, and settle our destinies by a million at a time. He would find some very striking and curious documents on this most important subject in the reports of the Society for *bettering* (barbarism as the word is) the Condition of the Poor; or let him ask how the accumulation of the savings-banks has occurred:—

“According to a Parliamentary return just printed, the gross amount of sums received on account of savings-banks is, since their establishment in 1817, £20,760,228; amount of sums paid, £5,648,338; the balance therefore is, £15,111,890. It also states the gross amount of interest paid and credited to savings-banks by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt is £5,141,410 8s. 7d.

This is astonishing; and we should vainly demand credence for it on less authority than the parliamentary document. Here is a sum of twenty millions gathered, in shillings and pence, from the humblest ranks, in about a dozen years; or upwards of a million and a half a year, saved out of the superfluity of the labouring people and lower order of shopkeepers? The loftiest theory of political economy—all the free-trade flourishes, and figuranti exhibitions of unrestrained imports and exports, could not have accumulated a tenth of the money in the time—if, indeed, they had not rather plunged the nation into bankruptcy. The secret, in this instance, was practical economy; individual abstinence from those gross excesses which make the fortunes of the dram-distiller and the ale-brewer; virtue and decency, which are at once the cheapest and the surest ways to wealth. The nonsense that private vices may be public benefits, has been long exploded. But the success of the savings-banks offers an irresistible proof that the true source of the national wealth is the national practice of integrity, manly self-denial, and quiet virtue.

There are still some curious rumours flying as to the state of the late king's financial matters. That for the last dozen years he had saved vast sums of money seems to be conceded on all hands; and that for the last half dozen he spent nothing in comparison of his income, seems to be equally ascertained. What has become of the money is the question. The story of the pearls demanded from the royal favourite, and the sapphire sent from hand to hand of the magnificent personages implicated, is well-enough known already. The papers tell us that—

“George the Fourth's tradesmen's bills are to undergo a strict scrutiny by a Select Committee. The amount of some of them is almost incredible. There are various extraordinary rumours afloat, and some official persons are in a very uneasy situation.”

If all that is said upon the subject be proved, we should like to see those official persons put into a much more uneasy situation.

If those rumours are untrue, why not bring the business to the test? Let the report of the Committee be public, and then justice and the people together will be satisfied, but not till then. Nothing can be more absurd than to say that the nation have not a right to inquire into the mode in which the money which it gives to its public functionaries is expended. If it can be shewn that the enormous sums given by the

nation yearly for the support of the royal establishment are expended for that purpose, well and good. But if the money have taken another direction, we have every right to inquire why it should have been alienated from the course which is equally conducive to the king's state and the national honour. No subject can be fitter for public examination.

The taste for hanging one's self appears to make progress, and within the last three months the cord has superseded all the other favourite and fashionable ways of getting out of the world;—the few exceptions which have occurred lying chiefly among the ladies' waiting-maids, who have adopted the *ennui* with the cast-off petticoats of their mistresses; the sempstresses, who have grown romantic on the contents of the circulating library; and the boarding-school young ladies, who, after having undergone their four years' courses of the piano, Italian, French, quadrilling, and acrostics in the Annuals, think it cruel that such accomplishments must revert to the paternal cheesemonger's counter, or be lost to fame, dead, and buried in a back parlour in Billiter-lane—A class who generally prefer opium or arsenic; and who in all instances, strange as it may appear, contrive to procure both with the most perfect facility, notwithstanding the *precautions* of the venders. We by no means speak of those matters in jest, for nothing can call more directly for the interference of authority, than the frequent instances of crime in both parties, in the scandalous readiness of the chemist to give the poison for its paltry gain, and the fatal readiness of the infatuated purchasers to use it. But there are obvious means enough of terrifying those whom death cannot terrify; and we are perfectly satisfied that if the law should declare that the bodies of all suicides were to be given up to Surgeons' Hall for dissection; and the juries on inquests should be strongly impressed with the public injury and personal crime of giving false verdicts, and bringing in, "died of insanity," while it was as clear as day that the cause was passion and perverseness, we should not hear of one suicide for every fifty we now hear of. If we are to be told that the feelings of families and friends would be hurt by this consignment of the suicide's body, we answer truly, that it would be the interest of all families and friends to have the terrors of suicide as striking as possible, for the obvious reason, that the more formidable they are, the more likely are the moping and melancholy among their children or friends to be preserved in life. Let the law sanction any measure which will make the sense and certainty of shame stronger than the fear of death, and there will be no more suicides. It is a well-known fact of Roman history, that at a period when, from some affectation of Greek heroism, or other similar folly, many women of rank put an end to their existence, the crime was instantly stopped by a law declaring that in future all suicides should be exposed to the public eye in the Forum. From that moment no lady was heroic, self-murder ceased to be fashionable; and in all probability there was not a single exposure in the Forum.

The frequency of this crime has been the proverbial scandal of England, though it occurs to a much more considerable extent in France and in Germany. But wherever it occurs with such frequency, it has the direct consequence of hardening the popular heart. In Paris, the Morgue, or place where the unowned suicides, the chief part of whom

are drowned in the Seine, are carried to be recognized by their families, is a regular morning's lounge, and the morning seldom comes when it does not contain three or four bodies. An instance, mentioned the other day, in our own country, if correctly stated, illustrates the easy *non-chalance* to which custom may bring people on those occasions:—

"*Nobody's Business.*—A fellow hung himself at a tavern at Leeds last week. About half-past seven in the morning, one of the servants went to call him, and on opening the door, discovered that he was not in bed. She alarmed the ostler, who found the man suspended from a staple in the wall. He then called some other members of the family, and went about his usual business. The landlord came into the room, and having (as he said) satisfied himself that the man was quite dead, left the body suspended, and went out to get shaved! desiring some of his neighbours to go in and look at the deceased. A butcher, living next door, accordingly went in—and having satisfied his curiosity, came out again! An hour was lost in this way between the discovery of the body and its being cut down between nine and ten o'clock. A surgeon was then sent for, but life was perfectly extinct."

A month ago we professed our humble belief that the British Government had made a compromise with O'Connell. Mr. Stanley made an angry speech, declaring that such an act of absurdity, time-serving, and timidity, was impossible. But his oratory did not shake our faith. We asked fairly enough—was it not rather a singular thing to see a convicted criminal walking about the world, laughing at his accusers, arraigning his judges, and haranguing about the Repeal of the Union, more daringly than ever? We asked whether any of those who had been convicted in England of exciting public disturbance had ever been suffered to flourish about the highways and byeways with such happy ease, and throw the verdict in the teeth of Government, much less to come over to parliament, make speeches there, and do all kinds of gay and graceful things as free as birds on a bough?

Mr. O'Connell has now taken advantage of his lucky position, to make a speech in favour of the ministerial measure *par excellence*. He has, in fact, made, beyond all comparison, the best speech on the side, for the ministers, and we may as well presume for himself too. But Mr. Stanley has "pledged himself," and all that, "to have the arch demagogue brought up for judgment." We shall see!

It might be conceived that nothing was easier than to know whether a little Princess of ten years old can or cannot walk, or to ascertain whether she is well or ill. And yet many noble, and some illustrious characters are at issue upon these points. One paper asserts, by authority, that there is not a more promising little heir-presumptive to any throne in Christendom, and gives an extract of her mother's letter, saying, that she is robust, healthy, and handsome, full of spirits, &c. Another says the direct contrary, and gives an extract from a pamphlet by the late Sir Richard Croft, to substantiate the probability of the statement:—

"There is the young Princess Victoria, whom I am in the daily habit of seeing; what with her trowsers, her ribbons, her boots, her feathers, and her attendants, the child is ~~as~~ absolutely unable to stir, as was Sancho Panza, when he lay armed and prostrate, in the breach!—It is grievous to see her, in her confined apparel. She has not half the natural activity of a child at her years. She may well be diminutive; yet the Duke of Kent was a fine man, and the Duchess is far from short."



(We had thought that the late Sir R. Croft was dead before the Princess Victoria was born.) Another paper positively says, "that the child was wheeled into the room at the late drawing-room in a chair, and that she could not walk at all." What are we to believe. Another charges the propagation of this report on individuals in high places, and declares that its propagation has had a sinister purpose. But, after all, what could be an easier refutation of the report than suffering this little girl to do like other little girls, and use her legs in the streets. Why is she not seen walking about like a human being, and not eternally cooped up in a chamber at home, with a coterie of stiff governesses or pitiful attendants, who, if they inculcate any lesson on the young mind, must make her believe that she is something more than mortal. If she stirs out it is only in a coach, cramped up all over, while the infinitely more fortunate, and, as time will soon shew, the infinitely better educated for all the rational purposes of life, are enjoying the free use of their existence, taking healthful exercise, and learning the lesson, which royalty should in such times think it well worth its while to learn, that the people of England are not altogether the dust of royal feet. This system of haughty exclusiveness may do well enough for Germany; though its day is pretty nearly over even there. In England it is odious; and while it will have the inevitable result of spoiling whatever understanding the child may have, it may give her habits very awkwardly unfit for the emergencies through which the highest will probably have, before many years are over, to struggle. All this foolery is German. And how is it likely to end there? Hitherto there was not a little duke of half a dozen miles of empire, who did not consider himself as paying a compliment to mankind in allowing that he was of the same species. Where will such Serene Highnesses be in half a dozen years?

A whole mob of our fashionable tourist-women are now on the continent hawking their daughters to every market. In this sublime pursuit may they all succeed; we heartily wish that every man-hunting mamma may get for her man-hunting daughter a marquis, and that the marquis may be, what such cavaliers generally are, a swindler without a sixpence, without a character, and *with* another wife, or another half dozen. But the grand object is gained, the charming young worshipper of whiskers and soirées is entitled Madame la Marquise de Vaurien, or the Baroness Von Tondertentronck. The happy mother exults in being the Madame Mere of the swindler and his *belle Anglaise*; and in six months the Marchioness is returned upon her hands, with "*les trois chemises sur le dos*," in plain English, stripped of purse, wardrobe, and whatever else she brought with her, and is a Marchioness, Heaven save the mark! for life.

However all goes on in the same way, and the mammas load every steam-packet with their accomplished cargoes. The last advices from Naples, that land of the sun, the *carissima* of the earth, whose lava and lazaroni are inexhaustible in their enchantments; breathe of nothing but rapture: as if the smoke of revolution were not rushing down upon the land of harlotry from the north; and the political ground heaving under the court more formidably than ever heaved the earthquake. One of the letters says:—

"We have had a tolerable Carnival. The masked balls at St. Carlo are magnificent, so far as outward appearances go; but there is a woful lack of wit among the masqueraders. A 'Devil,' or 'Punch,' will squeeze through a

crowd, at the risk of suffocation—*'pour vous dine,' 'bon soir,'* or *'vous souhaiter la bonne nuit'*—such is usually the utmost one can expect from any Neapolitan. Occasionally some foreigner or two distinguish themselves from the multitude by keeping up some humdrum character or other, but it is *all bad*. The King walked about in a black domino, accompanied by one courtier only. He did Lady B. the honour of addressing her at least six times during the evening; his remarks were common-place, but extremely polite and condescending. He was amiable with all the English ladies, with whom he has the character of being *very shy*! Every body knew the *Domino*, as there was constantly a sentinel within a yard of him, *apparently by chance*."

The Spaniards are rising again. The last news from the south give us strong reason for fearing that Ferdinand the Beloved will be sent to embroider petticoats again for the Virgin. She has owed him something for his former needlework, and we hope that her celestial presence will take advantage of the coming opportunity, and for every additional specimen of his skill give him a new step in canonization. If Cadiz is in possession of the insurgents, we should not promise this ridiculous king a six months' lease of his throne. Not that there can be any serious aversion felt for the man himself, who seems to be of the very calibre for a petticoat-maker; but for the abuses of his government, for the systems of peculation, suspicion, and public misery, which makes the cities of Spain dungeons, and the villages of Spain dens of thieves. From all the accounts of travellers, there is more safety in travelling in Arabia than on a Spanish high-road. If this go on, we shall see Madrid as inaccessible as Timbuctoo, and Africa teaching manners to the Dons. Yet what is the source of the phenomenon? In one word, *monkery*.—

"*The Curse of a Country*.—Who can wonder at the degraded state of Popish Spain, though blest with a climate the most genial, and a soil the most productive, when he considers the multitude of sacred drones that infest it? In Spain it is calculated that there are no less than *two hundred thousand monks* of one description or other, whose only labour in the vineyard is gathering the grapes. Another Peninsular war will thin their ranks marvelously."

No ministry ever had a harder card to play than the Grey Cabinet, for they have protested and promised about retrenchment until they have compelled the people to believe them, and now they must go through with it. The first point which will be battled with them is the "retiring pensions" to the Bankrupt Commissioners. On this "The Legal Observer," a useful and ably-conducted work, observes:—

"We have just obtained a copy of the new bill for the administration of Bankruptcy. A compensation clause is inserted, as we expected. It provides, that no commissioner holding 'any other public place or situation,' shall be entitled to it; but that all other commissioners who have held office for ten years shall have £200 per annum; and those who have held office for a less period, £150 per annum. It is said that this compensation is not a necessary part of the proposed change, and *if it be strongly opposed*, it will not be pressed."

A contemporary observes:—

"—If it be strongly opposed? And can there be any doubt about the matter? Are our ears to be deafened with an outcry against the existing pensions on the civil list, and are new pensions to be created for the lists of Bankrupt Commissioners? They are functionaries who have effected their own annihilation by the odium which their practices have disseminated, and is the country to be insulted by a proposal to give them compensation?"

If the nation have any sense, they will in this instance, and in all others, put an end to the "retiring pension" system. The origin of this system was a job. When a new man came into the ministry, with a parcel of dependants, who *must* be provided for, there was nothing to be done but to turn out some of the dependents of some former man. But perhaps he was still a minister, and would offer some objection. In that case, the pleasantest expedient imaginable for all parties, was to suffer the former holders of place to *accept* a "retiring pension;" in other words, a sum equal, or as near as public decency would allow, to their whole salary for doing *nothing*. All parties, of course, were satisfied. This iniquity, we say, must be put an end to. Another principle of speculation is, that a public servant, after a certain number of years of attendance, is entitled to receive his superannuation allowance, equal to his full salary. But on what reason is this extraordinary principle founded? On the reason, that because the public gives a man the enjoyment of one or two thousand pounds a-year for twenty years, for doing what thousands could be found to do for a fraction of the money; this actually establishes a claim to be paid as many more thousands a-year without the pretence of doing any thing. We can perfectly see the propriety of half-pay to the soldier or sailor, who has worn out his health or lost his limbs in the service, or who is ready to return to it on the first call. But it is completely incomprehensible to us how any public man can, without blushing as deep as his own red ink, support the proposition that, because some hanger-on of place has been paid for twenty years twenty times as much as his labour or his life was worth, he should therefore be fastened on the public bounty until his worthless life was at an end. As to the Bankrupt Commissioners, if they are cast out by an universal outcry, we cannot discover why they should be better off than any other cashiered officers. Let them go; though if they have deserved punishment, we cannot see why the offence to justice of letting them go free should be permitted. But let us not, in the name of common-sense, reward a parcel of fellows who have been rewarding themselves very handsomely for many a long year; and whose dismissal is demanded by the nation on the express ground that their office is a public burthen.

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We are glad to see that the Bill for carrying up the street from Waterloo-bridge to Long-acre is brought into the House; and that the work, and Arnold's new theatre, are to be commenced together. The street may be a great ornament to London, and the theatre, we are sure, when it is under the direction of so ingenious and tasteful an architect as Beazley, will be a great ornament to the street.

In the City some improvements are taking place. The projected City Arcade, from Bartholomew-lane to London-wall, is likely to be carried into effect, notwithstanding the well-known indisposition of monied men towards joint-stock concerns. However, an Arcade in London, which one may walk through every day, is unquestionably a more tangible investment than a treasure-fishery at the bottom of the sea. The prosecution of public works at home will afford employment to a number of industrious individuals; and patriots may serve their country better by promoting such an object, than by haranguing about the stuff that generally fills the brains of *soi-disant* patriots. A street is better than a speech at any time.

On the vote being moved for the extension of the Bill for the City Arcade, Sir John Wrottesley observed on the public improvement sustained by



We are vastly at a loss to perceive the allusion in the following receipt for angling:—

*How to catch a Gudgeon.*—While your gudgeon is engaged, taking leave of the rest of your family, retire quietly into another room, where he is sure to pass. (By all means take care that you don't sit in a dark corner—on the contrary, select, if possible, a window opposite the door). Leave the door just so far open, and no more, that any one passing it cannot fail to observe you. As soon as you hear his foot in the passage, begin your blubbering and caterwauling. No real gudgeon can resist this. Before he has been well three miles on his journey, he will be seen returning, with distended jaws, to swallow—the white bait!

Yet what is the Bath System, the Brighton, the Harrowgate, the Cheltenham, or any of those spots where the fair do congregate to ensure the grand object of life, a husband, but variety of gudgeoning? Isaak Walton himself was never half so accurate in his flies, so delicate in his discrimination of lucky and unlucky moments, so adroit in the cast of his line, nor so active in dropping into his basket the finny prey, of which he writes with such tender enthusiasm, as the multitude of “female fishers of men,” who haunt the shady corners of those favoured places, and angle from dewy morn to dusky eve. The new feature of the science is, that the whole practice is now in the hands of the ladies. Time was when the fishery was in the hands of the pantalooned sex; when an Irish buck came as regularly on his campaign to Bath, and danced away with an heiress, as the Bath ball-room opened its doors. The French marquis, all essences and cotillons, made an occasional catch among the daughters of rich old West Indians, fools enough to send their half-castes to learn the languages in the city of Bladud, and the London man, of Bond-street, adjourned from the clubs to make up his losses among the jointured. But all this has past away with the dreams of the past. The ladies now have the trade in their own corporation, and where it is their will to bring the spoil to their net, we defy any duke in England to be sure of his fate an hour.

One of the most direct and singular results of the late French Revolution has been the ruin of bankers. The aristocracy of paper, which seemed to have been concocting into a haughty shape in every capital of Europe, and which was presenting its cashiers to be made barons, dukes, and in good time, kings too, has suffered some heavy blows; and we may now live in faithful expectation that the throne will not be seized upon for some years more, by any of those gentlemen who have been in the habit of making their per centage on the discount of bills or the transfer of stock. The shock in France is formidable. All the counters have felt an earthquake, and all the grandees of the five per cents are selling off their estates, their dozen barouches a-piece, and throwing up their Opera boxes. Another leading house has fallen a few days ago. The minor ones are, we may presume, in no very enviable condition, and the shopkeepers are turning royalists as fast as they can. We are not quite so fond of dealing in revolutions here, but, if report say true, some of the potentates, even here, who deal in foreign stock and politics, are likely enough to indulge us with the march of a gambler's history.

On the vote being moved for the expences of the British Museum, Sir John Wrottesley observed on the public inconvenience sustained by

closing the reading-room on Saturdays. He was perfectly right; there are many persons who from their situation in public offices, and similar establishments, cannot go to the reading-room, except on Saturdays. Besides, why should one day in every week be lost to the student, or fifty week-days out of the three hundred in the year? Yet this is not all. The reading-room has a long vacation, as if it were a court for attorneys and clients, with three or four little vacations, the whole amounting to nearly three months in the twelve. Why should this be? Nothing can be less laborious than the duty of attendance. It merely requires half-a-dozen porters to take down the books and hand them to the readers, and a librarian to sit in a snug carpeted room, and by a good fire, reading, scribbling, or asleep, as it may happen to please him. The library is for national use, and it is extremely useful, and even essential to inquiries into almost every subject of literature. Yet for nearly three months every year, it is as much lost to the public as if it never existed. The officers are not to blame: they of course are glad to have as many holidays as they can. There is no possible reason why the reading-room should not be open every day in the year, except Sundays, Good Friday, Christmas Day, and perhaps one or two other solemn days of the church. Nor is there any reason for a vacation at all. The librarians might easily succeed each other, and keep the library open without any kind of unsuitable restraint on their own comforts or leisure. But whatever may be their inconvenience they are paid amply for their duty, and the public must not be inconvenienced, which it now is, in a very serious degree.

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The newspapers will not let Horace Twiss die in peace. His unlucky speech on "the lower orders and the small attorneys," has roused a nest of hornets about this learned gentleman's proceedings, which might irritate a more pacific philosopher. They have attacked him for going to the Chancellor's levee, and made the insidious excuse of his doing it under suspicion of friendship:—

"The presence of the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Horace Twiss at the Lord Chancellor's levee, last Saturday evening, has excited much observation during the week in the circle of politicians. The honourable member for Newport, although he has manifested much bitterness against the Chancellor for the share he is supposed to have in an important measure, now pending, is still his lordship's *quondam* friend."

Others have charged him with looking to some of the good things which *are to replace* the Bankrupt Commissions, it being an understood affair, that no change of this kind is ever to occur, without leaving a succedaneum, to the full as costly, and a *little* more comfortable for the new claimants. One of the papers presumes that he and the duke have determined to make common cause with the whigs, and discover that they have been in the wrong in their politics, and particularly in their loss of place.

Of these circumstances the aggrieved party has taken notice in a regular speech:—

"On Mr. Hodges presenting some reform petitions,—Mr. Horace Twiss rose to contradict the reports that had gone abroad, that he had spoken disparagingly of the middle classes, to which he considered himself to belong. He said, 'of the middle classes I never spoke at all—the phrase 'middle classes' never passed my lips. It was to the predominance of a body far below the middle class

that I objected; and even of this body, I spoke in no terms of disrespect. I did, and still, protest against giving to the inhabitants of houses, rated at from £10 to £20, a majority somewhat more than three-fifths of the elective power of all the towns in England. I objected to place this overbearing force within the immediate sphere, not of the respectable solicitors of the country, but of inferior practitioners of the law—the description of persons whom the act for petty courts would bring into operation against the more respectable members of the profession. I did object to increase the franchise of that lowest kind of shopkeepers, who have always been found most open to bribery; but I did not object, as has been represented, that the humblest classes of my fellow-subjects should enjoy its just share in that elective power.’ ”

The case of one of the members for Colchester, as decided by the committee, is a striking instance of the closeness with which the letter of the law may be pursued in some instances. A petition was brought by a Mr. Mayhew against Mr. Spottiswoode, one of the successful candidates. The petition was against the return of the latter gentleman, on several specific grounds, the principal of which were, corrupt preference on the part of the mayor, as returning-officer; an allegation of bribery, on the part of Mr. Spottiswoode's agents; and thirdly, that Mr. Spottiswoode held an appointment under the crown, as king's printer, conjointly with Messrs. Strachan and Eyre.

The grosser charges of bribery and corruption being given up at once, Mr. Harrison proceeded to state that he was content to go upon the ground of Mr. Spottiswoode's ineligibility, that gentleman holding a situation, of considerable emolument, under the government, which placed him within the immediate operation of the statute of George III. for securing the independence of parliament. Mr. Adam, on the other side, contended that the statute referred to by his learned friend applied only to persons who had beneficial contracts with government, but that the office of king's printer, being held under a patent granted by the crown, could not be considered as coming within its provisions; and it was not denied that Mr. Spottiswoode's predecessor, Mr. Reeve, had sat in parliament whilst he held a share in the patent, subsequent to the passing of the act in question.

The discussion continued on this point; and the committee having retired, and consulted for some time, counsel were called in, when the chairman (Sir Robert Heron) intimated that the committee had declared the election to be void.

This decision unseats Mr. Spottiswoode, and will form a precedent with regard to all other members who hold offices under government by patent.

The enormous abuses of the ambassadorial salaries and pensions have been again urged upon the House by Mr. Gisborne. Let him persevere: the salaries allowed to our diplomatists are monstrous, and they require only to be exposed to be abolished. Why should the country be taxed to pay £11,000 a-year to Sir Charles Bagot, at the Court of Holland, even though he has done the state the extraordinary pleasure of marrying the Duke of Wellington's niece? whose mother, by the by, as well as the duke's, *lives on a pension!* Whatever the baronet's use may be at the little Court of the Hague, who can doubt that the interest of £250,000 sterling is an enormous sum for his payment? From the rate of living, the obscurity of the court, and the obscurity of the ambas-



sador's own *menage*, he ought to put £9,000 out of his eleven in his pocket every year of his life. Our ambassador at Vienna enjoys the same, £11,000 a-year, in a country where living is exactly four times as cheap as here; and in consequence the salary which we give to this lucky diplomatist, is the same as if we voted to him £44,000 a-year in London! Will any man in his senses say that such things ought to be? But we are told that this monstrous sum is necessary to keep up the national dignity. Nonsense; is the national dignity to be kept up by dinners? One noble lord sets about keeping up the national dignity by making operas, and feeding fiddlers; another keeps it up by race-horses; another by the superiority of his renown among the rabble of foreign theatres. And for all this, John Bull is forced to pledge his last shirt, and walk about a pauper. The thing is totally beyond defence, and must be abolished. As to the retiring pensions they are an insult to common sense. A man puts all his instruments in motion, begs, kneels, harangues, votes, prays, for a diplomatic situation; he gains his point, looks upon it justly as a prodigious piece of luck, and goes off to the Continent, leaving a hundred candidates cursing their stars. He spends his half-dozen or dozen years in the midst of kings, queens, and marriageable princesses, enjoying from four to ten thousand pounds English a-year, which on the Continent is generally equal to four times the sum. In fact the minister has appointed him to a splendid income, on the painful condition of going to as many dinners and dances as he likes, feasting on the fat of the land, and perhaps for his heaviest task, acknowledging the receipt of a letter of condolence, or congratulation, from one regal personage to another on the death of a wife or mistress. Having received in this matter from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds of English money, the minister finds that he has another diplomatic genius on hand, and he accordingly recalls the ambassador. Then comes a fresh demand on the nation. The ex-diplomatist demands as the public penalty for losing his services, that he shall have a pension for life. It is to no purpose to say, that he has been inordinately overpaid for all that he ever did. He insists upon it, that the possession of a good thing this year, implies a right to it the next, and that the more money wasted on him in his office, the more money ought to be wasted on him when he has not even the excuse of scribbling a passport.

Mr. Gisborne complained that there were twenty-eight persons receiving pensions above £1,000, twelve of whom received pensions of £2,000 and upwards. He also considered that £26,000 paid yearly on account of the expence of our diplomatic relations with the Ottoman Porte was extravagant. He contrasted the emoluments of ambassadors and governors of colonies; the former of whom were sent to pleasant places and mixed in agreeable society, were well paid and allowed retiring pensions—while the latter were sent out to countries not very desirable to inhabit, did not receive such high salaries as ambassadors, and upon retiring received no superannuation allowances. The honourable member concluded by moving for a return of the date of all diplomatic and consular pensions, whether included or not in the return of civil and military offices, with the date of appointments, and length of service, of the several persons receiving such pensions.

It must grieve so resolute a reformer as Lord Althorp, to have had nothing better to say by way of answer to this appeal, than that he looked upon those pensions as a sort of half-pay, which it was for the

interest of the country to provide, to induce those persons whose diplomatic talents might be productive of advantage to the country to make the diplomatic service a regular profession. It was true, "that ambassadors were sometimes sent to agreeable places, but it should be remembered that they incurred great expences, and he did not think that it would be good policy to discontinue altogether the payment of pensions." Mr. Hume was of opinion that it would be a far better plan to give no retiring pensions to ambassadors. He wished to know whether the recommendation of the finance committee of 1828, that the amount of these pensions should be confined to £40,000, had been complied with? But we must have inquirers on this subject and on others, who will not suffer their queries to be answered with any official dexterity. The English love plainness; and perfectly knowing that nine-tenths of these diplomatic appointments *were* mere jobs, they will insist upon seeing the abuse extinguished at once, and for ever. On the sale of Lord Granville's shewy *oufit*, a paper remarks:—

"*An Ambassador's Furniture.*—The effects of Lord Granville, or, to use the grand language of the auctioneer, 'the splendid elegances,' are now for sale by public auction; and a grand display it certainly is. We hope our old friend Phillips, when he comes to exercise his eloquence on the *plateau*, which is very similar to that Mr. Leech, of the London Coffeehouse, prepared for his Majesty's table at Guildhall, will exert it to explain why this regal pomp is necessary for an ambassador, and how much better the business of the State is performed in a foreign land, in consequence of such an exhibition of gold, silver-gilt, and plate glass. If he can prove that it encourages foreigners to solicit loans and subsidies from this country, that will be enough."

Shakspeare says, "you have taken away my living, when you have taken away that whereby I do live." The old lady at the police-office, ought on this principle to have charged her criminal with an intention to commit murder, and the magistrates ought to have committed him to stand his trial for his life at the Old Bailey.—A week or two since an old lady made her appearance, in a state of great wrath, at one of the offices, and obtested the anger of the law against an individual who had purloined a set of teeth that cost her thirty guineas, from her bed-chamber. The thief, she said, *wore the stolen property!* but the magistrate said he could not interfere. This was a hard case, that justice could not interfere when a lady complained that a robber had stolen "even the teeth out of her head." The case was pronounced a new one, for though few things are worse than to eat of another person's bread, it is rather singular to add the aggravation of eating that bread with the individual's actual teeth. The wits have been active on the occasion. Some have declared it a happy illustration of the original compact of man and wife, "bone of my bone." An epigram says, as the parties had quarrelled, that the plunder of the teeth was merely a *bonus* upon the dividend. Another, that all the dull things that have been said on the topic are *bon mots*, for all that. The thief, we understand, says that he had but one source of regret, that, "in stealing the teeth he did not carry off the tongue."

The theatrical world are beginning to feel the national impulse, and are crying out for the reduction of the King of Comedy, George Colman's, civil list. Among other grievances, they complain that this royal

personage will not license a song under two guineas! George knows the value of licence too well to throw it away for a song, and the mulcted geniuses cry out against his throne accordingly.

Yet who can doubt that Thalia and Melpomene have a strong hold upon the English taste, even though *the* licenser may exist, when we see the statement that (exclusively of the English Opera-house) London now boasts of fourteen theatres; and in calculating the gross weekly sum received at *all* of them, averaging £7,000, why it proves that, notwithstanding the hardness of the times, we may say, with Fred. Reynolds, in one of his eccentric comedies, "John Bull will go without bread, but, bless him, never without plays."

But the fourteen are going to be reinforced with others in every direction. An actor, named Waithman, is building a theatre at Paddington; and it is stated that the Pantheon, in Oxford-street, will be re-opened in the course of the summer.

This is not all. The city is to have its share in the March of Theatres. The new theatre in the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate-street, is likely to realize abundant interest to the speculators. The population is sufficiently dense, unquestionably, to give success to a playhouse, if the attraction of the new Pavilion, now being finished with great splendour, should not interfere.

Having thus provided for London, Hyde-park-corner would feel itself unhappy in being neglected, and of course it comes within the purview of those whose business it is, to "increase the harmless gaiety of nations." A new theatre will shortly be erected at Knightsbridge, upon a large vacant plot of ground nearly opposite the Cannon Brewhouse. The Duke of Sussex has promised to lay the first stone. The theatre will be built in shares, and it is patronized by the principal residents in that very extensive and improving neighbourhood. Egerton, Ward, and Abbot, are to be the managers.

After this let us hear no more of the exclusive rights of patentees, and so forth. London has already more theatres than Paris, and the system will go on with perpetual bankruptcies, of course, but still with perpetual speculators, willing to risk their own credit, and their friends' money on those fragile concerns. We promise a harvest to George Colman.

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A very striking work on that agonizing disease, the Calculus in the bladder, has just been published. It is entitled "Cases in Lithotriety," or the new operation invented by Baron Heurteloup, for crushing the calculus by means of instruments, and thus escaping the painful and hazardous operations in common use. The pamphlet contains a considerable number of statements of the use of the Lithotriety on patients, from the different hospitals, as well as on gentlemen confided to the inventor's care by surgeons of eminence. The operations were conducted in the presence of Sir Astley Cooper, and the other principal surgeons of London, and in every case stated the success seems to have been complete. If any alleviation of this dreadful affliction can be discovered, the inventor deserves every honour and advantage that can be implied in national and personal gratitude.



## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*The Marchmont Papers. Edited by Sir George Rose, Bart. 3 vols. 8vo.*—To the generality of readers the "Marchmont Papers" will convey little or no idea of their contents, or even of the family to whom they belonged. So unfamiliar has the name become, and so little impression have any of the owners, however respectable, made upon the public mind, that it will be more desirable, in our brief notices, to tell who the parties were, than to analyse at all curiously the papers themselves. The first Earl of Marchmont (born in 1641), will be recognized under the name of Sir Patrick Hume, the associate of Argyle in his luckless expedition, on the accession of James II. of England. Sir Patrick was baron of Polwarth, in Berwickshire—was a member of the Scottish parliament for his native county, in 1665—and thrown into prison for some opposition to the tyrannical Lauderdale. On the discovery of the Rye House Plot—with the chief plotters, or at least with those who were involved in the charge of plotting, he was closely connected—he found it safest to escape to the continent. The tale of his concealment in a vault, told by his grand-daughter, Lady Murray, is a well-known narrative. On the death of Charles the Second he joined Argyle, and after the miserable failure, returned to poverty and exile in Holland, where he remained till the revolution of 1688. He was a member of the Scotch Convention, that gave the crown of Scotland to William, in addition to that of England, and was himself in a few years, for his services, made Lord Chancellor of Scotland and Earl of Marchmont. In carrying the act of Union he was one of the most influential agents, and his memory has long laboured under the charge of trucking his honour and patriotism for money. Of the sum certainly spent in bringing about the Union, £1000. was received by him; but Sir George Rose, in his quality of editor, takes up the cudgels in his defence, and shews plainly enough that the money was due to him, as chancellor and a pensioner. It is, nevertheless, probably still true, that, but for his activity in promoting the views of the court, he would never have been paid the arrears. He died in 1724. To this first earl the papers which fill the third volume of these Selections belong, consisting of his own narrative of Argyle's expedition, which has been published before, and his Correspondence with public men, contributing more or less to illustrate the spirit of the times.

Alexander, the second Earl of Marchmont, and son of the first (born 1675), was brought up to the Scottish bar—was a lord of Session before he was thirty—and for some years actively engaged, professionally and politically. In the rebellion of 1715 he raised a battalion of foot and two troops of horse; and was soon after employed diplomatically, and so continued many years. In 1733, he joined the opposition against Walpole on his excise scheme—chiefly, like other Scotchmen, in the hope of turning out Lord Islay from the government of Scotland, in which he had contrived to render himself generally unpopular. By this opposition Lord Marchmont gained nothing but the loss of his seat as a representative peer at the next election. He died in 1740. His papers occupy about half the second volume—chiefly letters addressed to himself by eminent individuals—two or three from that mischievous and busy-body woman, the Duchess of Marlborough.

Hugh, the third earl, and son of Alexander, was born in 1708, and while Lord Polwarth, in the Commons, was an active opponent of Walpole's measures, and bravely avenged the indignity cast upon his father by Walpole's resentment. "You may cry up," said Walpole to his son, "Pulteney's, Pitt's, and Lyttleton's speeches, but when I have answered Sir John Barnard and Lord Polwarth, I think I have concluded the debate." His accession to his father's title threw him out of the Commons, and it was some years before he could get returned as a representative peer. The Diary of this Earl of Marchmont—by far the most interesting portion of the volumes—shews how closely he studied public measures, or rather the public intrigues of the times. The formator of the Broad Bottomed Administration, in 1744, removing all impediments, he soon came into office, and was finally made keeper of the great seal in Scotland, and continued in parliament till 1784. This lord died in 1794, and left his family papers to the late George Rose, father of the editor. The Diary begins in July, 1744, and goes on to the end of that year—is resumed the following year for a few months—and again in 1747, for about the same period. It is of a gossiping kind, but gossip that concerns the leading statesmen of the day, and well calculated to shew that statesmen, under the mask of virtue and public spirit, were generally nothing but traders in politics—salaries the prime object. In his correspondence are numerous letters of Bolingbroke—restless, and impotent to the last.

*The Tuileries.* By the Author of "*Hungarian Tales*," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. —Mrs. Gore's heroine is the accomplished daughter of one of the oldest and most aristocratic families of France, inheriting all the prejudices of her caste to the fullest extent. The hero is one of the *canaille*—the born-vassal of the lady's family—and his mother her foster-nurse. After the manners of the country, the children were playmates, and grew up together for years. The boy was devoted to her, and as his years increased his feelings took a deeper tone, while the young lady regards him simply with a friendly kindness, as the son of her favourite *bonne*, and her old companion. These two persons, standing at the very poles of society in unrevolutionized France, it is Mrs. Gore's ultimate object to bring together, through the equalizing medium of the revolution—cutting down the haughty prejudices of the one, and elevating the personal merits of the other; and she has accomplished her purpose with a clear perception of the spirit of the revolution, and no common acquaintance with its details.—The lady marries the Marquis de St. Florentin, and mingles with the court; while Camille, her humble admirer, gets a better education than usual in his station, and early wins his way to fortune in the manufactories of Lyons. At the outbreak of the revolution, though sharing, with those of his class, in the bright anticipations of its early friends, he becomes no vulgar jacobin; but foreseeing the interruptions to business, he realizes his large gains and repairs to Paris. The chief magnet that drew him there was still the marchioness—to shield her in the too probable perils that awaited her caste, was the single and absorbing prompter of all his movements. At Paris he has a cousin, a leading orator in the clubs, and one of the mountain in the Chamber of Deputies. With this person, the better to carry his views into effect, he resumes his intercourse, and under his auspices enters the National Guard, and soon, by other influence, becomes an aide-de-camp of Lafayette.

At this time the king's friends were planning his escape, and De St. Florentin, on the impulse of romantic loyalty, devotes himself soul and body to the accomplishment of the enterprise—disregarding the claims of his family—and, as it fell out, perishes in the attempt. Camille had failed in his efforts to deter him—but his position in the National Guard enabled him to gratify his fondest wishes, in serving the marchioness, who is at last conveyed away in safety from Paris, and conducted to her father's château.

Meanwhile Camille's cousin, the jaco-

bin leader—the very beau-ideal of a fiend—is panting for revenge. He has, of course, a natural antipathy to all aristocrats, and especially to the family, whose steward his own father had been. In his youth he had been shut up in the Bastille, for some offence, and once been struck by the head of the family. He resolves to have his revenge—to devastate the estate, murder the owner, and marry the proud daughter—St. Florentin's widow, to whom Camille is so devoted, and watches over so intently. Camille is just in time to rescue herself and one of her two children—the other is lost in the *mêlée*—and carry her to his own estate, and place her under the protection of his mother, her beloved *bonne*. In this secluded retreat the lady lives unmolested, and Camille, happy in her presence, withdraws from his official engagements at Paris, and spends his life in contributing to her comfort, and attempting to make himself agreeable. He, however, makes no progress—the lady hardly suspects his hopes, and dreams not of any thing so audacious as an attempt to realize them. Suddenly the jacobin leader discovers the retreat of his cousin and the marchioness, and intelligence reaches them that he is on his way, armed with authority, to work his own purposes. Camille and a confidante of the marchioness confer together, and the only means of safety for her seems to be marriage, to give him a legal right to protect her. The proposal is made—the lady is horror-struck, but eventually submits, apparently not knowing what she is doing. The ceremony takes place—Camille is himself flung into prison, and at the very moment, when the ferocious jacobin hopes to seize his prey, he is himself assassinated by a little manœuvre of Robespierre. On Camille's consequent release, the lady, alive to her situation, upbraids him with trickery and treachery; and poor Camille, seeing her prejudices thus indelible, takes suddenly a solemn leave of her and joins the army.

Five or six years elapse, when in Italy, after the battle of Marengo, appears, in an important command, a General Mainville. This is Camille. His official authority brings him in contact with an émigré family of distinction, where re-appears also the marchioness. The marchioness's lost daughter is found to be a protégée of Josephine—both Josephine and Bonaparte are aware of the circumstances, and through their agency the intercourse between Camille and the marchioness is resumed. No very pressing influence is necessary—the lady's prejudices had had time to give way; she gladly and gratefully recognizes the validity of the former tie, and becomes the wife of Camille, who shortly after-

wards was a Marshal of France and Prince of the empire. In spite of the eternal details of the old French revolution, the tale is sufficiently readable—Mrs. G. has spirit, knowledge and execution.

*The Extraordinary Black Book. By the Original Editor.*—In this department of our miscellany we have little to do with any thing but the literary merits of the publication before us. The Black Book appeared some years ago, originally in driblets, and, when radicalism was less in fashion, excited no common attention, and drew the regards of many, for the first time, to corruptions—nor did the detection of repeated blunders very much lessen its credit. Essentially, the abuses, which it is the object of the book to expose, are now admitted on all hands, except only by those who benefit by them, and even numbers of them can no longer muster assurance enough to maintain black is white, and corruption purity. The work is once more republished—collected in a single volume—a new work in fact—better arranged, better executed, more correct in its details; and though still abounding in small mistakes, inevitable in such an undertaking, and shewing an unwise leaning to confound things essentially distinct, is yet backed by such irrefragable testimony and authoritative documents, as to deserve the serious regard of every one who considers that the interests of the whole community should alone be the governing principle of its public institutions.

It is idle to talk of bringing things back to some far distant point of purity. It matters not how affairs were managed, good or bad, some hundred years ago. The real question is, what does common sense demand for the security of the common rights and best interests of the existing community? That demands—and it is the pervading cry of the country—not any change in the constitution of the government, but the sweeping away of its corruptions, and the realizing of the theory of it. By that theory every man is equal under the law—every man governs by his representative, and every man is eligible to office. By the practice of the day, nothing like such equality exists; the whole government is monopolized by a small knot of exclusionists, who tax as they like, and pocket the produce, till pluralists, placemen, pensioners, and sinecurists, all of the “order,” cover the land, and cut away the sources of all fair pretension.—Inequalities of property, and that to great extents, must always exist, and inequalities of personal influence in proportion—that is

not the evil complained of—but that the great are not content with the enjoyment of their property, and the natural power it brings with it, but they must *rule*, willy-nilly, and what they cannot accomplish by fair means, they scruple not to do by foul. The days of pension, and monopoly, and boroughs, are fast vanishing—and the noble must, like the mean, take care of their own families, and not saddle them upon the community.

A very large proportion of the Black Book rests, for its authority, upon official documents—themselves often incorrect, but not guilty of over-statements.

*A Year in Spain, by a Young American, 2 vols*—These two agreeable volumes profess to be the production of a young American, who spent a twelvemonth in Spain, partly for the gratification of a liberal curiosity, and partly to acquire the language—become in the United States of vast importance, from their growing connections with the South. The tour of the young American extended along the eastern coast to Valencia, and from thence to Madrid, where he passed the winter, mixing, apparently, mostly among the humbler classes—he had no grand introductions—and, with the first travelling weather in the spring, made excursions to Toledo, Segovia, &c.; and finally quitted the country by the way of Seville and Cadiz. Full of the superiority of his own country, the writer—a very intelligent person—finds abundant grounds for deploring the condition of the Spaniards—ascribing all, and fairly enough, to the institutions that have crushed their energies. The priests generally—in the larger towns—amount to two per cent. of the population. Whole regions are in a state of comparative desolation, and much of the country looks more so than it really is, from the absence of woods. La Mancha is stript bare, and very much of the interior, from a prejudice of the natives against trees, as harbouring birds. This is a most woeful prejudice; for the central parts of the country consist generally of a high tableland—exposed and dry naturally, and made ten times more so by the absence of shade and foliage. Valencia alone presents the appearance of a cultivated and opulent region. Corn, fruits, flax, hemp, and cotton, abound; and mulberry-trees, that produce silk to the amount of a million and half of pounds. The extraordinary fertility is attributed to the system of irrigation. The rivers are almost wholly poured upon the crops, and with so much success, that mulberry-trees are stript three times a year—clover and lucerne mown eight, and even ten times—citrons of 6lbs., and



bunches of grapes of 14 lbs., are gathered—wheat yields 30 for 1—rice, 40—and Indian corn, as a second crop, 100.

The author travelled, for the most part, by the public conveyances, and found them generally the least liable to interruptions and delays. Twice they were stopped by robbers. Between Tarragone and Valencia, the wretches deliberately crushed the head of the guard, by battering it with a stone, and stabbed the driver, a boy—till both were left for dead; and, in fact, one died within a few hours, and the other lingered only a little longer. Great difficulty occurred in procuring assistance. Instead of hastening to lend their aid, in such cases, Spaniards will in general run the other way. Persons found near the body of a murdered person are detained either as witnesses, or as suspected persons. The author doubts whether the Spaniards do not dread the law worse than robbers and murderers. The word *justicia*, he says, as in the days of Gil Blas, is never pronounced without a shudder. Three of the robbers were taken into custody, the author learnt, when at Madrid; and upon inquiring if they were likely to be hanged, his informer told him—"The fact of one of them being a stranger rendered it probable; but if they had money to put into the hands of an *escribano*, or notary, to fee him and the judges—or to buy an escape—or, as a last resort, if they could procure the interposition of the clergy, they might yet go unpunished."

At Madrid, he had the assistance, for the language, of Don Redondo y Moreno, who, in the days of the Constitution, had been a minister of state. He was still an *impurificado*. This requires explanation:—

The reader is not perhaps aware, that on the return of despotism in Spain, Juntas of Purification were established in all parts of the kingdom, before which all persons who had held offices under the abolished system were bound to appear, and adduce evidence that they had not been remarkable for revolutionary zeal, nor over-active in support of the Constitution, before they could be admitted to any new employment. Such as come out clean from this investigation, from being *impurificados* or unpurified, become *indefinidos* or indefinites, who are ready to be employed, and have a nominal half-pay. These *indefinidos* have long formed a numerous class in Spain, and now more so than ever. They are patient waiters upon Providence, who, being on the constant look-out for a god-send, never think of any new means to earn a livelihood. They may be seen in any city of Spain, lounging in the coffee-houses, where they pick their teeth, and read the gazette, but never spend anything; or else at the public walk, where they may readily be known, if they be military officers of rank, by the bands of gold lace which blind the cuffs of their surtouts of blue or snuff colour, and by their military batons, or still more readily by their huge

cocked-hats of oil-cloth, with which they cover their sharp and starved features.

The bigotry of the Spanish court and government are ascribed wholly to the priests:—

From these causes, then, and not from the sovereign will of a single individual, originate those persecuting decrees and apostolic denunciations which have brought on Ferdinand the appellation of bloody bigot, and all the hard names in the calendar of abuse. There is much reason to believe, on the contrary, that he cares little for religion; and though, by way of flattering the clergy and the nation, he may once have made a petticoat for the Virgin Mary, yet, if the truth were known, he would doubtless be willing to do less for her ladyship than for any living Manola or Andaluza. The character of the present king is indeed little known in foreign countries, where, from the mere fact of being called *El Rey Absoluto*, every thing is supposed to emanate from his individual will. His character is not, in fact, so much a compound of vices, as made up of a few virtues and many weaknesses. He is ready to receive the meanest subject of his kingdom; and is said to be frank, good-humoured, accessible, courteous, and kingly, in an unusual degree. He will listen attentively to those who appeal to him, appear convinced of the justice of what they ask, and promise compliance, without ever thinking again of the matter. Facility is his great foible, and yet is he occasionally subject to irritability, and disposed to be wrong-headed and have his own way, to the no small inconvenience of those who undertake to direct him. The faults of Ferdinand are partly natural, partly the effect of education. Instead of being trained up and nurtured with the care necessary to fit him for the high station to which he was born, his youth was not only neglected, but even purposely perverted.—There is about him a look of blunt good-humour and rough jollity, which gives a flat denial to the cruelty ascribed to him. He is said to have a leaning towards liberalism—weak, perhaps in proportion to the inefficiency of his character, yet rendered probable by the fact that he is now more detested by the ruling party, and acting under more restraint, than in the most boisterous period of the Constitution.

*Proposal for the Establishment of Village Schools of Industry, &c.*—The purpose of this brief address is to urge upon the proprietors of land the utility and practicability of village schools of industry. In this country we have no notion of any purpose to be promoted by schools, but the acquisition of A, B, C. The fundamental principle of the proposed institutions is to communicate not merely letters, but whatever knowledge, mental and manual, is likely to be of service to the future labourer, and no more. Industry is the first object—the essential habit to be inculcated—and for this purpose a piece of land is to be attached to the school, to be cultivated by the children, under the direction of a master, who, with the aid of a workman, accustomed to farm-labour, is to allot and enforce the labours. The children,

besides, are to be instructed in various mechanical employments, and brought to turn their hands to any thing useful—to the works of the mason, the carpenter, the smith, &c.—knitting, knotting, tailoring, &c. The friends of the children will be invited to lend their assistance in teaching their several trades, and receive a compensation, in little jobs of their own, done by the children, washing, mending, &c., or a share in the produce of the land. The scheme is full of benevolence, and only requires zealous agents to be productive of most admirable results. Here and there the proprietors of villages will meet with a person ready to give up soul and body to the realization of such a plan, and then it will succeed, with only common encouragement on their parts. But to set mere mercenaries about such an occupation, will entail nothing but disappointment upon the kind-hearted individuals who attempt to carry the scheme into effect.

*Encyclopædia Britannica. Parts XI. and XII.*—The new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which interweaves the whole of the well-known and well-approved Supplement, and undertakes to work up every article to the period of publication, goes on steadily—fulfilling with great zeal and excellent effect all its engagements. The extensive subject of Anatomy, comprising that of man, animals, and vegetables, fills up almost the whole of the fasciculi before us. The Treatise is a very competent epitome, and will, with the illustrative plates, furnish all the information that any unprofessional person is likely to have occasion for. We know of no volume of anatomy—whatever may be its professions of adaptation to popular utility—that will so completely answer the general reader's purpose. The ornamental part of the work is very superior to that of the best of the antecedent editions.

*Recollections of a Seven Years' Residence in the Mauritius, or Isle of France. By a Lady.*—The lady represents herself as having quitted the West Indies with her husband, and accompanied him to the Mauritius, whither he went in the fond hope of getting some official appointment of importance from the governor of the island. The situation he obtained fell far short of his expectations, and what was worse, his duties detained him in the town during the unhealthy season, and he soon left his wife a widow, and his children orphans. The Recollections of the poor lady are addressed to the surviving children, and are, of course, tinged with a lugubrious colouring; but apart from the sad circumstances of her tale, the volume con-

tains a very lively account of a region but rarely the subject of description. The French ladies, though devoted very much to dress and gaiety, and but little informed, she found universally amiable, and vastly improved by the numerous intermarriages that have been contracted with English officers and English merchants. The Mauritius is looked upon as the Montpellier of the East—many repair thither from India for the recovery of their health, and are often benefited. The lady seems to think less favourably of it—

Contrary to the usual opinion in small islands, the sea-breeze (she says) is considered highly injurious by the inhabitants of Port-Louis, and is as much dreaded by them as the malaria of Italy. I thought at first this was a mere fanciful notion, but when I had been some little time a resident there, I found that the wind from the sea invariably affected me with head-ache, and frequently gave me cold. Most persons, I believe, experienced the same effects from it, and it was consequently generally excluded from the apartments when it prevailed.

It is not generally known that Hindoo convicts are sent to the Mauritius from the Presidencies.—

Amongst the objects that arrested my attention in passing through the country, I remember being struck with the appearance of the Hindoo convicts at work on the roads. These are men who have committed various offences in India, and have been sent to the Mauritius (at the request, I believe, of Governor Farquhar) to be employed in this way. They were dispersed about the country in parties, under the command of an English serjeant, and had each a small ring round one ankle, merely as a mark, for it is too slight to be a punishment. They had a most scowling aspect, and some particularly seemed to me to be suited to the study of a painter in *Salvator Rosa's* style—the dark malignant glance, the bent brow, the turban of dirty white, or dusky red; the loose drapery, only half clothing the body, gave them a wild, picturesque appearance, to which mountain scenery added still greater effect.

At Pamplemousses—the most beautiful spot in the island—are the tombs of Paul and Virginia—still visited, it seems, by all the young lieutenants and mid-dies the moment they land upon the island. The lady has no mercy upon the illusion—

The fact is (she says) these tombs have been built to gratify the eager desire which the English have always evinced to behold such interesting mementos. Formerly only one was erected, but the proprietor of the place finding that all the English visitors, on being conducted to this, as the tomb of Virginia, always asked to see that of Paul also, determined on building a similar one, to which he gave that appellation. Many have been the visitors who have been gratified, consequently, by the conviction that they had looked on the actual burial-place of that unfortunate pair.

These "tombs" are scribbled over with the names of the various persons who have visited them, together with verses, and pathetic ejaculations, and sentimental remarks. St. Pierre's story of the lovers is prettily written, and his description of the scenic beauties of the island are correct, although not even *his* pen can do full justice to them; but there is little truth in the tale. It is said that there was indeed a young lady sent from the Mauritius to France for education, during the time that M. de la Bourdonnais was governor of the colony—that her name was Virginia, and that she was shipwrecked in the St. Geran. I heard something of a young man being attached to her, and dying of grief for her loss; but that part of the story is very doubtful. The Bay of the Tomb, the Point of Endavour, the Isle of Amber, and the Cape of Misfortune, still bear the same names, and are pointed out as the memorable spots mentioned by St. Pierre.

*British Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. XIX. of *Family Library*.—Allan Cunningham makes an admirable biographer of artists—he is free from the prejudices and fetters of the profession. Though acute enough in his perceptions, his feelings never shake his judgment; he knows and cares too little about established rules and the cant of taste, not to obey the dictates of common sense; and is too independent and resolute not to give expression to his own convictions, though they chance to conflict with received opinions. He finds but eight British architects to commemorate, and of them two were scarcely worth noticing, while a third is perhaps but equivocally connected with the practice of the art itself. William of Wykeham, no doubt, built at his own cost the splendid cathedral of Winchester, but how far its architectural merits are indebted to his *designs* must for ever remain a secret. Mr. Cunningham cuts the difficulty of tracing the origin and career of Gothic, or rather ecclesiastical building; and after repeating a few conflicting opinions concludes thus, in his own rough, but felicitous manner—

When I have wandered among the majestic ruins of the abbeys of Scotland—not unacquainted with the classic works of Greece—I never for one moment could imagine that in the ribbed aisles, the pointed arches, the clustered columns, and intelligible yet grotesque carvings of the mouldering edifice before me, I beheld but the barbarous perversion of what was once grand and classic—I could as soon have believed that a battering ram had degenerated into a cannon, or a cross-bow into a carabine. The building on which I looked seemed the offspring of the soil—it corresponded in every thing with the character of the surrounding landscape. The stone of which it was built came from the nearest quarry, the wood which composed its screens and carvings were cut in the neighbouring forest, and the stories and legends chiselled on every band and cornice were to be found in the history of the particular church or in that of the Christian religion. The statues

of saints, kings, angels and virgins, belonged to modern belief: and in their looks, and in their draperies, they aspired to nothing beyond a copy of the faces and dresses to be found in the district; whilst the foliage, flowers, and fruits, which so profusely enriched band, and cornice, and corbel were such, and no other, as grew in the woods and fields around, &c.

Inigo Jones was the introducer of Grecian architecture; but he had few opportunities of executing his own favourite plans, and was compelled, for the most part, to conform to the tastes of his employers. In conjunction with Ben Jonson, he got up the masques of the courts of James and Charles, and thought his doings in pasteboard and paint equal at least to Jonson's poetry, and was even for taking the lead in the assertion of his claims—the performances were announced as the works of "*Jones and Jonson*." Soured by disappointment, and irritable by temperament, Jonson lampooned his colleague, and fell without mercy upon his vanity and follies. Of Jones's buildings, few now remain in their original state. On account of his extensive works in the repair of St. Paul's, he fell under the censure of the angry Commons; on the breaking out of the war, he lost his place of surveyor-general, and as a known "malignant," he was compelled to compound severely for his estates.

Wren is the architect who has left behind him the most numerous works, and some of the most important. St. Paul's and the city churches are splendid monuments of his genius. He lived too long for his cotemporaries, and in his old age was sacrificed to the jealousy of rivals, and the neglect of his patrons. At the age of 86, he was deprived of his official appointments, and even the conclusion of the works at St. Paul's taken out of his hands. He bore the indignity manfully, and survived it still five years.

Vanbrugh, though the constant butt of Swift's and Pope's satire—from mere love of mischief apparently—has risen in reputation considerably in modern times; and indeed the builder of Blenheim, and the writer of some of the wittiest, though perhaps coarsest comedies of the age, was never likely to be long obscured by the sport of Swift, nor the spite of the Duchess of Marlborough.

The throwing open of St. Martin's magnificent portico has revived the memory and illustrated the merits of Gibbs, while nothing, not even the villa of Chiswick, can keep those of Burlington alive. Walpole, with his aristocratic predilections, could see nothing to admire in the ignoble commoner, while the architectural peer, like the king, could do no wrong.

In Kent, Mr. Cunningham finds no-



thing but quackery. He seems to think him a kind of architectural milliner—possessing about as much title to distinction as a maker of artificial flowers.

Chambers could write better than build—and not much of that; though Somerset-house is a splendid pile of building.

*History of the War in the Peninsula, &c., from 1807 to 1814, by Col. Napier, Vol. III.*—We have before expressed our sense of Colonel Napier's qualifications for accomplishing the task which he is zealously and indefatigably prosecuting. As a soldier, and one who was himself engaged in the service he describes, he comes with advantages which no mere layman can possess, whatever be his industry or intelligence; and he has too much confidence, by natural temperament, in his own decisions to withhold any of them, whether bearing upon military or political points. His admiration of Napoleon and Wellington knows no bounds; while for the ministers at home, who blindly pursued their own views, and carelessly thwarted their commander, his contempt is supreme. The conduct of the French troops, Colonel Napier traces as much in detail as that of the British and their allies—and so, acceptably enough, supplies what is lamentably defective in all other histories of the war. For the general reader—who is not, of course, as somebody said with some humour, "particular"—the military details are too oppressive to get through; but for martial folks they have their charm and their good; for it must be as useful to study the blunders of the enemy, as the victories of their own chief. Most of those blunders may be tracked to the disunion and jealousy of Napoleon's officers, and the want of his own controlling presence.

The third volume is occupied chiefly with the campaigns of 1810—preceded by some details of the former year, in Catalonia and the South, to bring up arrears. After the battle of Talavera—where the second volume terminated—Lord Wellington took up a position on the Guadiana, and maintained it till, provoked by the want of cordial co-operation on the part of the Spaniards, he resolved to abandon the country, and confine himself, for a time, to the defence of Portugal. While thus encamped along the river, the troops perished by thousands, from what was called the Guadiana fever; and censures upon the commander have been pretty generally cast, for thus exposing them, apparently, for no adequate purpose. Colonel Napier insists that it was by maintaining this position, and not by the battle of Talavera, that he saved Andalusia; and the proof is, that the moment

he quitted it for the valley of the Mondego, the French advanced.

The detail of Massena's invasion of Portugal—of Wellington's retreat within his own lines (of Torres Vedras)—and of Massena's final abandonment of Portugal, bring up the narrative of the war to the miserable battle of Albuera, which Colonel Napier characterizes, without scruple, as one that adds nothing to the laurels of the commander. Alive, as Beresford still is, some men would have yielded a little to the restraining hand of common delicacy; but Colonel Napier piques himself upon obeying higher impulses.

Colonel Napier's remarks upon the Guerilla system are admirable. We quote a scrap:—

It is true that if a whole nation will but persevere in such a system, it must in time destroy the most numerous armies. But no people will thus persevere; the aged, the sick, the timid, the helpless, are all hinderers of the bold and robust. There will also be a difficulty to procure arms; for it is not on every occasion that so rich and powerful a people as the English will be found in alliance with insurrection; and when the invaders follow up their victories by a prudent conduct—as was the case with Suchet, and some others of the French generals—the result is certain. The desire of ease, natural to mankind, prevails against the suggestions of honour; and although the opportunity of covering personal ambition with the garb of patriotism may cause many attempts to throw off the yoke, the bulk of the invaded people will gradually become submissive and tranquil. It is a fact that, notwithstanding the violent measures resorted to by the Partida chiefs to fill their ranks, deserters from the French, and even from the British, formed one-third of their bands.

To raise a whole people against an invader may be easy; but to direct the energy thus aroused, is a gigantic task, and, if misdirected, the result will be more injurious than advantageous. That it was misdirected in Spain, was the opinion of many able men of all sides; and to represent it otherwise, is to make history give false lessons to posterity. Portugal was thrown completely into the hands of Lord Wellington; but that great man, instead of following the example of the Supreme Junta, and encouraging independent bands, enforced military organization upon totally different principles. The people were, indeed, called upon and obliged to resist the enemy; but it was under a regular system, by which all classes were kept within just bounds, and the whole physical and moral power of the nation rendered subservient to the plan of the general-in-chief. To act differently is to confess weakness: it is to say that the government, being unequal to the direction of affairs, permits anarchy.

His estimate of the Spaniards, with his defence of that estimate, is spirited and decisive:—

I have been charged with incompetence to understand, and, most unjustly, with a desire to underrate the Spanish resistance; but it is the province of history to record foolish as well as glorious deeds, that posterity may profit from all;

and neither will I mislead those who read my work, nor sacrifice the reputation of my country's arms to shallow declamation upon the unconquerable spirit of independence. To expose the errors is not to undervalue the fortitude of a noble people; for in their constancy, in the unexampled patience, with which they bore the ills inflicted alike by a ruthless enemy, and by their own sordid governments, the Spaniards were truly noble: but shall I say that they were victorious in their battles, or faithful in their compacts; that they treated their prisoners with humanity; that their Juntas were honest or wise; their generals skillful; their soldiers firm? I speak but the bare truth, when I assert that they were incapable of defending their own cause! Every action, every correspondence, every proceeding of the six years that the war lasted, rise up in support of this fact; and to assume that an insurrection so conducted did, or could possibly baffle the prodigious power of Napoleon, is an illusion. Spain baffles him! Her efforts were amongst the very smallest causes of his failure. Portugal has far greater claims to that glory. Spain furnished the opportunity; but it was England, Austria, Russia, or rather fortune, that struck down that wonderful man. The English, more powerful, more rich, more profuse, perhaps more brave than the ancient Romans; the English, with a fleet, for grandeur and real force, never matched, with a general equal to any emergency, fought as if for their own existence. The Austrians brought four hundred thousand good troops to arrest the conqueror's progress; the snows of Russia destroyed three hundred thousand of his best soldiers; and finally, when he had lost half a million of veterans, not one of whom died on Spanish ground, Europe, in one vast combination, could only tear the Peninsula from him by tearing France along with it. What weakness, then, what incredible delusion, to point to Spain, with all her follies and her never-ending defeats, as a proof that a people fighting for independence must be victorious. She was invaded, because she adhered to the great European aristocracy; she was delivered, because England enabled that aristocracy to triumph for a moment over the principles of the French Revolution.

*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library. Vol. III. Annual Retrospect of Public Affairs for 1831.*—This is no bad conception. A glance of this kind over the year, at the end of it, in these stirring times, might save abundance of labour, and reminds us conveniently at little cost and trouble. But one volume should have been the limit. Such a degree of compression would have prevented much of it resembling, as it now does, the stale details of the newspapers. Greece, France, and Belgium occupy the chief portion of the volume. Leopold's rejection of the sovereignty is told far too lengthily, though fairly enough. More swelling matters have driven Greece into the back-ground. The great patrons of Greece in England and France—Palmerston and Sebastiani—are now both of them respectively at the head of the foreign departments—will Greece be the better for it? Will they now urge upon

the Port the evacuation of Candia—so earnest as they both were when out of office?—French affairs are brought up to the trial and sentence of the ministers, which might very well close the year; but the writer is not disposed to let go his hold, and proposes to prosecute the subject in a second volume.—Belgium is barely touched upon—a little prelude only respecting De Potter. Home seems to present nothing but Parliamentary prattle, of which the author takes a fair estimate enough. Would that the Reform Bill swept away another two hundred! Four hundred talkers might surely satisfy any nation upon earth. The Athenians themselves were never such babblers as we are become—but *they* had no reporters!

*Waverley Novels—Kenilworth.*—Sir Walter's success in his portrait of Queen Mary, in the "Abbott," naturally prompted, he tells us, a similar attempt respecting "her sister and her foe," the celebrated Elizabeth of England. Robertson avowed his national prejudices, and Sir Walter, "a poor romance writer," as he describes himself, dare not disown, what so liberal an historian ventured to avow. Nevertheless, in delineating Elizabeth—whom, by the way, Dr. Nares, in his second volume of Burghley's life, assures us, was not, as some affirm of the devil, so black as she is painted—Sir Walter's aim was to describe her as a high-minded sovereign, and a woman of passionate feelings—hesitating between a sense of her rank and duty to her subjects on the one hand, and her attachment, on the other, to a nobleman, who, whatever might be his character, was at least a very handsome man, and of attractive manners. Leicester's murder of his wife was a subject of general suspicion and allusion, as appears from numerous sources. Sir Walter's authority is Ashmole's History of Berkshire—but his first acquaintance with the story was from Mickle's Cummor Hall. There can be little doubt Leicester had enemies enough. A favourite has no friend; and he was not of a nature to conciliate. Sir Walter has clenched the nail. Leicester and murder are for ever now inseparable—an effect which might suggest a little more caution in dealing with historical character.

*The Animal Kingdom, on Cuvier's Arrangement. Edited by E. Griffith, and others. Part XXVII.*—The twenty-seventh portion of this respectable undertaking, of which we have more than once expressed our approbation, is taken up with Reptilia, and chiefly with frogs and toads. Frogs, it seems, are going out of favour in France, though still to be met with in the markets, but not so

generally or so abundantly as in Italy or Germany. The French, with us, monopolize the whole credit. They, however, eat nothing but the hind quarters, and that only of animals fed and fattened with care and selection; but the Germans eat all parts of this loathsome animal, except the skin and intestines. Of old, the flesh of the frog, with salt and oil, was used as an antidote to poison; and, in modern times, doctors have recommended, in cases of epilepsy, the "liver of a frog calcined in an oven, on a cabbage leaf, between two plates, and swallowed in peony water." But what absurdities have they not recommended? The ornamental portion of the work is very superior both as to selection and execution.

*Arthur of Brittany, by the author of "The Templars," 3 vols., 12mo.*—Though we have given Arthur of Brittany but a hasty glance, we have seen amply sufficient to satisfy us, that the author is destined to gather no ordinary renown on the fields of historical romance. He enters well into recorded characters—supplies with skill and congruity—and talks consistently of the times he describes. The prominent personage of the tale is King John—a mixture of the ape and the tiger—a dastard in spirit, but a profligate in purpose, and reckless of the means employed to perpetrate his designs, whether to gratify revenge or lust. The history of the world, fertile as it is in worthless monarchs, when monarchs were less cribbed and cabined than they now are, or than they are likely to be, scarcely furnishes so odious and contemptible a person as John—one so utterly without any redeeming virtue. A rebel to his father—a traitor to his brother, and the usurper of his nephew's rights, instead of removing invidious impressions, and conciliating the good-will of unwilling subjects, he alike, without scruple or restraint, violated public rights and invaded private ones—trampling upon the charities of life—seizing by main force where he could not dupe or seduce, and murdering by dark assassins where he despaired of netting his victims in the meshes of perverted laws. Human tolerance could no longer brook the insulting tyranny, and to the resentment of the barons, not always of the purest kind, are we indebted for the basis and principles of our own civil liberties. It is true, the nobles meant nothing but to secure their own rights; but, luckily for us, so large and so comprehensive were the terms employed by them to define their demands, that it has since been difficult, and finally impracticable to confine and

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contract them again within the limits which the barons of old doubtless meant to restrict them, and to which again the barons of our own days would gladly bring them back. The defining of political rights, in general terms, once admitted, was of eternal advantage—it has been a constant object of appeal and triumph—a step that never could be trodden back.

In his tale the author introduces young Arthur, quickly after his marriage with Marie of France, into the palace at Winchester, as the son of Hubert de Burgh, where he plays queen's page, while Hubert bestirs himself in rousing the nobles to get rid of their worthless king and assert the youth's rights. Of course much of the piece is occupied with the risks both parties incur from the jealousies and suspicions of John, and the activity of his agents. In the palace Arthur recognizes his sister Eleanor, who, like Brutus of old, had been feigning idiocy for years, and her lover, Louvaine, in the disguise of court-fool. His bride too, is employed by the indefatigable Hubert, in prosecuting the same schemes. With all these zealous agents, however, the plot fails for want of money. Money was to be forthcoming from an old money-dealer, but John got scent of it, and was beforehand with them—murdering the poor man, and bearing off for his own use, the sinews of war. The scene changes to Brittany, where Arthur is captured and thrown into the Castle of Falaise; but is rescued from John's assassins by the faithful Hubert, and instead of dying the death which historians assign him, he lives a long life, in some happy retreat with his lovely and active bride, where though he gives up royalty for himself, he becomes the steady adviser of his brother-in-law, and all Louis IXth's best deeds are ascribed to his sage promptings.

*Venetian Sketches — Family Library. Vol. XX.*—These are well executed sketches, but so connected and even continuous, that the title of history might as appropriately have been assumed. The volume extends to the year 1406—the year in which Carrera and his sons were captured and butchered. The sequel will occupy another volume. The exposure of her archives, when Venice finally sank under the dominion of Austria, and the subsequent, or rather consequent works of Sismondi and Count Daru, have of late stirred a new interest in favour of Venetian history. Poets and novelists have long made Venice their favourite theme. But the public acquaintance with its history has been chiefly confined to the periods



which romance has made its own. Never was the study of facts more indispensable than since writers of imagination have blended their fancies so intimately with realities as they have done of late. They are perpetually misleading, partly by their own misconceptions, and partly from their incapacity, often, to keep their representations within the limits of congruity. The study of history becomes daily more imperative, to prevent the confusion of fact and fiction, which must be the consequence of the grave and imposing tone taken by novelists. No harm will be done by the romance writer, where the reader is acquainted with the spirit of the times, and the characters exhibited. Just as no mistake results from the representation of modern manners, where a previous and personal acquaintance exists; because, in that case, the reader enjoys the illusion, even while he discriminates. Nobody, in short, should venture upon historical novels without first possessing himself of facts—or, at least, of what are, till they get corrected, regarded as such. Such sketches as these of the Family Library will prove most convenient little books for precluding the erroneous impressions to which we have been alluding.

*Lays from the East.* By Robert Calder Campbell.—A volume of poetry from the East, with which the author may probably have beguiled the weariness of some solitary station up the country. Some of the pieces—they are all short—are very beautiful, and the whole of them considerably above the average of current versification. The specimen is taken almost at random—

Silent she stood—her white hands on her breast  
Clasped, with the strength of pain; and o'er her  
cheek

A crimson blush was seen to come and go,  
Like lightning—bursting from the curling cloud,  
Making all bright, then leaving it again,  
In all its waste of darkness. Lovely still  
She was, though wild; and on her eyes there  
shone

A fierceness, not her own, by madness sent  
To soil that gentle nature. She had loved,  
And wedded one who was not what he seemed;  
For 'neath the form of noblest manhood  
He hid the spirit of a demon-fiend,  
And in the ardent lover soon she found  
The scourge domestic—the home-paining tyrant.  
It was too much for her—her breast, though  
meek

As is the lambkin's in its mirthful mood,  
Had yet deep wells of passion and of thought,  
And they did flood ere long.

Endymion asleep reminds us of Keats, not only in subject, but in manner. It is equal to the very best of Keats—a little strained like his,—but soft and sweet as voluptuousness can conceive—

Endymion! mine own Endymion, sleep!  
Sleep, still as sea flowers in the silent depths,  
Where Naiads come not! Sleep, soundly as birds  
That crush rich grapes in wantonness, until  
Intoxication seize them! Sleep, dear boy!  
Soft as young cygnets. Sleep, that I may breathe  
The kisses of a goddess on thy brow—  
Kisses more sweet than bees of Hybla sip  
From spice-balls on Hymettus—sweeter far  
Than those the incense-breathing born inhales  
From lily-buds and scented cinnamon!  
Oh! sleep, my shepherd swain! my beautiful!  
That I may stamp the signet of my love—  
My fervent, burning love, in one long kiss  
Upon those perfumed lips.—Oh ye who know  
What 'tis—the secret transport—thus to glide  
Upon the slumbers of the one you love, &c.

*A Grammar of the German Language,* by C. F. Becker, M.D.—Becker's Grammar, though logically reasoned, and consistently arranged, will never become popular among English folks, were it only for the new terms and technicalities which the author has chosen to adopt—as if to repel the student at the threshold. To a German, accustomed to application, and with abundance of leisure, new terms for an old science present no obstacle; but an Englishman, who knows what he has called from his childhood a substantive and an adjective, has no notion of confounding them both under the mystical term of national words, and other old acquaintances under that of relational words. Dr. Becker, indeed, gives us *his* word that the difficulties of this terminology of his are but trifling—are all in the outset, as if *that* was nothing at all—will soon vanish, as he has himself had ample experience in the course of ten years teaching Englishmen. It may be so, but every body cannot go to Offenbach on the Maine, to secure his personal services. The doctor, however, plumes himself, especially, upon his renouncing these our old fashions of grammars built upon antique Latin ones—*his* depends wholly upon the dictates of nature. He goes to the *roots* of things, and these roots are all verbs. Of course verbs might be expected to take precedence in his grammar, but they do not. The derivations, primary and secondary, of nouns and adjectives in sundry shapes, come first, and then follow, by some unaccountable inversion, the roots in the disguise of verbs. Then follow other classes of words,—which do not, however, differ essentially from the old-fashioned “parts of speech,” with which the greater part of the world are well content, and manage, moreover, to get up, with them, a foreign language, sufficiently for common purposes, and not one in a thousand requires more. The doctor is fearfully learned, and subtilizes till the reader loses his way in a cloud of discriminations.

*The Didoniad, a semi-Virgilian Nautic Epic, in Nine Cantos. Edited by Paul Heidiger, Esq., late Lieutenant of the Royal Navy.*—A vast deal too much, if the term of a "good thing" was even remotely applicable to it. The joke is carried to a most serious extent—surpassing, indeed, the limits of all mortal patience. The writer must be his own reader—for one labour must be as stupendous as the other. Five or six thousand lines of a pertinacious attempt at humour—much of it in the shape and semblance of parody too—stand about as much chance of getting read as so many sleepy sermons. No parody spread over more than half a dozen pages, however brilliant in spots, was ever yet successful. There is really no laughing over it—one can do nothing but growl. The recollection, too, of Cotton's *Travestie*—quite irrepressible—is of no manner of advantage to this nautical attempt at a new one. The new *Æneas* is the commander of a man-of-war, as rough and wilful as his own element; who, after undergoing repairs in a Sicilian port, cruizes off the African coast, and encounters a new Dido, who falls in love, &c. We print a specimen—by no means the worst, and perhaps not the best—

Divine *Æneas*, then, our noble chief,  
With mortals dwelling, deigned, [but here, Belief  
Scarce can believe,] for sympathy's dear link,

With men to dine divinely, and to sup,  
And no less as a demigod to drink,

Where friendship's summons claimed the social  
cup

Or sparkling bowl. His steadiness to steal  
All powerless they, or once to make him  
flounder:

Howe'er mere common human clay might feel,

The heaven-born hero only slept the sounder.

Did Virgil wish to give a novel bias

To the Epic when he drew his hero pious?

Was't "piety," he neither drank nor swore?

The lian swordsman always had some sleight

Or soul play of his godling guides in store,

To help him out, in lieu of manly might.

His buccaneer behaviour to poor Turnus,

With indignation is enough to burn us.

Who shall pronounce him either good or great,

Who heathenly ascribed events to fate?

Now, our *Æneas* never had but one duct

Of moral feeling—*cullasses and conduct*.

The one a conquered fugitive went to sea;

The other, in his native gallantry.

Compared with Slowjohn he was quite a craven,

Whom chance, not worth, consign'd to fortune's  
haven.

True, there's that story of his filial feat

In shouldering off his father, in retreat

From burning Troy, which children learn by rote.

Not very likely, in the crowded street

Of the sack'd city, Greeks, in battle heat,

Should grant such grace to any. But we'll quote

A surer case:—Slowjohn, in perpetuity,

Tripled his mother's jointure, as annuity.

*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia.* Vol.

XVI.—This volume completes the His-

tory of Maritime and Inland Discovery, and the whole proves to be an excellent digest of materials, covering an immense space, and much of which has lost its value by subsequent and more correct information. This concluding portion of the work communicates the pith of the discoveries and narratives of Byron, Wallis, Carteret, Cook, La Perouse, -Vancouvre, Ross, Parry, and Weddell—besides a rapid sketch of events in the South Seas, and a glance at Australia and Van Diemen. Of Travels, in like manner, we have Franklin's Journeys in North America, and Humboldt's in South America—and in Africa, Bruce, Parke, Denham, Clapperton, every one, in short, down to Caillié. The most remarkable deficiency is in India, of which vast regions we find nothing but notices of travellers in the Himalyeh. One chapter is dedicated wholly to Bruce, against whom the compiler entertains too much of the old prejudice, which Major Head has recently been combating in Murray's Family Library. He mistakes as to facts—so far were Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt from affording, as he states, their testimony to Bruce's correctness, that the first studiously, though with little personal knowledge of his own, sought to exhibit proofs of his ignorance and his falsehood. Salt himself, too, was ready to back his patron, and even when subsequent experience better enabled him to appreciate Bruce's statements, he tardily and grudgingly acknowledged their general fidelity. But Bruce is charged specifically with humbugging the public as to the source of the Nile. The branch he traced to its springs was after all not the *main* stream; but, then, who but Bruce himself told us that the *Blue* River was far inferior in magnitude to the *White*? Then again, proceeds the writer, he "endeavoured to conceal from the public, and even from himself," the fact, that the sources which he visited had been seen 150 years before by Paez, the Portuguese jesuit—when the truth is, that Bruce points out inaccuracies in Paez's descriptions; and as to concealing the fact *from himself*, it is not so easy a matter as the writer seems to think.

The writer does not, we observe, question the fact of Caillié's having actually reached Timbuctoo, but he adds, justly enough, that geography has gained *nothing* by the details. It is idle, indeed, for incompetent persons to go on such errands; and yet our own government have recently dispatched Clapperton's *servant* to the coast of Africa—a man who has no earthly recommendation but that of being seasoned to the climate.

*An Only Son, a Narrative.* By the Author of "My Early Days."—Only sons have rarely a common chance of judicious management in any rank of life. The writer's aim is to illustrate the effects upon the character and fortunes of a child so circumstanced, produced by the ambition of a parent in one of the humblest stations of society. The father's efforts are directed towards an object, of which he has but a vague conception, and the means of accomplishing which are wholly without the sphere of his own experience. The result is not to be wondered at—the father is baffled, and the son's happiness wrecked. The only son of the tale is the offspring of a small farmer and shopkeeper in the west, rough and uncouth, but who married a woman of a softer and more intelligent cast, whose influence served to soften a heart not perhaps originally hard, but frozen by the rigid principles of Puritanism. She died early, but had lived long enough to stir in him a desire to educate his son beyond his own station. Unlicked himself, and with no judicious advisers at hand—his efforts are miserably directed, and the consequent failure is all ascribed to the youth's indolence, perverseness, or want of filial regard. Though hoarding avowedly for the child's benefit, he grudges the outlay of every penny. He takes him to a fashionable school, rudely and coarsely equipped, and the child becomes the sport of his fellows—and

money and anxiety alike are thrown away. The result is past his comprehension—he loses his temper, and condemns the boy to the lowest offices of the farm and the shop. Then suddenly reverting to his old object, he places him with an apothecary, and speedily dispatches him to Edinburgh to study physic. At the end of the session the youth returns, embarrassed with a load of debt—there is no confidence between father and son, and the latter dreads to make the disclosure. A discovery follows, and with it a scene of violence. The youth deserts his home, and accompanies the son of an opulent neighbour, just starting as a dragoon officer for Spain, in the character of a volunteer. For a time his friend is still his friend, but by degrees he cools—the other's pride is alarmed—words ensue, and a duel is the consequence, in which he has the misery to kill his friend. Already shocked at the devastations of war, he abandons the camp, and, returning to his paternal dwelling, finds his father dead, heart-broken by the disappointment of his fondest hopes. Eventually, the young man, left to himself, turns again to his medical pursuits, and seems to be proving himself a very useful country surgeon, in Wales, at peace, and without ambition, in the company of an old maiden aunt. The tone is gloomy and dispiriting—but the writer's purpose is well developed—and the whole composition vigorous and full of thought.

#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

The sixth and seventh parts of the *Views in the East*, are full of beauty. The first scene is a very curious temple at Benares, half immersed in water, with some of the towers leaning over upon the river, in a position that renders Pisa's leaning tower anything but remarkable. The next is one of the Caves of Ellora, well engraved by Woolnath; and Delhi, a splendid scene by Purser and Miller. Jahara Bag, Agra, by Boys and Cooke, is clear and sunny enough; and yet it is exceeded in beauty by the Palace of the Seven Stories, Beejapore, which forms a lovely picture, and is admirably engraved by W. Finden.

The subjects selected for the twenty-second and twenty-third Nos. of the National Portrait Gallery are, the late Mr. Huskisson and the late Lord Ellenborough, with the following living "illustrious and eminent personages": Sir Edward Codrington, Lord Tenterden, the Bishop of Peterborough, and Sir George Murray. The portraits of Lord Ellenborough, Admiral Codrington, and Sir George Murray, are from

pictures by Lawrence; and the engravings do entire justice both to the taste of the painter, and the character of the subjects. Mr. Huskisson's portrait, from an original picture painted three months before his death, is an interesting accession to this popular and valuable series.

In addition to the intrinsic beauty, as engravings, of the Landscape Illustrations of the *Waverley Novels*, we feel a charm in looking through them which could never naturally belong to the scenes themselves, picturesque as most of them are. It is the genius of the Novelist that has made them magnificent in our eyes, and given beauty to the barrenest places. Who can look on Bothwell Bridge in the number before us—the eleventh—and not be awakened to all the stirring associations connected with Old Mortality? The others are—Fast Castle, Bride of Lammermuir, York Minster, Ivanhoe, and Castle-Rushin, Peveril of the Peak; all of them worthy the volumes they illustrate, and the names that are attached to them.



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To Jeremiah Grime, the younger, of Bury, Lancaster, copper-plate engraver, for inventing a method of dissolving snow and ice on the trams or rail-ways, in order that locomotive steam-engines and carriages, and other carriages, may pass over rail-roads without any obstruction or impediment from such snow or ice.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Burgess, Northwick, Chester, M.D., for inventing a drink for the cure, prevention; or relief of gout, gravel, and other diseases, which may be also applied to other purposes.—21st February; 2 months.

To Samuel Dunn, Southampton, engineer, for a method of generating steam.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Trevithick, Saint Aith, Cornwall, for an improved steam-engine.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Trevithick, Saint Aith, Cornwall, for a method or apparatus for heating apartments.—21st February; 6 months.

To William Sneath, Ison Green, Nottingham, lace-maker, for certain improvements in, or additions to machinery for making, figuring, or ornamenting lace or net, and such other articles to which the said machinery may be applicable.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Abbey, Walthamstow, Essex, gent., for a new mode of preparing the leaf of a British plant, for producing a healthy beverage by infusion.—21st February; six months.

To William Furnival, esq., Wharton, Chester, for certain improvements in evaporating brine.—21st February; 6 months.

To John Phillips, Arnold, Nottingham, for certain improvements on bridles.—21st February; 6 months.

To Richard Williams, College Wharf, Belvidere-road, Lambeth, Surrey, engineer, for certain improvements on steam engines.—28th February; six months.

To David Selden, Borough of Liverpool, county Palatine of Lancaster, merchant, for certain improvements in machinery used to give a degree of consistency to, and to wind on to bobbins, barrells, or spools, rovings of cottons, and the like fibrous substances.—26th February; 6 months.

To David Napier, Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, and James and William Napier, Glasgow, engineers, for certain improvements in machinery for propel-

ling locomotive carriages.—4th March; 6 months.

To Apsley Pellatt, Falcon Glass Works, Holland-street, Blackfriars-bridge, Surrey, glass manufacturer, for an improved mode of forming glass vessels and utensils, with ornamental figured patterns impressed thereon.—9th March; 6 months.

To Robert Stephenson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Northumberland, engineer, for an improvement in the axles and parts which form the bearings at the centre of wheels for carriages which are to travel upon edge railways.—11th March; 4 months.

To Charles Wood, Macclesfield, Chester, manufacturer, for certain improvements in machinery for the spinning of cotton, silk, flax, wool, and other fibrous substances of the like nature, as well as for throwing, doubling, and twisting threads and yarns made of the same materials.—11th March; 6 months.

To William Peeke, Torquay, Tormsham, Devon, shipwright, and Thomas Hammick, of the same place, shipsmith, for certain improvements in rudder hangings, and rudders for ships or vessels.—21st March; 6 months.

To George William Turner, St. Mary Magdalen, Bermondsey, Surrey, paper-maker, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making paper.—21st March; 6 months.

To Peregrine Phillips, jun., Bristol, vinegar maker, for certain improvements in manufacturing sulphuric acid, commonly called oil of vitrol.—21st March; 6 months.

To John and James Potter, Spiedly, near Manchester, spinners and manufacturers, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus applicable to the spinning or twisting of cotton, flax, silk, wool, and other fibrous materials.—21st March; 6 months.

To George Royle, Walsall, Stafford, whitesmith, for an improved method of making iron pipes, tubes, or cylinders.—21st March; 6 months.

*List of Patents which having been granted in the month of April, 1817, expire in the present month of April, 1831.*

19. Edward Nicholas, Monmouth, plough for covering with mould wheat when sown.

29. Antonio Joachim Friere Marrere, London, machine for calculating and ascertaining the longitude at sea.



## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THOMAS HOPE, ESQ.

This gentleman, equally known in the world of fashion and the world of art, was a descendant from the Hopes (Baronets) of Craig Hall, in the county of Fife. The founder of the family appears to have been John de Hope, who came from France in the train of Magdalene, Queen of King James the First. His grandson, Henry, an eminent merchant, married Jeanne de Tott, a French lady, by whom he had two sons: Thomas, created a Baronet in 1628; and Henry, ancestor of Hope, who settled in Holland, and amassed a large fortune in commerce. Of this gentleman, Mr. Hope was, we believe, a nephew, and a partner in the concern. One of his brothers still resides in Amsterdam; and another (Philip Hope, Esq.), in Norfolk-street, London. The Hopes, of Amsterdam, were proverbial for wealth, for liberality, for the splendour of their mansion, and for their extensive and valuable collection of works of art.

Early in life, Mr. Hope, possessing an ample fortune, travelled over various parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa; and having, with a refined taste, acquired a facility of drawing, he brought home a large collection of sketches, principally of the architecture and sculpture of the different scenes. Soon after his return to, and settlement in, London, he published "A Letter, addressed to F. Annesley, Esq., on a Series of Designs for Drumming College, Cambridge;" in which, founding his pretensions on what he had seen and examined in the course of his travels, especially with reference to architecture, he criticized, with considerable severity, the series of plans, elevations, &c. which had been produced by Mr. Wyatt. In consequence, as it has been said, of these criticisms, Mr. Wyatt's designs were rejected; and Mr. Wilkins was afterwards employed to commence the college. The building, however, has not been finished.

Mr. Hope married the Hon. Louisa Hope, the fifteenth child and youngest daughter of the late Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam, and brother to the late Marquess of Waterford. By this lady, he had three sons, who survive to lament his loss. Of this Lady, eminent for beauty, grace, and accomplishments, a finely-engraved portrait, from Sir Thomas Lawrence's celebrated painting, was published in *La Belle Assemblée* for May, 1830.

Having purchased a large house in Duchess-street, Mr. Hope devoted much time and study in finishing and fitting up the interior, partly from his own drawings, and partly in imitation of the best specimens of ancient and modern buildings in Italy. He made designs for the whole, and also for the furniture.

The house (of which a brief account with two plates, is given in the first volume of Britton's "Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London") consists of a picture-gallery, a statue-gallery, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, cabinets for vases and other antique curiosities, which he had collected in the course of his travels. Alluding to the style of this mansion, and that of his country residence, at Deepden, near Dorking, Mr. Hope thus expressed himself:—"In forming my collection, and in fitting up my houses, my object has neither been an idle parade of *virtù*, nor an ostentatious display of finery. I have observed, with regret, that most persons employed in our manufactures, or in furnishing our habitations, are rarely initiated, even in the simplest rudiments of design; whence it has happened that immense expense has been employed in producing furniture without character, beauty, or appropriate meaning."

In 1805, Mr. Hope published the drawings which he had made for his furniture, &c. in a folio volume, entitled, "Household Furniture and Internal Decorations." Notwithstanding the sneers of that very tasteful publication, the *Edinburgh Review*, Mr. Hope's work speedily effected a complete revolution in the upholstery and all the interior decoration of houses.

Mr. Hope was, in all respects, a munificent patron of art and of artists, and even of the humbler mechanic; for he has been known to traverse obscure alleys, lanes, and courts, to find out and employ men of skill and talent in their respective pursuits. Therwaldson, the celebrated Danish sculptor, was chiefly indebted to him for the early support and patronage which he experienced. Flaxman was extensively employed by him; and he enjoyed the satisfaction of having excited the genius and fostered the talents of Chantrey. These are only a few of the numerous instances in which his liberality was nobly and advantageously employed. In one case, however, his patronage was returned by an act of the basest ingratitude. Some dispute having arisen between Mr. Hope and a Frenchman of the name of Dubost, respecting the price and execution of a painting, the artist vented his spleen by the exhibition of an infamous caricature—a picture which he entitled *Beauty and the Beast*. It is in the recollection of many, that, in this pictorial libel, Mrs. Hope was drawn as the *Beauty*, and her husband as the *Beast*, laying his treasures at her feet, and addressing her in the language of the French tale. The picture was publicly exhibited, and drew such crowds of loungers and scandal-lovers to view it, that from £20. to £30. a day

was sometimes taken at the doors. It was at length cut to pieces in the room, by Mr. Beresford, the brother of Mrs. Hope. For this, Dubost brought an action against him, laying his damages at £1,000. The jury, however, gave him a verdict for £5., as the worth of the canvas and colours; and even that would not have been awarded had Mr. Beresford put in a plea that he destroyed the picture as a nuisance, instead of putting in a general plea of "not guilty."

In 1809, Mr. Hope published "*The Costumes of the Ancients*," in two volumes, royal 8vo; and that it might be the more easily purchased, and thus more extensively circulated, he generously caused it to be sold at a price by which he is said to have made a sacrifice to the amount of £1,000. Three years afterwards, he published his "*Designs of Modern Costumes*," in folio. These works evinced a profound research into the works of antiquity, and a familiarity with all that is graceful and elegant. In the improvement of female costume in this country, they may be said to have wrought wonders.

Even in this prolific age of authorship, a work of more varied, lively, and intense interest than Mr. Hope's "*Anastasis*, or *Memoirs of a Modern Greek*," has scarcely been known. When it first appeared, it was generally ascribed to the pen of Lord Byron. It has passed through several editions, and is, in fact, a standard book. At the time of Mr. Hope's decease (which occurred at his house in Duchess-street, on the 3d of February), he was engaged in passing through the press a publication, "*On the Origin and Prospects of Man*." He has left an extensive collection of drawings and engravings, illustrative of buildings and scenery in Greece, Turkey, Italy, France, and Germany; and several plates of his antique sculpture, vases, &c.

#### COMTE DE SEGUR.

Le Comte Louis de Segur, eldest son of the Marquis de Segur, Mareschal de France, was born at Paris, in 1753. His high connections gave him consequence, and his talent enabled him to avail himself of the fortuitous advantage. He had distinguished himself in arms, in letters, and in diplomacy, before the commencement of the revolution. After serving two campaigns in the revolutionary war of America, he was, in 1786, appointed to the high station of Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg, between which and that of Versailles he had the satisfaction of accomplishing a perfect reconciliation. In the year following, he concluded a treaty of commerce for France, prevented the re-

newal of the treaty between Russia and England, and thus secured for his own country all the advantages which, till then, had been exclusively enjoyed by England. The Comte de Segur was a poet, and a man of gallantry; qualifications which were thought to have had their full weight, with reference to the success of his negotiations, in the breast of the Imperial Catherine.

The Comte accompanied the Empress in her celebrated journey to the Crimea; and, the war between the Turks and Russians having broken out, he became her mediator. He was negotiating a treaty of alliance, in favour of France, when the revolution in that country broke out. He, in consequence, returned to Paris; and, in the same year (1789), he was appointed deputy from the noblesse of the capital to the *états-généraux*. In 1791, he was made a *mâreschal de camp*. The ministry for foreign affairs, and an embassy to Rome, were offered to him. He chose the latter; but, differences arising between the Holy See and the French government, he either did not set out upon his mission, or the Pope refused to receive him.

In 1792, the Comte de Segur was sent, by Louis XVI., as ambassador to the court of Berlin, in the hope of averting the threatened war. In this object he, with difficulty, succeeded. When the king was dethroned, he retired from public affairs; but, on the 10th of August, 1792, he was arrested by the Committee of Public Safety. On his liberation, he left France, and remained abroad during the whole of the reign of terror. His property in France, and in St. Domingo, having been ruined, in 1793 and 1794, he is said to have for a long time supported his father and his family by the productions of his pen.

After the fall of Robespierre, he returned. In 1801, he was elected a member of the legislative corps. He voted in favour of the consulship for life to Buonaparte; a measure which he pronounced to be the most efficacious for consolidating the new institutions. In 1803, he was called to the Council of State, and elected a member of the National Institute; and, under the imperial government, he was appointed to the office of Grand Master of the Ceremonies of France, and invested with the *cordon rouge*. In 1813, he became a senator; and, in January, 1814, he was named commissioner extraordinary from the imperial government to the 18th military division.

On the return of the Bourbons, the Comte de Segur was created a peer of France; notwithstanding which, when Buonaparte reassumed the government, he, by imperial command, resumed his legislative functions, was again Grand

Master of the Ceremonies, and became one of Napoleon's peers. This conduct rendered him obnoxious to the ordinances of the king, on his final restoration, in 1815; and, stripped of all his dignities, he afterwards lived in a state of elegant retirement, surrounded by many of the leading writers and philosophers of the day. The only public distinction he enjoyed was that of member of the French Academy, by a royal ordinance of the year 1816.

For a time, the Comte de Segur was one of the editors of the *Journal de Paris*. In 1800, he printed his "History of the principal Events in the Reign of Frederick William the Second;" which, in

the following year, reappeared under the title of a "Political Picture of Europe." He afterwards wrote "Favier's Politics of Cabinets," with notes; and also a "Collection of Poetical Pieces;" amongst which was a tragedy, entitled "Coriolanus," which had been performed at the Court Theatre of St. Petersburg, numerous vaudevilles, &c. In addition to these works, the Comte de Segur wrote "The History of Modern Europe"—"An Abridgment of Ancient and Modern History, for the Use of Youth." in 38 volumes—"Moral and Political Gallery," &c.

The Comte died at Paris, on the 27th of August.

### MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE variable state of the weather still continuing, much impediment has occurred to the Spring culture, which nevertheless generally, will not be very backward, excepting upon the heaviest and wettest soils; upon those of a more favourable description, a laudable expedition has been used, assuring a somewhat early seed season. Here the farmers seem to have profited by unfortunate experience. They have had before their eyes the striking difference between the early and the latter sown wheats—the one a flourishing and luxuriant crop, requiring a check from cold and drought, the other, in many parts, scarcely visible until the commencement of the present month, the plants appearing puny and starved, abounding with bare patches, from the depredations of insectite vermin, wire-worms, slugs and grubs. Salt, from six to twenty bushels per acre, has invariably, according to custom on the occasion, during the last half century, been warmly recommended from the press, as the cheapest and most effective remedy, and it probably is so, when sudden rains do not occur to dilute the salt. In February, the uncertainty of the weather occasioned much interruption and delay in getting the Spring wheat seed into the ground, and perhaps entirely preventing the usual practice in some parts, of filling up vacancies in wheat sown before Christmas, with Talavera, or Spanish wheat. We have, indeed, sometimes reaped abundant produce from land, the crop of which in the Spring, had a very suspicious and discouraging appearance; should such good fortune attend the present crop, it may be larger than we have experienced during several past years, since the shew on all dry and good lands, is to the full as satisfactory as could be expected, their too generally foul and neglected state considered. At any rate, the corn laws have provided against almost the possibility of scarcity or exorbitant price. In the mean time, these laws are most unpopular among our home growers, more especially in reference to the plan of *averages*, the managers of which are accused of the grossest frauds. The corn question, like all others which involve conflicting interests, we find oppositely determined, in accordance with the peculiar views of each party. Impartially, the impost was matter of stern necessity, and however defective in form, the legislation may have been, bread corn has hitherto maintained nearly a famine price.

The slovenly practice of broad-casting beans is at length fortunately giving way, even in the remotest parts; but the *dibble*, or setting by hand, has ever been a greater favourite than the drill; the misfortune is, too many farmers will incur the expence and labour of these beneficial practices, subsequently neglecting the very grounds and essence of the benefits they are intended to confer, the inestimable ones of hoeing, aerating and clearing the soil. Beans and the earliest Spring crops were in the ground upon the forwardest soils, by the first week or middle of the present month, where they are at present busily engaged in getting in their barley, which in few parts is entirely completed. The farmers of heavy and backward lands, that have not been benefited by a due quantity of March dust, will dip too deeply into April, for the sanguine expectations of very abundant spring crops. The winter bean is losing its reputation in many parts, superseded by the white-eyed species, at any rate better adapted to the lighter kind of bean soils: Welch barley also, is getting into vogue, as of good weight and quality and an early ripener. The young clovers and tares are backward and much deficient in plant, chiefly no doubt, from the imperfect seed of last year. The Tartarian oat is said to have improved much in weight and quality from culture.



Immediately on the closing of our last report, a considerable reduction took place in the price of wheat, occasioned by the admission of foreign at the low duty; at the same time a sudden and large advance was experienced in the flesh markets. With respect to horned cattle, store or fattened sheep, pigs, and dairy produce, every article is rising in price (store cattle twenty per cent. above last year's price) throughout the country, notwithstanding, sheep being excepted, a most abundant supply—according to the old economists—a true sign of national prosperity, great stocks and high price. The distress of the labourers comes home to the heart of every humane and considerate man, nor can there exist any doubt that farming generally, is a miserable and losing concern; since, were there no other cause, the last two or three harvests were sufficient to render it such; but as to the general distress and ruin of the country, we may happily and rationally make a positive demur. If the farmers of dry, good, and sound lands, have not made a living profit at the late prices of corn and cattle, farming is a profitless occupation indeed! Surely the sale of Mr. Paull's stock, at Dillington farm, near Ilminster, attended by upwards of one thousand persons, where Devon bulls were sold at from £35. to £55. each, and cows from £15. to £25. 10s., exhibits no indication of poverty and distress. Wool, at double last year's price, is still advancing, and so scarce in some quarters, that staplers have been obliged to discharge their sorters, having no material on which to employ them. Timber is gradually rising in price, walnut-tree being in great request for gun-stocks. The aversion to tithes seems to pervade the whole country, amounting in a great number of individuals, to an implacable spirit of opposition. Notwithstanding the recent date of so many severe examples, a number of midnight fires have been again lighted, even within these few weeks, both in the East and West; and our letters on this subject are of a very melancholy and apprehensive tone; those from females with families, cannot be read without exciting sentiments of horror and commiseration. The old treacherous and malignant spirit, though repressed and smothered, is still said to lie rankling and festering in the minds of the agricultural labourers. There are happily fewer out of employ than has been usual of late, and their situation has been in some degree amended. The just and liberal plan of allowing the married men an ample portion of garden ground, is extending in all parts, and we trust will become universal; we also heartily wish success to a settled and permanent scheme of emigration. The threshing machines lately destroyed or laid aside are, in various parts, reconstructing and coming again into use. Hay in great plenty; turnips consumed excepting on the best lands, where they can yet be of little use, as running to seed. Potatoes are plentiful and cheap, in the Western counties about 4s. per sack.

As might be expected from the diseased state of the sheep, the lambing season has been most unfortunate. The plague of rot is not yet stayed, but even said to be still spreading, and the lambs produced by infected ewes partake of the parental disease, and those which survive are of little worth. Sheep have not done well during the present season on turnips, a fact which need not excite admiration, considering the loose and washy quality of the roots, and the nature of the disease with which the animals were afflicted. The price of horses, within the last month or six weeks, has had a considerable advance; good ones, as usual, sufficiently scarce in this country, so celebrated for its superior breed.

To conclude merrily, in these disastrous times, we repeat the intelligence we have had from various inhabitants of that county so highly favoured by nature and fortune—HERTS. "No rot in our sheep, which are doing well at less than the usual expence, our plant of wheat strong and good, and our field-work more forward than formerly—stocks of wheat in the farmers' hands larger than usual at this season." We could moreover quote a number of districts, in which the too common calamities of the occupations of farming have been fortunately escaped.

P.S. Since writing the above we have received Mr. Inglis's letter on the rot in sheep, the fall and condition of lambs in the counties of Kent and Sussex. We return him our thanks for the communication, the facts of which have been also stated to us from various parts of those counties. Mr. Inglis may convince himself that we have not neglected this melancholy subject in our preceding reports, in a late one of which he will find our opinion, grounded on long experience, of "cures for rotten sheep."

Smithfield — Beef, 3s. 2d. to 4s. 6d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 2d.—Veal, 5s. to 6s.—Pork, 4s. 2d. to 5s. 4d.—Lamb, 7s. to 7s. 6d.—Rough fat, 2s. 10d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 54s. to 84s.—Barley, 28s. to 48s.—Oats, 22s. to 34s.—London 4lb. loaf, 10½d.—Hay, 45s. to 84s.—Clover ditto, 60s. to 105s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coal Exchange — Coals, 21s. to 31s. per chaldron.

Middlesex, March 25th.

## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—Muscavadoes improved considerably towards the close of the market: last week the prices were rather more firm. The request for low goods considerably improved last week; the prices were 6d. to 1s. per cwt. higher; some parcels of Crushed, subject to double refined bounty, were sold for the Mediterranean, 35s. and 34s. 6d. In fine goods for home consumption of the country, there was more doing, but the prices were not higher; Molasses were higher and rather brisk. Mauritius sugars brought forward last week were of very inferior quality, they went off at full market prices. In Bengal, and other East India sugars, there have been few transactions. There is a great improvement in the inquiries after foreign sugars, large parcels of Brazil sold at full prices; brown Pernamo, 15s. to 16s.; brown Bahias, 13s. 6d. to 14s. 6d.; white Bohai, 19s. 6d. to 20s.; white Rio, 25s. 6d. to 27s. 6d.; parcels of white Havannah sold 32s. and 34s.; for inferior white, good, 35s. and 36s., yellow, 22s. 6d. and 23s., brown 20s., the latter is rather higher; average price of sugar, 24s. 5½d. per cwt.

**COFFEE.**—There is some improvement in the demand for coffee, parcels of St. Domingo are reported sold at 40s.; large parcels of Brazil, 38s. and 39s.; fine old Havannah, 45s. to 49s. 6d. bright coloured raw, 53s. 6d. to 54s. 6d.; Batavia, 38s. to 39s., mixed, 35s. 6d. to 36s. 6d. In other East India coffees there are few transactions; the request for Jamaica and Berbice for home consumption is limited.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—In Rum there is nothing worth reporting. The sales of Brandy are of the best marks, 5s. 2d.; there is still an inquiry after the low marks for exportation. The purchases of Geneva are extensive, the prices 2s. 6d. to 2s. 9d., on the quay.

**HEMP, FLAX, TALLOW.**—The Tallow market remains in the same state as before. The quotations for immediate delivery, or to arrange what the jobbers sold on contract but cannot deliver, is 48s. 6d., and for August and September the price is 41s. 6d. In Hemp and Flax there is no material alteration. The letters from St. Petersburg are dated the 4th inst.—Exchange 10 13-16. Tallow 101 to 102. Bought 400 casks.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 1½.—Rotterdam, 12. 1½.—Hamburgh, 13. 13.—Altona, 0. 0.—Paris, 25. 20.—Bordeaux, 25. 55.—Frankfort, 151. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 9.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 37. 0.—Cadiz, 39. 0.—Bilboa, 37. 0½.—Barcelona, 36. 0½.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 25. 65.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 46. 0.—Naples, 38. 0½.—Palermo, 117. 0.—Lisbon, 46. 0.—Oporto, 46. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 19. 0½.—Bahia, 25. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 19s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 10d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (½ sh.) 265½.—Coventry, 795½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 75½.—Grand Junction, 246½.—Kennet and Avon, 25½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 397½.—Oxford, 510½.—Regent's, 17½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.) 630½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 250½.—London Docks (Stock) 62½.—West India (Stock), 122½.—East London WATER WORKS, 000½.—Grand Junction, 48½.—West Middlesex, 70½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 7½.—Globe, 134½.—Guardian, 24½.—Hope Life, 5½.—Imperial Fire, 96½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 52½.—City, 19½.—British, 2 dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from February 23d to 23d March 1831, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. Nowland, Liverpool, shoe-maker.  
S. Breeden, Birmingham, draper.  
J. Mann, Cleobury Mortimer, baker.  
W. Marshall, Huddersfield, shoe-manufacturer.  
M. Barlow, Salford, publican.  
J. Jackson, Liverpool, merchant.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month 85.]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Andrew, W., Shrewsbury, mercer. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Williams, Shrewsbury.  
Askin, E., Litchfield, printer. (Barber, Fetterlane; Young, Stoke-upon-Trent.

- Allecock, P., Redditch, needle-manufacturer. (Lowndes and Co., Red Lion-square.  
 Armistead, H., Sabden-bridge, within Read, inn-keeper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Hall, Clithero.  
 Armstrong, J., Raskelf, miller. (Butterfield, Gray's inn.  
 Baddeley, J. C., Brisham, ship-owner. (Stratton and Co., King's-arms-yard.  
 Boehs, N. C., Regent-street, dealer in music. (Cross, Surrey-street.  
 Barnard, R., Hollingbourn, paper-maker. (Brough, Fleet-street.  
 Britten, D., late of Breda, Holland, packer. (Dampier, Gray's-inn.  
 Browne, H., sen., and Humphrey, jun., Tewkesbury, carriers. (Bousfield, Chatham-place; Brookes and Co., Tewkesbury.  
 Byrne, W., Charing-cross, army-agent. (Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street.  
 Bromwich, H., Newgate-market, carcass-butcher. (Smith, Charter-house-square.  
 Bowman, B., and W. Thompson, Commercial-road, colour-manufacturers. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane.  
 Bloxham, T., Hinckley, surgeon. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis, Hinckley.  
 Brown, T., Kingston-upon-Hull, scrivener. (Rushworth, Symond's-inn; Rushworth, Kingston-upon-Hull.  
 Chadwick, B., Ashton-under-Line, victualler. (Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Line; Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields.  
 Carter, H., Portsea, surgeon. (Sandys and Son, Crane-court; Nicholls, Southampton.  
 Crow, J., Bedford-court, tailor. (Bromley, Gray's-inn.  
 Cooke, H. S., Lothbury, stock broker. (Kearsley and Co., Lothbury.  
 Chat, J., Lamb's Conduit-street, trunk-maker. (Smith, Fumival's-inn.  
 Cheeseman, J., Reading, baker. (Holmes and Co., Great James street.  
 Dawes, R., Knaresborough, merchant. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn; Dickinson, Leeds.  
 Doring, J., Oxford, mercer. (Helder, Clement's-inn; Westell, Witney.  
 Dehant, F. J., Poultry, pastry-cook. (Leigh, George-street.  
 Dods, W., and R. Moore, Percy-street, linen-draper. (Jones, Princes-street.  
 D'Emden, H., Upper Frederic-street, bookseller. (Chilcote, Walbrook.  
 Downes, E., Manchester, publican. (Hurd and Co., Temple.  
 Edge, J., Byworth, tanner. (Helliard and Co., Gray's-inn.  
 Elvin, J., Hautbois, corn-merchant. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Dyer, Norwich.  
 Fowler, T., East Butterwick, potatoe-merchant. (Taylor, Clement's-inn; Howlett, West Butterwick.  
 Fry, J., Liverpool, merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Ripley, Liverpool.  
 Farrar, J., Halifax, and J. Farrar, Bradford, common-carriers. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street.  
 Frost, T., Lambeth, miller. (Smith, Great Eastcheap.  
 Faxton, S. W., Jermyn-street, surgeon. (Pain, New-inn.  
 Fowler, T., St. Peter the Great, carpenter. (Sowton, Great James-street.  
 Grimshaw, J., Rawden, merchant. (Rushworth, Symond's inn; Hardisty, Leeds.  
 Geddes, J., Demerara and Gracechurch-street, merchant. (Davies, Devonshire-square.  
 Gray, J. S., Manchester, wine-merchant. (Kay and Co., Manchester.  
 George, R., Parker-street, stage-coach-master. (Mayhew and Co., Carey-street.  
 Greasley, T. and C., West Smithfield, clothiers. (Gale, Basinghall-street.  
 Grayson, J. and M., Halifax, linen-draper. (Edwards, Bouverie-street.  
 Hallas, B., Ossett, cloth-merchant. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Archer and Co., Osset.  
 Heel, T., Gateshead, Low Fell, draper. (Shaw, Ely-place; Crozier, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.  
 Hewitt, C., Kingston-upon-Hull, ale-dealer. (Edwards, Bouverie-street; Stock, jun., Halifax.  
 Hancock, T. H., Brighton, inn-keeper. (Cornwall, Thavies' inn.  
 Holder, R., W. Vanhouse, and W. A. Hankey, jun., Mincing-lane, West India-brokers. (Pelle, Old Broad-street.  
 Ion, G., Great Musgrave, inn-keeper. (Addison, Gray's-inn; Atkinson, Appleby.  
 Joyce, R., Cambridge, shoe-maker. (Robinson and Co., Charter-house-square.  
 Jones, Y., Manchester, merchant. (Perkins and Co., Gray's-inn; Lewtas, Manchester.  
 Jones, T., Cross-street, window-blind-maker. (Yates and Co., St. Mary-Axe.  
 Lewis, T., Chelsea, builder. (Watson, Gerrard-street.  
 Lees, G., Little Dean, malster. (Byrne, Cook's-court; Lucas, Newnham.  
 Luck, T., Walworth, laceman. (Hutchinson and Co., Crown-court.  
 Layzell, W., Colchester, linen draper. (Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Sparlin, Colchester.  
 Little, W., City-road, tea-dealer. (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch.  
 Moss, T., Kirtton-in-Lindsey, draper. (Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard.  
 Morgan, J., Moor-lane, victualler. (Smith, Barnard's-inn.  
 Morris, C., Manchester, joiner. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Co., Manchester.  
 Norris, E., and T. W. Hodgson, Manchester, cotton-spinners. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Jacksons, Manchester.  
 Paris, J., Rav-street, horse-dealer. (Towne, Broad-street-buildings.  
 Peedle, G., Little Missenden, cattle-dealer. (Darke, Red Lion-square.  
 Palmer, G., Epping, schoolmaster. (Young, Mark-lane.  
 Pope, C., Bristol, copper-manufacturers. (White Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol.  
 Phillips, H. N., Edward-street, Regent's-park, tavern-keeper; Cobb, Clement's-inn.  
 Pinnell, W., Upper Lambourn, farmer. (Walter, Symond's-inn.  
 Platt, J., Liverpool, innkeeper. (Hurd and Co., Temple.  
 Pratt, W., Norwich, brewer. (Bignold and Co., New Bridge-street.  
 Rigmaiden, H., Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn, Hodgson, Liverpool.  
 Ross, D., Liverpool, shoe-maker. (Chester, Staple-inn; Cort, Liverpool.  
 Rushforth, R. W., Manchester, merchant. (Kay and Co., Manchester.  
 Stewart, W., Liverpool, merchant. (Taylor and Co., Temple.  
 Saville, G. and M., Ashton-under-Line, drapers. (Milne and Co., Temple; Crossley and Co., Manchester.  
 Smith, J. S., Bedwardine and Worcester, glove-manufacturer. (Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn.  
 Shillibeer, G., Bury-street, livery-stable-keeper. (Lyle and Co., King's-road.  
 Stott, J., Bishopsgate-street, oilman. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange.  
 Veal, J., Fordingbridge, draper. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street; Davy, Ringwood.  
 Wilmot, W. G., Grosvenor-place, builder. (Freeman and Co., Coleman-street.  
 Wright, T., Manchester and Salford, tobacco-nist. (Rogers, Devonshire-square; Goulden, Manchester.  
 Williams, J., Bath, tea-dealer. (McGhie, New-inn.  
 Wilkinson, J., Eamont-bridge. (Addison, Verulam-buildings.  
 Wright, J., Studley, maltster. (Holme and Co., New-inn; Bartleet, Birmingham.  
 Webster, J., Leeds, dyer. (Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Holt, jun., Leeds.  
 Wythes, R. and W., Birmingham, grocers. (Hindmarsh and Son, Jewin-street.  
 Wakefield, J., Hinckley, grocer. (Jones and Co., Gray's-inn; Jarvis, Hinckley.  
 Wall, J., Manchester, dealer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Wheeler, Manchester.



## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. N. W. Gibson, to the Chapelry of Arncliffe, Lancashire.—Rev. L. Cooper, to the Rectory of Mablethorpe, St. Mary, and the Rectory of Stane annexed, Lincoln.—Rev. R. H. Whitelock, to the Perpetual Curacy of Saddleworth.—Rev. T. Garratt, to the Perpetual Curacy of Talk-o'-th'-Hill, Stafford.—Rev. G. Glover, Archdeacon of Sudbury, to be Vicar of Gayton, Norfolk.—Rev. H. W. White, to the Rectory of Dolgelly, Merionethshire.—Rev. J. Lockwood, to the Curacy of the New Church, Brighouse.—Rev. J. Carlos, to the Perpetual Curacy of Wangford, Suffolk.—Rev. T. Lloyd, to the Rectory of Llanfair-oerlywn, Cardiganshire.—Rev. J. B. Watson, to the Vicarage of Norton, Herts.—Rev. Dr. Kyle, to the Bishoprick of Cork and Ross.—Rev. G. Salmon, to the Rectory of Shustock, Warwick-

shire.—Rev. C. Childers, to the Rectory of Mursley, Bucks.—Rev. E. Cove, to the Rectory of Thoresway, Lincoln.—Rev. R. J. King, to the Vicarage of West Bradingham, Norfolk.—Rev. Dr. G. Chisholm, to be Minister of St. Peter's, Hammersmith.—Rev. J. Carr, to the Perpetual Curacy of St. Giles's, Durham.—Rev. T. Henderson, to the Rectory of Colne Wake, Essex.—Rev. W. Wellington, to the Rectory of Upton Helion, Devon.—Rev. J. S. May, to the Vicarage of Herne, Kent.—Rev. T. Fardell, to the Rectory of Boothley Pagnell, Lincoln.—Rev. J. Biddulph, to the Vicarage of Lillington, Warwick.—Rev. E. Lewis, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llanbedr Paincastle, Radnorshire.—Rev. Dr. A. Dicken, to the Rectory of Norton, Suffolk.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

March 1. Bill for Reform introduced in the House of Commons by Lord J. Russell, Paymaster of the Forces.

2. Recorder made his report to his Majesty of the 20 prisoners in Newgate convicted at the last December and January sessions, when they were respited during the King's pleasure.

9. The lord mayor, and aldermen, and sheriffs, presented an address to his Majesty at St. James's, expressive of their satisfaction at the principles of the measure of Reform introduced by his Majesty's government into the House of Commons; to which his Majesty made a most gracious answer. Same day a deputation of the Livery of London attended at the levee and presented an address of the Common Hall upon the same subject.

— Dinner given by the friends of Polish and European independence, to Marquis of Wielopolski, the Polish envoy, and a number of other distinguished foreign gentlemen, in order to celebrate the heroic efforts of the Poles.

17. Colonel Davies, in the House of Commons, in moving for a committee to inquire into the best means of giving efficacy to secondary punishments, stated that the criminal convictions which in 1811, were 3,163, and in 1812, were 3,913, had in 1827 increased to the enormous number of 12,564. In France with a population nearly twice as large, the convictions in 1827 were 6,988, in England, the same year, they were 11,095!

22. Bill for Reform, after having been read a second time, and after 8 days debate, the numbers were for it 302; against it 301—Majority 1!!!

## HOME MARRIAGES.

In Devonshire, Alfred, Lord Harley, heir apparent to Lord Oxford, to Eliza, daughter of the Marquis of Westmeath. At Foreham, Rev T. W. Gage to Lady Mary Douglas, 2d daughter of the Marquis of Queensbury.—Hon. A. W. A. Cooper, son of the Earl of Shaftesbury, to Maria Anne, daughter of Colonel H. Baillie.—W. Hutt, esq. to Mary, Countess of Strathmore.—Hon. W. Towry Law, brother to Lord Ellenborough, to the Hon. Augusta Champagne Graves.

## HOME DEATHS.

In Bruton-street, Dowager Lady Scott, 82.—At Brighton, General Lord Charles Henry Somerset, late Governor of Cape of Good Hope, and brother to the Duke of Beaufort.—Sir J. P. Acland, Bart., 76.—Dame Mary, 91, relict of Sir P. Nugent, Bart.—Hon. Henrietta Burton, 66, sister to the Marquis of Conyngham.—Hon. Colonel Ward, uncle to Viscount Bangor.—Sir Montague Cholmley, Bart.—Earl of Darnley.—Brigadier-General A. Walker.—At Dulwich College, Rev. O. T. Linley, 66; he was eldest son of the late T. Linley, esq., Patentee of Drury-lane Theatre.—T. Payne, esq., 79, late of Pall-Mall, bookseller.—John Bell, esq., 86, formerly bookseller in the Strand, and pub-

lisher of "The Poets," "British Theatre," &c.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Malta, Elizabeth Jemima, Countess Dowager of Errol, wife of Right Hon. J. H. Frere, and sister to Lord

Wallscourt; the beautiful portrait of this lady adorned *La Belle Assemblée* for the last month.—At Bombay, Hon Sir J. Dewar, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.—At Pisa, Hon. J. K. Erskine, son of the Earl of Cassilis; he married Miss Augusta Fitzclarence, 4th daughter of His Majesty.

#### MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

**NORTHUMBERLAND.**—At the assizes for this county Mr. Justice Littledale, in his charge to the grand jury, remarked, that the calendar generally exhibited a less proportion of crime than any other county of equal population, and that there were only three prisoners for trial on the present occasion.

The Duke of Northumberland has accepted the office of patron of the "Society for the Relief of Widows and Orphans of Shipwrecked Mariners," established at Newcastle, and has presented to it a donation of £100., besides annually subscribing 10 guineas. The Duchess has likewise presented a donation of £20. The Bishop of Durham and Lord Prudhoe, have accepted the office of vice-patrons; the Bishop presenting a donation of 50 guineas, and Lord Prudhoe £100. The Corporation of Newcastle have also presented a donation of 50 guineas, and an annual subscription of 10 guineas.

The opening of the new channel of navigation of the river Tees, lately took place, amidst loud rejoicings, and in the presence of a great concourse of spectators, who lined the banks of the river and the quays, in such numbers that the whole population of the town and neighbourhood seemed to be congregated on the occasion.

**DURHAM.**—At the Spring assizes, Justice Littledale, in addressing the grand jury, said, "he was sorry to perceive the calendar was more numerous than it had been on any former assize." The learned judge in conclusion, reprobated a practice which he found from the depositions to be very common, that of inducing the prisoners to confess; 9 prisoners received sentence of death, and one executed for murder.

**WESTMORELAND.**—The whole business of these assizes occupied the Court only 7 hours.

**LANCASHIRE.**—At these assizes 17 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported.

**WARWICKSHIRE.**—In consequence of some variation from the original idea of the establishment of the

New Agricultural Society of this county Sir E. Wilmot has resigned the secretaryship—"But," he says, "as far as I am concerned, I shall persevere in my object, as expressed in the resolutions of the society of the 4th of February; and the money I intended to apply to that object, through the medium of the society, I shall apply through my own. If gentlemen will assist me, so as to make up the necessary funds, I shall put one of the original objects of the society into execution; and shall send a sovereign and a half to the minister of every parish in the county, to be divided into 3 premiums of 15s. 10s. and 5s. for the three best cultivated gardens in his parish; for I am proud in declaring, that I would sooner see one labourer, honest, industrious, and happy, than ten landowners or land occupiers rich; and that the sight of a cottager on a Sunday, with a nosegay in his button-hole, sitting down to a smoking meal, the produce of his garden, is more gratifying to me, than all the bulls, boars, stallions, and rams collected from the four quarters of the world!!!"

**STAFFORDSHIRE.**—13 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**—At these assizes 8 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned. The Chief Baron expressed his satisfaction to the grand jury of the state of the county, specifying that, with the exception of 2 cases of machine-breaking and arson, the crimes were of an ordinary nature.

**LINCOLNSHIRE.**—At the Spring assizes, Baron Vaughan observed to the grand jury, that "the catalogue of crime that day presented to him, was of a most fearful and unprecedented nature." 18 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and a few transported.

The following petition has been presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Lord King and Mr. Hunt.—"To the Honourable the Houses of Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled. When a rich man speaketh, every one holdeth his peace, and, lo! what he saith is extolled to the

clouds ; but when a poor man speaketh, they say, ' What fellow is this ? '—The humble Petition of the Labouring Poor of the Parish of Gedney, in the County of Lincoln,—Sheweth, That although the truth of our motto be (generally speaking) true, yet we are encouraged, from the consideration of having a patriotic King, and a change of Ministers, to look up to your Honourable House with humble confidence that our grievances (when stated) will be redressed. Owing to the extreme pressure of the times, our wages are now insufficient to support us, and our fire-side comforts are all gone. We have frequently brought the subject home to our employers, and they have told us to be patient ; and our minister has also preached patience to us from the pulpit ; but, alas ! our patience is exhausted. Our masters tell us that they cannot afford us more wages, as the taxes press heavily upon their shoulders, and the tithes are breaking their backs. We verily believe their statement is true. Had they plenty of money, we should all be wanted in the fields ; for, although the land is of excellent quality, yet from want of sufficient culture, and having too many crops in succession, ' thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockle instead of barley ! '—Some of our elders tell us, that, when they were young, and went to hedge, or ditch, or mow, or thresh, their countenances were healthy, and their hearts light, and that they even whistled as they went to their work ; but now, instead of whistling, or singing, or joking, nothing is heard amongst us save the loud lament !—Our fathers would often drink the health of their good old King, George the Third, in a pint of home-brewed ale ; whilst some of us, who have large families, are obliged, even when the sweat is falling from the brow, to slake our thirst with a little herb tea, and not unfrequently from the stagnant and filthy ditch. Such being generally the case in this the most luxuriant part of the great county of Lincoln, we implore your Honourable House to take our distressed circumstances into your immediate consideration, and if it be possible, to take off all the taxes upon the necessities of life, and abolish the tithes ; and your poor but honest petitioners will then shout, with heart and voice, ' Huzza !—Old England for ever ! ' "

**WILTS.**—17 prisoners were recorded for death at these assizes, and several transported.

**GLOUCESTERSHIRE.**—By the report read at the last annual meeting of the Bristol Savings' Bank, it appears that the sum of £274,725. 9s. 5d., had

been received from its institution up to Nov. 20, last ; contributed by 6,172 depositors, including 95 charities and friendly societies.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—At the assizes for this county, there were 47 in the calendar for machine-breaking, of whom 12 were transported, 18 imprisoned, and 17 discharged on bail and acquitted.—Death recorded against 7.

**BERKS.**—At these assizes 12 prisoners were recorded for death, and a few transported and imprisoned.

**HANTS.**—At Winchester assizes 11 prisoners received sentence of death, and a few were transported and imprisoned.

**SUSSEX.**—The sum of £64,308. 9d. was expended last year from June 30 to Dec. 31, by the commissioners for the better regulating, paving, improving, and managing the town of Brighton, and the poor thereof.

Mr. Baron Graham in addressing the grand jury at Lewes Assizes, said, " in the present calendar there is, I am most happy to say, no case of burning, no case of rioting or tumult, none of machine-breaking, nor even of robbery, except two in November last."—7 prisoners were left for death.

**RUTLANDSHIRE.**—At these assizes, the following address to the grand jury was delivered by Lord Lyndhurst :—" Gentlemen, I congratulate you that, in times like the present, the calendar for this county presents but one case for your consideration, and that not a case requiring any assistance from me. I have nothing further to say."

**DORSETSHIRE.**—At the assizes held at Dorchester, 4 prisoners were recorded for death, 8 transported, and a few imprisoned.

**WALES.**—There was not a single cause for trial at Montgomery assizes. The judge in addressing the grand jury said, " he was happy to find by the calendar that the county was more free from recent enormities than any other county ; there were only 10 prisoners for trial, and they were for minor offences." There was neither cause nor prisoner at Merionethshire assizes.

**IRELAND.**—The state of the county Clare was thus spoken of by Judge Jebb in his charging the grand jury at Ennis at the late assizes :—" The melancholy and appalling condition of this county is a subject which should be well pondered upon. If I were to analyse the calendar, I am sorry to say I could not give you an adequate picture of the extent and enormity of crime contained in it."